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The Fever of Equality

SHEAR NONSENSE

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To Our News-Stand Patrons

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CURRENT OPINION



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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE FOURTH OF JULY AS AN INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY

NEVER before was the glorious Fourth quite as glorious as it was last month. In addition to being the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, it was the centenary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as our national ensign, and in addition to being our national fête-day it became an international fête-day celebrated in many lands. No lurid rhetoric was necessary this year to set the eagle screaming. A plain recital of the facts is sufficiently thrilling. In England special preparations were made for celebrations in London, Liverpool, Sheffield, Southampton, Queens-town, and other places. British orators crammed in American history and King George went out into the back-yard to practice tossing a base-ball. The Stars and Stripes flew for the first time over the City Hall in Toronto, Canada; in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, and in Auckland, New Zealand, the day was celebrated, and for the first time a British ambassador—Lord Derby, in Paris—participated in honoring the day, saying in the course of a short talk: "As in the days of my youth a teacher spanked me, saying, 'You will thank me later for this,' I say now that I wish to thank America for the best licking we ever got. It has done us both a lot of good. We are grateful to you because that licking taught us how to treat our children; it is the reason why we now have Australia and Canada, and even South Africa, fighting beside us to-day." In France the Minister of the Interior sent official circulars to the prefects of the French cities prescribing the observance of the day. Schools were closed and business was stopped. The Avenue Trocadero in Paris was formally opened as the Avenue Wilson, and in Brest the largest square of the city was renamed after our President. Many reviews and

A Dozen Nations Celebrate It and Forty-Two Are Rep- resented in One Parade

parades were held, amid unbounded enthusiasm, and at one of the celebrations in Paris Captain André Tardieu, recently returned from his mission as High Commissioner to the United States, said: "All that the war has demanded America has accepted, all that it has represented she has understood, and all that is required for victory she has given." All through Italy the day was commemorated in cities, towns and villages. At Ancona a new avenue was named after President Wilson, in Florence the freedom of the city was formally conferred on him, in Rome d'Annunzio read an ode "To America In Arms," and celebrations were held in Nice, Turin, Naples, Genoa, Perugia, etc. The day was declared a national holiday in Brazil, Peru and Uruguay; all the provinces of Chile celebrated it; in Argentina, Nicaragua and San Salvador it was specially commemorated. In Algeria, where we once spanked the pirates, it was celebrated "with unusual brilliance," and, to cap the climax, the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, of Germany, gravely announced that Germany "is to-day fighting for the principles of the Declaration."

The Impressive Parade of Foreign-Born Americans.

IN the celebrations in the United States four things stand out prominently: the parades of foreign-born citizens, the speech of the President at the tomb of Washington, the official announcement that more than one million American soldiers had sailed for Europe, and the launching of nearly a hundred ships. On May 21st twenty-four groups of foreign-born citizens united in a petition to the President which ran as follows:

"The higher interests of the races which we left behind have become identical, in this significant year, with the



THE PROPHECY IN THE TEA-CUP!

—Murphy in San Francisco Call-Post

higher interests of the United States. We regard ourselves now not only as members of an American commonwealth, one and indivisible, but of a world commonwealth, equally indivisible. United for the principles of that democratic world-state which is fighting now for its being on the battle-fields of Europe, we intend on July 4th, 1918, to manifest, by special celebrations, our loyalty to this country and to the cause for which we fight; and we respectfully request that you call the attention of your fellow citizens to this fact, in order that they may join with us in commemorating this; the anniversary not only of national freedom but of universal freedom."

In New York City forty-two nations were represented in the parade, which took ten hours to pass the reviewing-stand. "Fifth Avenue," as one writer said, "never saw so much history concentrated in a single parade. Any humble citizen who learned the lesson of each float and each banner could go home last night and write out a complete history of the world, from Alexander the Great down to Woodrow Wilson." An impressive part of the parade consisted of Americans of German origin, bearing innumerable banners on which were mottoes worded in no uncertain manner, condemning Prussian tyranny and declaring fealty to American ideals and to America's war for democracy. A number of coaches were filled with Civil War veterans of German birth, with a banner declaring that "the Spirit of Sigel, Schurz, and Hecker is the spirit of America." One of the floats contained a monument twelve feet high on the four faces of which were inscribed hundreds of names of American soldiers of German origin who have already given their lives in the war which the Allies are waging.

Four Million Americans
in Arms by January.

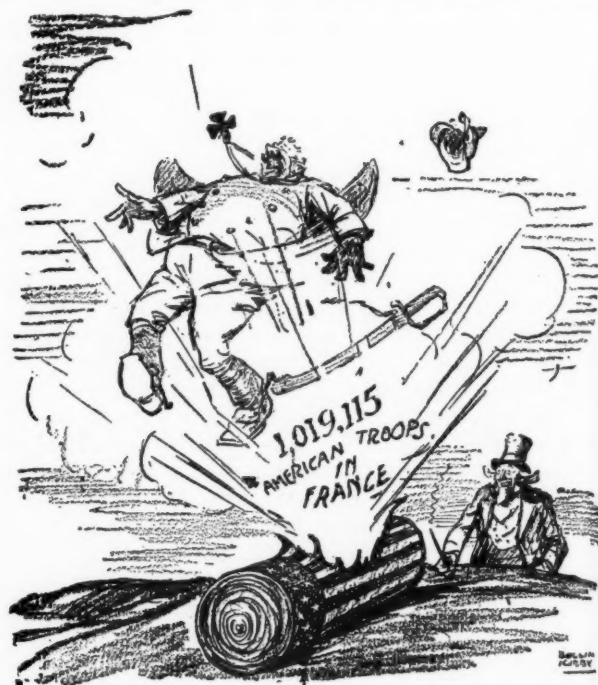
THE letter of Secretary Baker, which the President made public two days before the Fourth, gave as the total number of troops sent abroad since May

8th, 1917, when the first instalment was sent, 1,019,115. The figures for the three months of April, May and June are: 117,212, 244,345, 276,372, an average of 7,000 a day. Of the total, only 291 have been lost at sea. On the same day, Brigadier-General R. E. Wood testified before a House committee that by January next our military strength will be 4,000,000 men and every one of them will be "thoroly equipped." Of the men now overseas, 68 per cent., or 680,000, are in the fighting contingents. The London *Chronicle* speaks of these "wonderful figures," saying "such a rate of transportation goes beyond all calculation." Tributes to the quality as well as the quantity of our troops continue to come from France. The latest is from an officer of the Legion of Honor—François Flemeng, a member of the National Institute. Speaking (in a letter to an American friend) of the conduct of our troops at Cantigny, he writes:

"Seeing them work with so much energy, so much intelligence, good listeners, questioning and studying all the time, our chiefs had soon discovered the rare quality of the American soldiers. But what would be the practical value of the officers and staff? That was the question. Well, the answer came quickly. Under the constant bombardment, buried in the cellars of ruined châteaux and houses, all officers, generals, colonels, majors, and juniors, did their duty calmly, eagerly, with an intelligence always alive. It was soon realized that they were model officers, active, hard-working, capable of assimilating with extraordinary rapidity the experience and methods of our old armies. It was a tremendous satisfaction, and at once absolute confidence and mutual esteem were established, affection followed, and then admiration."

The writer concludes his letter with an outburst of true Gallic fervor:

"Dear friend, it is too wonderful. The coming of America into this war will ever remain as the most beautiful and noblest action in the history of the world. You were not obliged to come. Why do you do it? Why that gigantic human effort of yours, why so many sacrifices



BANG!

Kirby in N. Y. World

freely consented? Simply and solely to save the future of civilization and the liberty of man."

The March of the Declaration Around the World.

"THERE can be but one issue," said President Wilson in his address at Mount Vernon. "The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable." He enumerates the objects for which we are fighting, condensing them into one sentence as follows: "What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." The concluding paragraph of his address was as follows:

"I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak—speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself. The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of—forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!"

This same note—the march of the Declaration around the world—animates the press comment of the country. "It used to be our own day and ours alone," remarks the *N. Y. Sun* of the Fourth. It goes on to say:

"The world is taking it from us, and yet, through the miracle of the day's greatness, leaving it intact. Liberty and Union—those were our words; Liberty first, with Union necessary to keep Liberty safe. Now all the world must have Liberty, and it is having Union too. It is not



HAS HE THE PRICE?

Kaiser: "What! Rates raised again?"

Ticket Agent: "Yes—and they're going still higher!"

—Marcus in *N. Y. Times Magazine*

necessary to wait for the formal signatures of a league of nations. Union lives now in the composite conscience of civilization; in the determination of the free peoples that the scoundrel dynasties shall not go unwhipped."

Ideals That are as Old as the Race.

"EAST and West meet," says the *N. Y. Times*, "French and British, Asia and Africa, hear the Liberty Bell." Many journals call attention to the fact that the American colonists were fighting not their own battles alone but the battles of Liberal England as well. "Had England subdued the colonies," says one writer, "George III. would have succeeded in his attempt to stifle powers of Parliament. The surrender of Cornwallis was followed by the surrender of the king." The words of Burke come in for frequent quotation: In his "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol" he wrote: "The liberal government of this free nation is supported by the hireling swords of German boors and vassals, and three millions of the subjects of Great Britain are seeking protection for English privileges in the arms of France." Much is made these days of the Teuton blood in the veins of George III. and of the 20,000 Hessian mercenaries whom he hired from German princes for the subjugation of the colonists. The *N. Y. Globe* calls attention to the ancient lineage of the principles for which we fight:

"In laboring now to make Americanism universal we cherish no idea that we are bringing any new principle to the world, for our national faith is of ancient lineage. The pledge of the young men of Athens embodied all we stand for. When the early Christians talked in a mystic way of the Kingdom that was to be ushered in, their ideal was the reign of a perfected democracy. In northern forests and in the guilds of Bruges was advocated all we now advocate. Mankind has learned much, but in fundamentals it has learned little. The vision of the coming day came in the dawn of the race. The peace terms to secure whose acceptance the soldiers of the republic are in the trenches represent no more than a present-day embodiment of primitive ideas—of aspirations always lodged in the human heart, tho often overlaid and obscured by the beastly part of man's double nature. . . . Americanism leaped across the water when occasion called with a voice not to be disregarded, but it packed its kit with ideals which are as old as the race."



CHIPS FROM THE OLD BLOCKS

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

BRITISH SUGGESTIONS OF SINN FEIN'S INNOCENCE

A FIERCE struggle is pending, insists the London *News*, a liberal organ, between those Britons who demand that a specific charge shall be formally proved against Edmund de Valera, Arthur Griffith, William Cosgrove and the rest under detention in the Sinn Fein affair, and the Lloyd George cabinet, which thinks it sufficient to make a general charge, supported by selected documents and to fall back upon the plea of war-necessity when pressed to come to closer grips. There is no doubt upon which side the sympathies of the London *News* lie in the controversy, nor is its demand for a revelation of the hidden facts without influential support in the English press. On the side of the orthodox Home Rulers led by John Dillon, there is a unanimous verdict not only that the charge is "not proven," says the Manchester *Guardian*, but that the evidence is "surprisingly weak." This, too, adds the liberal daily, is in spite of two assumptions made by every candid follower of Mr. Dillon, who, it must be remembered, is no Sinn Feiner. One Irish assumption, as reported in our contemporary, is that if the Wilhelmstrasse has not done its best to foment Irish disaffection to the point of rebellion, it has shown an astonishing lack of enterprise, "quite out of keeping with its record in other parts of the world." The other assumption is that many at least of the Sinn Fein leaders would take the part of the Kaiser, "or of Satan himself for that matter," if either would help to throw off the British yoke, "provided there was a reasonable chance of success." De Valera, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, has said so in as many words, altho this is denied by his supporters or by some of them. He has no love for Germany. Her rule would be as abhorrent to him in Ireland as is that of the English, his organ, *Nationality*, has affirmed often.

Where de Valera Is Said
to Have Stood.

FRIENDS of de Valera and even the Home Rule organs in Ireland like the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* say his dislike of Prussian militarism is notorious. Not long ago he announced that if the Germans came to Ireland to establish their dominion there he would be the first to resist them. "But he has certainly," adds the Manchester *Guardian*, "conceived the impossible idea that Germany might come to Ireland as a disinterested ally and that a German victory in the war would bring a full recognition of Ireland's claims or rather his own claim for sovereign independence at the peace conference." Nevertheless, de Valera is credited with infinite wisdom of a practical kind. It is not clearly established apart from the undisclosed evidence in the Home Office at London that de Valera went so far in any recorded speech. It is even understood by our liberal English contemporary that, altho he took a leading part in it, his vote went against the rising of two years ago. He thought then there was no reasonable prospect of success. "Those who know him believe that he has never changed his views and that his temperament would prevent him from committing himself to high treason on a hopeless chance." The belief is said to be even stronger in the case of Arthur Griffith, the second in command

Growing Demand in London for Solution of the Irish Mystery

of Sinn Fein until the arrests, who took no part in the rising and "whose prudence is supposed to go to the verge of timidity." Considerations of this kind prompt numerous utterances of protest against the whole Sinn Fein procedure of the Lloyd George ministry in the vein of the London *Westminster Gazette*, for example:

"It is impossible to find any man of any party who is not gravely disturbed by the Irish proceedings of the Government. The inner clue to them, if there is one, is withheld from us; the outer appearance is that of successive and mutually destructive *coups de théâtre*, equally displeasing to Unionists and Nationalists. Certain things are evident to the meanest observer. If the policy was conscription and resolute government, it should have been proceeded with at once without allowing time for opposition to grow up. If the policy was Home Rule, that too, after all the mishaps and disappointments of the past, should have been proceeded with quickly on bold and generous lines agreed by the Government before the announcement was made, whereas the announcement has been followed by a long and distracted search for a policy. If, again, a German plot has been discovered, and it has become necessary to arrest the Sinn Fein leaders, the arrests should have been accompanied by at least a *prima-facie* statement of the evidence against them, whereas day by day passes and the mischievous suggestion is allowed to go abroad that the plot is only a pretext for the arrests. Home Rule announced but held up, conscription passed into law but suspended, the Sinn Feiners arrested but the evidence postponed, all the opposition to every course of action, whether resolute government or Home Rule, given time and opportunity to gain ground against the Government—what is one to make of it?"



"DARN HOOVER!"

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Revelations of Sinn Fein
Treachery May Come.

INFLUENCES of a powerful kind have hitherto prevented Prime Minister Lloyd George from making certain disclosures in the Sinn Fein cases which would convince any impartial person that treason was hatching, according to the *London Post*. He may decide this month to give the whole story to the world. That would run counter to many suggestions in the unionist dailies, but such suggestions, the *London Westminster Gazette* says, ought not to be heeded. The point made in liberal dailies is that the charges of high treason are not in harmony with what is known of the temperaments and types of the arrested Sinn Feiners. Even Arthur Griffith's editorial conduct of *Nationality*, the Sinn Fein organ, was discreet, altho, as the *Manchester Guardian* concedes, the tone has been bitter and even highly seditious to English minds. With a defence of the realm act and martial law to contend with, *Nationality* escaped suppression. There is a still milder type among the Sinn Fein prisoners, the English liberal papers say, among them Count Plunkett, "who is generally regarded as an amiable authority on art." His complicity in a German plot is scouted by those "outside and opposed to Sinn Fein" who knew the count intimately as an individual. The suspicion with which the proofs have been received in Ireland intensifies as the mystery investing the nature of the evidence develops, nor has this feeling been dissipated by the official explanations. Nearly all the facts recited in the government's statement were already well known in Ireland, the *Guardian* says, "and the prominence and the emphasis given to the admitted German connection with the 1916 rising and the Casement episode, com-

pared with the perhaps necessary vagueness of the more recent charges, are the subject of unfavorable comment," at any rate in Ireland. *The Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) speaks positively:

"There is nothing in the statement [of the government on the Sinn Fein case] that can be called evidence to connect any of the prisoners with German agents. Practically all the details given relate to the period prior to America's break with Germany. The only thing purporting to compromise any of the prisoners is the alleged quotation from an alleged speech of de Valera to a mysterious convention of volunteers. There is no record in any of the papers of the time of any such gathering, which, if held at all, must have been held in private. It is also to be noticed that altho astounding documents were promised by the Government press absolutely none are forthcoming. If there were really any proof given the Irish people would overwhelmingly have condemned the action of those guilty, but the Government cannot expect anybody to accept *ex-parte* statements of this kind without a particle of evidence."

State of Irish Opinion on
Sinn Fein.

IN their effect upon the state of opinion in Ireland, the Sinn Fein proceedings, as more than one unionist paper in Ireland concedes, have been a disaster. Mr. Dillon openly attributes to "characteristic British stupidity" the failure to disclose the evidence which, from the nature of the case, if it exists, must be known to the enemy. *The Irish Times*, a Dublin organ of unionism, which thinks "the German plot is not only a conspiracy against the Allies' cause" but "a conspiracy against the honor of Ireland," wonders at the impenetrability of the mystery, and the *Dublin Express*, a champion of reconciliation in the land, concedes that the course of the government is not likely to spread belief in the guilt of the accused. The Dublin correspondent of the *London Express* says Ireland is not willing to condemn the Sinn Feiners on the evidence which hanged Roger Casement without actual proof of a more recent connection but it must be remembered that the Lloyd George ministry makes a definite charge. This is in effect that negotiation between the Sinn Fein executive and the Wilhelmstrasse has been continuous for three years and a half. On this head the *Manchester Guardian* points out that the Sinn Fein leaders were for fourteen months interned at a camp, being released only a year ago. They were let out by Mr. Lloyd George under a general amnesty designed to promote good-will for the Irish convention that came to nothing because Sinn Fein boycotted it. "If the government had proofs that a German plot then existed, why were its tools set at liberty?" On the other hand, it is affirmed that the evidence may have come into the possession of the ministry only a short time before it acted. The state of Irish opinion is such that the *London Chronicle*, radical, suggests:

"It is most desirable that the Government should either indicate their intention of bringing the arrested Irish leaders to a public trial, or else publish without delay some material evidence justifying their general charge of conspiracy with the Germans. The fact that none of the prisoners seems to have been arrested on an ordinary criminal warrant, but the powers under which they are detained are merely those conferred by Regulation 14b of the Defence of the Realm Act, suggests that it is not intended to proceed to a trial. Such a decision would need to be ex-



A LETTER FROM FRANCE

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

plained; for conspiring with the King's enemies is a most serious crime, and if it could be proved there would naturally be trial and punishment. We recognize that military and international circumstances of an exceptional kind might render such a course inadvisable. But if they do the Government should lose no time in destroying, if they can, the inference that these are arbitrary political arrests. It is being freely drawn in Ireland at the moment; and if the Government's silence allows it to harden into a conviction, a very bad effect must be produced upon Irish opinion. Prompt evidence that the Sinn Fein leaders were really acting in concert with the Germans would alienate a great deal of sympathy from them. Failure to produce such evidence will enable them to be regarded more widely than ever as popular heroes and martyrs."

**Sinn Fein not Daunted
by England.**

SINN FEIN has a provisional organization until the release of its titular chiefs. An agitation has begun to effect this. Meanwhile, the voluntary recruiting

Now would be a good time for Mr. Garfield to sprinkle in a few of his heatless days.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

DIPLOMATIC DILEMMA OF THE JAPANESE PROBLEM

NOT for many years has the diplomatic corps in Tokyo been so seriously divided and the trouble arises, in the opinion of the *Paris Journal des Débats*, from official Washington's misconception of the whole situation in the far East. The *Débats*, however, speaks for an influential conservative party in world politics which retains much influence over the Quai d'Orsay. The standpoint of Baron Goto, the accomplished and conciliatory head of the foreign office in Tokyo, is in line with conservative European opinion. The Baron suspects, we read, that President Wilson is under the influence of the Soviets. Soviet influence, in fact, dominates the councils of the President in all his dealings with the far East as well as in Russia. The new treaty between Peking and Tokyo, giving Japan certain ill-defined "rights" in Chinese territory, is having a series of diplomatic disasters in which all the chancelleries of the Allies are more or less involved. Instead of deriving impressions of the crisis from what is left of the rational press in Russia, organs of the mild Socialism for which speak the *Dielo Naroda*, the *Vlast Naroda*, the *Nasch Viek* and the *Nache Slovo*, President Wilson takes his cue from the *Izvestiya*, least compromising of Soviet organs, and the Lenin sheets which deprecate or attack the idea of an intervention of any kind by the western allies in the far East. Here is the comment from the paper last named which in the opinion of the Japanese is dictating the Wilson policy:

"Threats of the occupation of Siberia—which have already made the relations of Russia with the western allies worse—are more and more persistent. These threats are beginning to assume a concrete form, which is in the general interest to be deplored.

"Any project in the nature of an occupation of a part of Russian territory by armed forces of the western allies with Japan or by any one of those powers with the aid or approval of the others against the will of the Russian government can not be considered otherwise than as an act of hostility."

from which so much was hoped has, in the opinion of the unionist *Irish Times*, been checked, to say the least, by the refusal of disclosures from London. The Tory *London Post* declares that most of the Irish would be delighted to be fighting in one of the famous Irish regiments. They stay at home. Why? asks the conservative paper.

"Because they are afraid, not of the German, but of the priest and of the boycott of the political boss. People in Great Britain do not understand the terror that walks in Ireland, where there 'has been no government for ten years.' A young man may be ready enough to take the shilling, but he has no mind to leave his parents to the boycott, and to persecution by the black rebel element which is always present in Ireland, and will be present until it is dealt with for what it is, deliberate and inexcusable crime. If the Government will now go steadily forward they will earn both the respect and the gratitude of Ireland; and tho they may lose the countenance of the *Daily News*, and all that, they may be better without it."

The Germans have captured Ham, but they will never bring home the bacon.—Baltimore *American*.

Paris and London Striving to Impress Washington With the Tokyo Idea

**Embarrassments of Baron
Goto in Asia.**

BARON GOTO, who is said in some European dailies to have been under suspicion of pro-Germanism in the past, allows his views to appear not only in the *Jiji Shimpō* and the *Nichinichi Shimbun*, but in the conservative French press. He does not father the interviews or the articles. On the other hand they emanate from sources close to the ministry and they indicate much anxiety in the official mind at Tokyo at the growing and radical exploitation of Russia by the Germans. Germany being the sworn foe of Japan, Germany through the inspired *Frankfurter Zeitung* addressing solemn warnings to Japan of what to expect when Berlin gets around to Tokyo after the war, Baron Goto and his colleagues dislike to see the rise of a powerful Hohenzollern empire upon the ruins of the Romanoff. The western world fails to appreciate the menace here to Japan. The argument is convincing to the *Débats*, and it elaborates the causes of Japanese perplexity at the sympathy of President Wilson with the Soviet attitude. It does the Japanese little good to look forward to the fall of Lenin if the Soviet system itself is to go on with different leaders. Germany will exploit the enormous natural wealth of Russia for her own aggrandizement as long as there remains a Soviet, the genius of the Soviet being anti-Japanese. Japan would have to experience a fundamental revolution before she could seem friendly to a Soviet, or at any rate so the Elder Statesmen about the throne of Yoshihito believe.

**Germany Likely to Grow Rich
at Japan's Expense.**

JAPAN watches with anxiety the developments of the Dnieper region by the Germans, especially the exploitation of the iron, to say nothing of the manganese mines of Nicopol. It is true, concedes the *Débats*, that these are but starting-points for Germany

in Russia, but she will work her way eastward, growing ever more tremendous, wealthy, independent of the western world. Germany will thus be in a position to make conquests in the East. Hence there must be intervention and that speedily. Not to intervene would be to lose the war, as the foreign office at Tokyo is continually urging. Now, the only possible intervention at this time is that of Japan. It would not be intervention in the true sense, at least to Baron Goto. It would be more accurate to talk of an intervention of the Allies in common. It is admitted that the Manchurian war has left memories in the Russian mind, traces of resentment and of suspicion even among the conservative classes. The Soviet leaders have made the most of this feeling, which finds continual expression in their press. The Soviet government is working indirectly upon anti-Japanese sentiment in America, or so the Japanese press believes. It will be remembered that when last April the Japanese and the British landed a small force at Vladivostok to deal with local rioters, there was a cry throughout the Soviet world that the conquest of Siberia by imperialists had begun. It was said that the Lenin government asked permission of Berlin to stop the demobilization in order that troops might go to the far East. A current of Russian opinion among all classes is set against Japanese intervention and, the *Débats* admits, that fact will have to be faced.

British Support of Japanese Policy.

THE dislike of President Wilson's Asiatic policy which finds such free expression among organs of French opinion has its voices in the press of London as well. The London *Telegraph* calls attention continually to the fact that Siberia is becoming subject to German penetration. It hails with delight the conclusion of the new treaty between China and Japan at a time when Soviet organs denounce it as a wedge between the Russian government and the western European world.

"For some time past the phrase 'Berlin-Bagdad' illustrated the character and the object of Berlin policy. But now, mainly owing to the collapse of Russia and the destructive activities of the Bolsheviks, we find a series of different phrases marking each in turn the growing appetite of the Fatherland. 'Berlin-Batoum' and 'Berlin-Bokhara' have been in turn succeeded by the battle-cry, 'Hamburg-Herat,' because, as Herr Hennig obligingly informs us in *Deutsche Politik*, the last is the best and most succinct description available of the German scheme of expansion towards India. There are, in truth, many paths by which the German power can now push its conquering influence towards the East. In the older days, the possibility of exploiting Turkey represented the only avenue of approach toward the interior of Asia. Now there is Lithuania, the Ukraine, Caucasia, Persia, and Afghanistan. Nor, indeed, is this all. There is the whole of Russia, all Siberia, reaching to the shores of the Pacific, with Vladivostok as the important goal of the enterprise. It is, of course, on the supposition that the Trans-Siberian Railway can be made use of that Siberia comes within the scope of Teutonic statesmanship. But there is nothing visionary about schemes of this kind. They are not of that stuff of which dreams are made. On the contrary, they are practical realities, for the realization of which adequate means are, or will be, shortly at hand. So long as the Bolsheviks remain as the most energetic faction in Russia, so long will the German colossus be able to bstride the Asiatic con-

tinental and make use of internal strife as the easiest method of effecting his rapacious domination. The Bolshevik, whether he know it or not, is one of the best and most effectual of German agents."

Fears that President Wilson is Misled.

ANXIETY, even alarm, and stupefaction are expressed in the conservative press of Europe at the failure of President Wilson to heed the dissatisfaction occasioned by his Japanese policy. The *Débats* is afraid that Mr. Wilson gets his impressions from the wrong people, and it ridicules the reports of observers on the spot who tell him what they have seen. These agents of the President's must have been talking with Bolsheviks or the creatures of Sun Yat Sen, to give the gist of one of the French paper's complaints. It confesses that for the sake of appearances a move by Japan alone must be avoided. It will have to be a joint intervention, accompanied by "a solemn declaration" that the sole purpose is the rescue of Russia from the German wolf. A declaration by the Socialists of the western powers to this effect would be desirable, "for we must not forget the Socialist faith and prejudice of the greater part of the Russian people." The Bolsheviks, of course, would be satisfied only with a declaration from the minority Socialists of the western powers, for they deem the majority Socialists in the various parliaments out and out traitors, enemies even more to be dreaded than the bourgeoisie itself:

"And if, when the Japanese begin to march, there are with them but a few French, British and American uniforms, be the number the smallest possible, they might be but a flag-bearer and a military staff, all suspicions would be obliterated."

French Astonishment at Wilson's Radicalism.

PARIS has for some time been filled with an element from Russia which preaches against the whole Soviet rule. The Socialist *Avanti* of Naples accuses this element of responsibility for the tales of horror which emanate from the French press now and then when the Soviets and the Bolsheviks are the themes. These individuals are telling the Paris papers that President Wilson must be sadly misinformed if he actually contemplates such a thing as recognition of the Soviet government. The *Débats* has been questioning the best-educated and the most intelligent of the refugees from Russia now in France and it gets impressions that do not square with those of its Socialist contemporary. The Soviet government has pretty well closed all avenues of information not controlled by itself, and its diplomacy is growing more and more anti-Japanese. Hence, if President Wilson recognizes the Soviets, he will, the conservative French papers think, be making a display of anti-Japanese feeling. The *Débats* is not comforted by the assurance that if the President recognizes the Soviets he will withdraw his veto from the Japanese plan to intervene. The immense majority of the Russian people will "curse the Entente," if it supports a system universally detested in Russia. Recognition of the Soviets would be a "gaffe," as the French say, a dealing with a gang of brigands calling themselves a government and maintained by a Pretorian guard of half-mad soldiery and over-paid mer-



Nelson Harding

HOW CAN HE CALL FOR HELP?

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

cenaries. "These are the people who confront Japan!" The United States government is reported in the French press as contemplating the Soviet as the normal institutional form of Russia's political life. "One could not conceive a greater aberration." That is likewise the official Japanese view, adds the Socialist *Humanité* which, like the *Naples Avanti*, has an idea that the Asiatic policy of President Wilson is sound.

Coming to Terms with the Soviet Government.

HOWEVER disagreeable it may be to certain elements in European diplomacy and to the imperialist groups in French and British political life, the Allies will be compelled to recognize the Soviet government before they ever behold American participation with themselves in a Siberian expedition. The situation is thus summed up in the *Avanti*, in touch with Bolshevik opinion. The Soviet leaders are already giving some indication that they perceive the drift of German policy in the East. Every demand of the present Russian government based upon a wish to save the national self-esteem will be granted. It is also understood that nothing will be done by the Allies of a nature to look like interference with the civil war now coming to a head in China. This war is a very important matter to the Soviets which, to judge from what the *Izvestiya* and its contemporaries say, regard it as a hopeful sign of the impending collapse of the bourgeois in Asia.

Austria-Hungry is the new spelling.—Boston Transcript.

A small bit of German territory is now in the keeping of a small bit of the United States Army. Both bits will grow.—Springfield Republican.

For that reason the Soviets look distrustfully upon the recent treaty between Peking and Tokyo, nor is it, for that matter, palatable to radical opinion in England. The outlook as a whole is not suggestive of harmony among the western allies, says the *Manchester Guardian*:

"Count Terauchi, the Japanese Prime Minister, does not pretend that Japan is fighting the battle of democracy in this war. On the contrary, he has avowed himself an opponent of democracy. The political philosophy of Japan is *Realpolitik*, and it was because intervention in Siberia was bad *Realpolitik* that the Elder Statesmen turned it



Nelson Harding

EXCEEDING HIS INSTRUCTIONS

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

down. As for Russian opinion, there is no one in Russia who believes that Japanese intervention in Siberia would be undertaken solely for the benefit of Russia, just as there is no Japanese who would pretend that it was. The fact must be accepted that Japanese Imperialism is trusted as little in Russia as any other form of Imperialism, and least of all in Siberia, which is nearest to Japan and which therefore is naturally most sensitive. Under all these circumstances it is plain that the moral conditions without which Japanese intervention must throw Russia into the arms of Germany instead of rallying her to the Allies do not exist.

"President Wilson, tho he repudiates Japanese intervention, is not without a constructive policy. He is always insisting upon the first condition of any policy with regard to Russia which can hope to succeed—that we must work through, not against, the *de-facto* government in Russia."

One general says the side with the last reserves will win; and America is raising 5,000,000 reserves.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The most promising field for fiction writers to-day seems to lie in the writing of war news from Russia.—Nashville Lumberman.

WILLIAM AND CHARLES DEFY THE ANGLO-SAXON WORLD

AS he took his departure from German main headquarters after his long conference with Emperor William, the head of Charles I. ached with an idea that there is an Anglo-Saxon peril. The press of the Central Powers makes more than ever of that peril. The young head of the house of Hapsburg was also told much on the subject of raw materials, which the Anglo-Saxon race seeks to monopolize. There was also much discussion of the monarchical principle, so compromised by recent events. Charles does not like William, or William's commanders, if we are to credit the suspicions of the *Manchester Guardian*, but he sat next to Ludendorff at one of the big banquets in honor of this historic event. It was a formal reconstitution of the

tral Powers. Altogether it proved the greatest political event in Central Europe for many a day and the press in Vienna and Berlin is still full of it. Charles soon afterwards turned up at the court of Ferdinand and then went to see the Sultan.

Making Trouble for the Anglo-Saxons.

THE sudden crisis at the Wilhelmstrasse, precipitated by the indiscreet utterances of Herr von Kühlmann, would seem, from gossip in the Dutch press, to have been the first gun in the new Anglo-Saxon direction. The Anglo-Saxon drum is beating furiously all over Central Europe according to orders, affirms the *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome). The idea seems to have originated with a clique of Berlin worthies including the economic genius of the home office, Herr von Stein, the great economist and sociologist, also a deputy in the Reichstag, Doctor von Schulze-Gavernitz, and our old friend Herr Erzberger, the clerical leader. These gentlemen were not present at the royal meeting with Ludendorff and the rest, but they provided the ammunition that was discharged at the head of Charles I. He took away with him to Constantinople and to Sofia, the *Rome Tribuna* believes, an impression that the United States and England have come together to control the seas forever so that no nation in Central Europe shall have coal, wheat, copper or anything of that kind without becoming a vassal in disguise. Some idea of the sort has been disseminated for a long time in the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin), but there is now reason to believe, says the *London Post*, that the Wilhelmstrasse was recently induced to urge this view of the war with



TURN ON THE OTHER

—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

Austro-German alliance, originally entered into as a protection from the designs of Russia and henceforth to be directed against the Anglo-Saxon world. Baron Burian, foreign minister for the dual monarchy, was there, and Herr von Kühlmann, then head of the Wilhelmstrasse. Herr von Kühlmann was most uncomfortable, the *Rome Giornale* believes, because the Anglo-Saxon peril is a ghost to him and he has failed to convince his imperial master of that. In fact the Wilhelmstrasse has been run over the Herr's head recently, the *Paris Temps* understands, and as he did not see the Anglo-Saxon peril very vividly he was made to go. Chancellor von Hertling was there with the rest and a host of dignitaries besides, who signed protocols, talked strategy and told the journalists later on that the war would soon end in victory for the Cen-



A BAD PLACE TO BE STALLED

—Murphy in San Francisco Call-Post

energy and system and it has found a convert in Charles.

Following Charles in His Pilgrimage to the Sultan.

THE progress of Charles through Central Europe became, perhaps without his knowledge, observes the *Paris Figaro*, a grand demonstration against the Anglo-Saxon race. Pamphlets on the subject of raw materials were hurled from the imperial trains. Economists of eminence filled the influential newspapers of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and even Turkey, with disquisitions on the relation of raw materials to sea power and the peril to civilization of such a design as President Wilson and the British between them have formed. The whole business, French dailies understand, was quite distasteful to Herr von Kühlmann, who has long been unsound, from a German point of view, on the Anglo-Saxon question, we learn from the *Débats*. However, he put a good face on the matter and actually made one of the truculent speeches of the past few weeks in which the Wilhelmstrasse and its echo the Ballplatz have claimed raw materials, a place in the sun, territory to expand in and a redistribution of sea power. The conversion of Herr von Kühlmann was believed by the *Rome Tribuna* to be too belated to save him. He is succeeded by a man of the Pan-German or Junker school who regards England as a pirate isle and the United States as a tail to the British kite. Already Spain, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and Holland, says the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, are flooded with pamphlets on the subject of the combination of the Anglo-Saxons for permanent possession of the world's waters. Editorial utterances in British and American newspapers, dwelling upon the cordiality of the new understanding between the two branches of the English-speaking stock, are given space in inspired organs of Central Europe as proof of the peril. Russia and the Balkans come in for a share of this propaganda, which the neutral press concedes to be as ingenious as the histories of the war which are sent out to neutral countries by the ton under the auspices of the Berlin general staff.

A New Anglo-Saxon Turn to the War.

IN Russia, observes the *Milan Corriere*, the German agents talk somewhat less of the Anglo-Saxon peril than of the "bourgeois threat" embodied in the alliance of the Anglo-Saxon powers. In Spain, the South American countries and Italy and among French clericals the Anglo-Saxon world is represented as the peculiar enemy of the Roman Catholic faith. The agitation is sufficiently spirited, the Italian dailies hint, to embarrass the French government in its relations with some important sections of the Latin world, a fact noted with pleasure by the *Neue Freie Presse*, the able German organ of Vienna. The London foreign office, it suspects, may throw a little cold douche upon the enthusiasms of rabid Anglo-Saxons in England, and the Washington government will deprecate manifestations of the sort in America, since they are undoubtedly having a bad effect in western Europe to say nothing of the eastern portion. The diversions of American troops to Italy and the speeding up of the forces for France are thus explained. Both London

and Washington, the Austrian daily says, realize the importance of depriving the Central Powers of the Anglo-Saxon issue.

William and Charles Act Together.

IF William and Charles are trying to achieve something in common for the time being, it is because they desire the great prestige of a decision before the weight of America begins to tell, says the *London Times*. Inspired by the Ballplatz and the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin and Vienna organs are asking if the map of Central Europe is to be traced by Anglo-Saxons. The Anglo-Saxon issue, however, concerns only the reactionaries in Central Europe. It cannot unite Germany with Austria, says the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* (Vienna):

"The interests of Germany extend all over the world. Germany has created new states in Russia. She has a dominant position in Turkey. She strives to extend her colonial empire in Africa, in East Asia and in the South Seas. Will Austria-Hungary after the war be bound to regard these world-wide interests of Germany as her own? Berlin and Vienna enter, it seems, into an enduring and close diplomatic military and economic alliance. The world is to be divided into two hostile camps. The war will be followed by economic conflicts and a struggle for raw materials. There will be eternal peril of new war."

Preparations to Smite the Anglo-Saxon.

HAVING reached an agreement that the Anglo-Saxon peril is now critical for Central Europe, the two Emperors and their advisers concerted measures to meet it. These, in the opinion of the *Paris Débats*, will amount to some sort of a blow at the British, seeing that the Americans are for the time being not so accessible. Highly significant to French and British dailies alike are the studies by German military experts which begin to fill the inspired press. Thus the conservative *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, an influential provincial organ, says the Germans must gain possession of Egypt. England, it seems to this commentator, will consider it rather beneficial to herself than otherwise if her armies are driven from France. She can in that event devote all her energies to securing her position in the middle East and consolidating the defense of the approaches to India and her African empire. Germany, the south German daily says, needs a bridge between her African colonies and her own population and she must direct her efforts to the construction of a railway from German Africa through the Sudan and Egypt to connect with the German Oriental railway. Germany must not let slip such a favorable opportunity as will be afforded by the impending humiliation of the Anglo-Saxon world. Germany must secure her place in the sun, just like England and America. So much general comment upon the international situation in Germany develops ideas of this sort, the geography of the Anglo-Saxon portion of the earth being reconstructed, that the *London Post* suspects an impending campaign on the water or perhaps a new conception of a strategical kind. There is much grumbling, it observes, at the failure to reach the Anglo-Saxon world in view of all the talk in Germany about its greed and materialism. The *Kriegs-Nachrichten*, a military organ, observes, however, that since Germany is waging a war for raw materials, the struggle will necessarily be longer than

was foreseen. The Anglo-Saxon world must be taught, chimes in the *Vossische*, that Germany claims raw materials as a right and not as a favor and that she will never yield the point while she has a bayonet left.

Where the Anglo-Saxon was Caught Napping.

A SUSPICION is expressed by the Manchester *Guardian* that "the faulty diplomacy of certain Allied statesmen threw away a great opportunity and riveted instead of disrupting the Austro-German alliance." It observes that the alliance of the two empires was originally formed against the Russian despotism altho it becomes effective against the Anglo-Saxon. "But the new alliance is far from as secure as the old." There has always, it says, been a high-court party at Vienna which dislikes Germany and loathes Berlin's predominance over Austria. Emperor Charles, it feels sure, shares these sentiments, whatever he may be telling his German friends about the Anglo-Saxons. Indeed, the organ of British liberal opinion doubts if there is in Austria-Hungary any such hostility to England and America as is paraded ostentatiously in the

inspired press. The diplomatic situation is a fresh instance of the bungling of the British foreign office, concludes the Manchester daily. Here, to turn to the comments of the Paris *Temps*, there is a possibility of misunderstanding among the Anglo-Saxons. The Emperors Charles and William are notoriously worried over the whole monarchical situation in Europe. It has sustained a series of severe shocks since the war began. They met with their cliques of reactionaries to renew their allegiance to the theory of divine right, plainly assailed by the democracy of the Anglo-Saxons. It is really against democracy that the Austro-German alliance is renewed. Confirmation of this view is afforded in the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts*, which says the Austro-German alliance will strive to restore the monarchical principle in Russia:

"It is no secret that various German courts and petty courts have been in a state of the greatest excitement regarding opportunities of obtaining a throne in the East. Agents are journeying in all directions to make propaganda for or against the various royal families. If Prussia is enlarged, something must also be found somewhere for Bavaria, as well as Saxony, Württemberg, and so forth."

The Kaiser is still having trouble conquering the Allies, but he has at least won an unconditional surrender from Austria.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

In Russia the Red guards and the White guards are still scrapping, while the blackguards get away with the loot.—Des Moines *Register*.

THE THIRD GRAND THRUST OF THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE

IF the supreme stage of the great German offensive is not by this time at its height on the western front, the officially-inspired dailies of Berlin, predicts the military expert of the Paris *Temps*, will have much explaining to do. This third attack will be delivered, predicts the military expert of the London *Westminster Gazette*, very positively. "When it comes, we know that it will be pressed with all the might that Germany can bring to bear, for if it fails the Central Powers must abandon hope of conquest in the West." In spite of the fury of previous thrusts, it is affirmed by the expert of the Paris *Figaro* that Ludendorff did not reach his greatest strength until last month. This is the prevailing expert view, based upon definite knowledge of the railway facilities, the unused reserves of Hindenburg, and the number of divisions that can safely be withdrawn from the East. "Whatever the strength Germany may dispose of in the coming offensive," says the *Westminster Gazette's* expert, "we know it will be the greatest she can employ." Failure would mean a change of the balance of forces in the West adversely to the Berlin general staff. Ludendorff would henceforth have to face forces outgrowing his own constantly in numbers. He struck last April because he could not wait, and, unless he means to give up the western front altogether, he is less able to wait than ever before.

How the German Thrust Was Foiled at First.

ON the eve of this third great thrust, the situation is found by the expert of the Paris *Débats* easy to define. The French have barred the way to Paris, a way left open for a time by the rapid movement backward of the British right. The French held the most formidable onrush ever witnessed in war. They

If it Has Not Come by This Time, Something is Wrong in Berlin

covered the right of the receding British army. They foiled the great plan of the enemy to effect a breach between the two western allies. The French sent units even into Flanders and they stand ready to support the British at almost any sector on the western front—this without taking account of the Americans. The Germans argued in their newspapers that there was coming a time when, with reinforcements, they could make good in a third thrust what they missed in the direction of Amiens and along the heights of the Armentières sector. The delay in making this third thrust should surprise no one, observes the expert of the *Westminster*. "It was an assured thing that once the enemy had received a definite check, an interval of weeks must be spent in making roads and railways, in getting forward heavy artillery and in accumulating that head of shell and other munitions essential to a shock." Shattered divisions had to be sent back. New drafts are not easily improvised, and Germany is not rich any more in unused human material.

The Allies Not to be "Rushed" at the Front.

ALL sorts of conjectures are hazarded by the military experts of European dailies to account for the long delay in the delivery of the third thrust. The check in Italy was disconcerting, says the *Débats*, but it does not of itself explain the tardiness of Ludendorff. The Manchester *Guardian* suggests that Ludendorff's troops suffer from an epidemic raging all over Central Europe. There are other hints of mutiny and hunger. Not one of these explanations accounts for the delay, so the British daily thinks. The *Westminster Gazette* hopes the public will be philosophical during the anxious times that lie ahead:



GERMAN FAIRY TALES

—Knott in Dallas News

"There is certainly on this occasion no closing of the eyes to the obvious. We all know and appreciate the special anxiety which is present to the mind of the soldiers in the field. There is an absence of ground for maneuver, particularly along the northern part of the front. In the Amiens sector, Amiens itself, with its converging lines of railways, is uncovered at once in a retreat. Round Ypres the Germans hold some of the important hills, altho they have been unable to obtain final command of the ridge positions. Consequently, nowhere in these two sectors can the Allies give much ground without the surrender of points of high importance. Experience of practically all the great thrusts has shown that, even when defeated and repelled at the last, they make ground in the first shock of their deliverance. So long as an army has the initiative and can choose its own place for a blow, the surprise attack by numbers will have initial success, and the Germans unquestionably rely on past experience in this matter in believing that they will be able to uncover some vital point by a new stroke. That would not win the war for Germany, but it would prolong the war and the reign of the military junta in Germany. We may be of good cheer, however. The danger is plain, and has been plain ever since Sir Douglas Haig called upon the British soldiers to give no further ground. There has been time to strengthen the weak points, and General Foch still disposes of those reserves which may well prove the decisive factor. Anxious times there must be."

The Unified Command and the Coming Thrust in the West.

PERHAPS the real explanation of the delay on Ludendorff's part, a very uncharacteristic development, is, to follow the expert of the Manchester *Guardian*, the unification of the Allied command. This cause is "primary." The others are "secondary." There was a conference of the supreme command of all the allies in a small French town recently, at which this unification was completed in fact as well as in theory. Generals Bliss and Pershing spoke for America, and even the Prime Ministers of the European allies were there with the ministers of war. The one definite impression of the conference in the French press is that

it confirmed the view of all that the western front is the decisive front, that there will be no "snark-hunting in Aleppo," as the London *Spectator* calls it, no coquetting with ideas that the eastern front is, after all, the decisive front. Nevertheless, there is a faction in Germany which clings to the eastern argument still. To quote the expert of the Manchester *Guardian*:

"There has always been an undercurrent of opposition in Germany to the offensive on the West. There is no reason to believe that it is entirely the work of Ludendorff; that the Kaiser opposed it as too great a gamble, and that Hindenburg has blown hot and cold. The only element of doubt is whether the German losses in the last attack have been so great and their gains so comparatively small as to lead the Germans to change their plans and to overthrow the dominance of Ludendorff. On the whole, there is no sufficient body of evidence to support the view that the German plans are likely to be changed. The most probable moral to the German mind from the recent operations is that the idea was sound but not prosecuted with sufficient vigor and on a sufficiently wide front."

Ludendorff at the Crisis of His Fate.

INSTEAD of one great thrust, there are to be two thrusts by Ludendorff, one in the direction of the channel ports and the other on Paris, assuming the accuracy of yet a third school of expert theory in the French press. This possibility is said in the *Temps* to have been considered carefully in the grand inter-Allied conference of all the commanders-in-chief at Abbeville some weeks ago. Here, says the *Débats*, we must reckon with a fundamental factor in German military psychology. Bernhardt has written: "Nowadays a determination to act in a particular and predetermined sense must serve as the basis of concentration. This will to act in a manner previously concerted must be carried to such an extent that the enemy, in spite of all the projects he may have formed, will be unreservedly subject to the sway of this initiative." This means that from the opening of a campaign it will be



THE FIGHT BEHIND THE LINES

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World

impossible to prepare several maneuvers among which a choice may be made at the last moment. On the contrary, it is necessary to decide in advance upon the operation to be carried out, the maneuver to be executed and to impose it with sheer force of energy upon the foe. This whole proposition, in itself an explanation of the great German offensive, is a key to its general character when all the "thrusts" are considered together. The great general staff in Berlin had from the first a perfectly well-defined strategical plan or conception. As all the world now knows, the task was to separate the British army from the French and overwhelm each in turn—the same maneuver that opened Waterloo.

Seeing Through the Military
Idea of Ludendorff.

FOCH seems from the first to have formed a sound idea of the conception underlying the first two phases of the German offensive. It may be presumed, says the *Débats*, that the coming phase will verify his forecasts. His comment upon Bernhardt is a concise summing up. "The coming German concentration is no assembly with various aims. It contemplates a maneuver carefully planned ahead, a preconcerted attack, fixed in the details of its execution—direction and means—preceded by more preparation, which permits an advance upon the enemy, devised to make an end of him as regards will and scope, under conditions guaranteeing the initiative against the enemy and his enduring subordination to the initiative of another." No historian of the future will find more exact terms in which to describe the great German offensive of 1918. We see a grand machine set going in a way decided beforehand and operated with such energy that wherever it goes it imposes its direction upon the enemy, whose projects no longer count. General Foch has grasped the profoundly German character of the entire conception. It is the application to strategy of the tactics of Frederick the Great—a system thought out in advance, taking the form of a firm, forward attack that succeeds because it has the advantage of



THE WITHERED ARM

—Evans in *Baltimore American*

speed. What is there to oppose to this? A concentration at the last moment in the true (not in the German) Napoleonic manner, admitting the element of change in plan up to the very last moment and according to the needs of the hour—a struggle in which French genius and the French art of war triumph over the German "science" and sheer material weight. In the decisive conflict the world is about to witness we are to be afforded a test of the Gallic genius with that of the Teuton. We conclude with the speculations of the expert of the *Manchester Guardian*:

"If the Germans have not renewed their offensive so far, it is because what they recognize to be essential conditions of success—surprise and suddenness—have not been attained.

"It is difficult to see how they are likely to be attained if the alternatives are to be limited to a renewal of the offensive on precisely the old lines—namely, by an attempt to separate the British and French armies by reaching the sea at the mouth of the Somme, and, failing that, by reaching the ports of the Narrows, and isolating the portion of the British army holding Ypres. Of these two aims, the first is definitely the more important and more deadly to us. We must, therefore, retain our strategic freedom and not allow ourselves to lose it even for the sake of the Narrows. Of that principle of strategic freedom, the unity of command under General Foch is to be regarded as a guarantee. But the chances of the Germans being able to accomplish either of these objects, and even to have a reasonable chance of accomplishing them (except under quite exceptional local conditions), are diminishing with every week's delay. The alternative, therefore, should not be left out of account of a German offensive at an entirely different part of our lines."



MERELY A FORETASTE

—Spencer in *Omaha World-Herald*

THE NEW ATTITUDE OF THE POPE TO THE WAR

THE prayer of the Pope for peace, offered up in circumstances that appeal to the Italian press as the most dramatic spiritual event of the present pontificate, marks the first step of "the new departure," as the Rome *Tribuna* calls it. Benedict XV. has grown weary of appeals to governments engaged in a war for world dominion, for the struggle is one of rival imperialism, if we are to accept the versions of Vatican opinion circulating in the Spanish press in touch with clerical views. Cardinal Gasparri, as pontifical secretary of state, has achieved no triumph in the diplomatic field. He has been gently handled in dailies like the *Giornale d'Italia*, close to the Italian foreign office, and even praised in the *Tribuna*, which is said to know what passes in the minds of the supporters of Signor Giolitti. It is conceded, however, in all well-informed European organs, that the diplomacy of the Vatican has on the whole been a failure. It has striven hard for peace and peace has not come. Benedict XV. is said to feel now that the instrumentalities of peace must be spiritual and not political. He will henceforth work through the conscience of the individual Christian. The sovereign pontiff is the more disposed to adopt this attitude because of a belief in the minds

Failure of Vatican Diplomacy is Leading to a Reinterpretation of the Doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty"

of his advisers that the governments now at war will not be the governments that make the peace.

The Vatican's Theory of the War.

THE theory of the war to which the court of Benedict XV. adheres, and which finds expression in the organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, makes it appear that the people have nothing to do with it except as subjects, fighting a battle of their governments. The people, according to the Vatican organ, are in no position to exercise the sovereignty attributed to them. On the contrary, they must obey the orders they receive from the classes which dispose of the physical force of society. This interpretation of the people's sovereignty was at one time held and taught, says the *Osservatore Romano* further, by the same Victor Emmanuel Orlando who is prime minister of Italy to-day. Thus is the whole modern world hoodwinked, concludes our clerical contemporary, by political doctrines that had their origin in the teachings of Rousseau and of the makers of the French revolution. The only remedy for the misfortunes of mankind resides in an explosion of the fallacies of the encyclopaedists of the eighteenth century and a return to the true Christian faith.

WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE TO SOCIALISM IN AMERICA

By ALLAN L. BENSON

The writer of this article was the candidate of the Socialist Party for President in the campaign of 1916, receiving 590,579 votes. Last month, he followed the lead of John Spargo and many others in resigning from the party for reasons that are presented, in part, at the close of this article. Mr. Benson, as will be seen, remains a champion of Socialist principles while repudiating the Socialist Party and charging that its doctrines have become contaminated by the principles of Anarchism. The war, he finds, has worked a paradox in America in that "both the people and the Government have welcomed part of the [Socialist] philosophy but have kicked out the party." It has disclosed "that certain Socialist principles work but that the party doesn't."

WHOEVER shall emerge from this war with his ideas of life unchanged will be able to lay valid title to the claim of being either a great philosopher or a great fool, with the chances largely favoring the accuracy of the latter designation. Great war is a great teacher whose schoolroom is experience. It is a great teacher because it crowds into a comparatively brief period a variety of intense experiences that might otherwise not be encountered in a hundred years. A nation fighting for its life must try to solve a number of serious problems, failure to solve any one of which might cost its life. It must do the things that must be done in whatever ways they may be done best. The great educational value of a serious war is that it gives an absolute demonstration of what will work and what will not. It cares nothing for precedents or theories. It strives only for results. A plan will either work or it will not and war brands it accordingly. All other

things being equal, that nation or group of nations will be victorious that can evolve the most important plans that will work.

THE foregoing reflections are necessary to a proper understanding of the subject of this article. So far as Socialism in America is concerned, war has worked a paradox, in that both the people and the Government have welcomed part of the philosophy but have kicked out the party. War has disclosed that certain Socialist principles work but that the party doesn't. One is fit and the other isn't. It is fortunate for Socialism that it is not the other way about. Principles can exist without a party, but a party that has no other purpose than to bring its principles to the favorable attention of the people of the United States, yet, by reason of its leadership, is unable to do so, has no justification for existence. Perhaps we can best understand how far war has proved correct and

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pushed forward the Socialist idea by first considering what the Socialist idea is. The Socialist idea is that it is more advantageous for the people, acting through the Government, to do certain things for themselves that they cannot do individually, than to entrust private individuals with the performance of these services. This contention is based upon the assumption that men working for their own pockets are more likely to think of their profits than they are of those whom they serve. Sometimes this preference for one's own pocket expresses itself in excessive prices for products. Among a multitude of corporations competing with each other it usually results in haphazard production and general inefficiency. The organization of the trust, long before the war, was an admission of the Socialist contention as to the economic inefficiency of small units. The reduction by the Government of trust-prices after the war was an admission of the truth of the Socialist contention that the tendency of private monopolies is to overcharge. War quickly took these facts out of the realm of academic debate and sternly confronted the Government with them. The Government was by no means taken by surprise. Every government in Europe had in its turn been confronted by the same facts, and under war-pressure had applied the same remedy. The facts roughly were that, on the one hand, a great national emergency existed, and, on the other, that the old system of private production for individual profit was unable to meet it. Not only was there involved a problem of efficiency but added to it was the problem that since the war began has taken the name of "profiteering." To win the war the Government required the maximum of production with the minimum of excessive profit.

IF the old system had been equal to the occasion there would have been no need to change it, and if private individuals, curbed by competition or by conscience, could have been trusted not to overcharge, it would have been unnecessary to guard against extortion. War clamored for a quick decision and the Government gave it. In almost a matter-of-fact manner Congress early in the war gave the President nearly unlimited authority over production and prices. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Garfield came into official being to look after food and fuel. One wintry morning Mr. McAdoo took charge of the railways. A little later the express companies were gathered in. Mr. Hoover told the farmers what they might charge for wheat, the sugar-dealers what they might receive for sugar, and other merchants what they might exact for other things, while Mr. Garfield exercised a restraining influence upon the price of coal. At the moment of writing, there is a question whether on account of labor troubles the Government will be compelled to take over control of the telegraph companies, and it is reported that the President hopes he will not have to do so. I can understand his hope. Enough at a time is enough. The transfer of industry from private to public control cannot be accomplished overnight. Trotzky does not think so; but the burden of proof (and considerable *débris*) is still upon Trotzky. Each of these innovations necessary to win the war is Socialistic. The significance of the last syllable will be perceived. They partake of the nature of Socialist measures without actually being Socialism. They are like the approaches to a bridge. Some Socialists have yet to learn that it

is well to have approaches, wherefore they belittle the rising grade and clamor to be off at once across the main structure. Another class of gentlemen believes the approaches have no significance—that they lead to nothing and, soon after the war, will be smoothed down to the ancient level of the meadow.

IT is my belief that the tendency of the world is to be guided by common sense. A demonstration in force is sometimes necessary to teach us what is common sense; and war is a demonstration in force. I therefore do not expect the world to turn its back, after the war, upon anything or any measure the utility and practicality of which war has proved. There comes a time when the world, no more than war, cares for theories and precedents. When it has been demonstrated on a grand scale that a thing will work and does good, that is the beginning of the end. The rest is a matter of detail.

What has the war proved workable and beneficial? I have no doubt that results will demonstrate the superiority of governmental over private control of the railway and express lines. The indications thus far are favorable; but it may be wise to reserve judgment until the experiment of governmental control is more advanced. I should say there is little disagreement, however, as to the usefulness of Mr. Hoover's activities. Mr. Hoover, in his official capacity, stands for an exceedingly revolutionary idea. He repeals the law of supply and demand. He is a living denial of the right of the individual to do what he will with his own. He annuls the cherished principle of "freedom of contract" by means of which the economically strong have so long wrenched the better of a bargain from the economically weak. He is a flaming affirmation of the right of society to lay hands upon the goods of the individual and insist that private ownership shall not be used against society's interests.

THESE are revolutionary ideas never before asserted in the United States except by the Socialist party. The ideas have always existed in principle but have been denied in practice except in a small way. We have seen municipalities and railway companies acquire ownership of private property by exercise of the right of eminent domain; but President Wilson, acting through the Food Administration, is the first man in the United States to fix the prices of household commodities. Nor has he stopped at household commodities. He has cut many steel prices in half—and the United States Steel Corporation still lives to pay dividends. I do not know from what part of the Constitution the President derives these enormous powers. That is one of the most interesting features of the case. He is exercising the powers to the great good and satisfaction of the people. In the absence of any specific clause in the Constitution that might seem to be the source of the President's authority, we may perhaps assume that he is operating under one of the innumerable inferred war-making powers that lie hidden in the Constitution; that is to say, that Congress, having the constitutional right to make war, therefore may be assumed to have the right to do anything and everything that may be deemed necessary to the waging of successful war. If so, the inference would seem plain that the Government having the right to make peace and to enable the people to exist while at peace, has the right to do any

and all of the things that may be deemed necessary to make life during peace what it might be and should be. I am aware that lawyers would shudder at the thought of such an enlargement of the Government's constitutional power to make peace, and I admit that such a construction would be exceedingly liberal. Let us then turn to the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution under which anything can be done and under which many things have been done. If all else shall fail, we still have the right to amend the Constitution, and if necessary shall do it.

WAR has demonstrated that there is a better way to reduce exorbitant prices than to go into court and fight ten years—and then fail to reduce them as the Government thus failed to reduce the price of anthracite coal. Having seen Mr. Hoover fix prices with a lead-pencil, the people will never again be content to wait during decades of legal wrestling that gets nowhere. Gentlemen who like to fix their own prices will doubtless struggle mightily. They may, indeed, win the first bout. But the people will win the last bout, and it is the last bout in this game that counts. The people will never accept the statement that only in war can the Government bring extortion to a sharp stop by arbitrarily fixing prices. They will argue that if the Government found it necessary for its own protection to fix prices in war-time, the people have an equal right to be protected from profiteering in time of peace when patriotism lays no restraining hand upon those who would overcharge.

ALL of which is progress toward Socialism, since it tends to break the control of capitalists over their own goods. So far as the great industries are concerned, Socialism would sever this control. But there are ways and ways of doing things. Trotzky's way is to snap off control overnight. Others believe (and I share their view) that success is made more nearly certain by going no more rapidly than one can go safely. Millions of minds cannot be changed in a twinkling—especially the minds of the owning class. To attempt unduly to rush progress is to invite violence, industrial and social chaos, defeat and reaction. It is perhaps unfortunate that the best conditions under which the human race can ever live cannot be brought about in a day or a year; but such is the fact. The great obstacle is the human race itself, with its cautious, conservative instinct, born of many a bump. Still, the human race steadily learns and learns more rapidly in war than at any other time. If war were not so dangerous it would be the best of all schools. It teaches tremendously. It is teaching us now to lessen the control of the few over the things we all must have to live. We shall persistently apply this process. First the owners will become accustomed to less control and then to no control—to reduced profits and then to infinitesimal profits. It is but a short step from loss of control to loss of ownership through purchase by the Government, and with profits whittled away the only incentive for private ownership will disappear.

IT is up this steadily-rising grade that we are approaching the great bridge that spans the chasm between the world that existed before the war and the new world in which we shall apparently be well settled long before the close of the present century. We shall not

make the trip without alarms, but we shall make it with constantly-increasing happiness, due to steadily-improving material conditions. The timid will at first shudder (they are shuddering already) as they rise higher above the low meadows. The selfish will cry out that we are on a journey of disaster. But forces greater than the timid and the selfish—forces greater than any of us—will drive us on and into the better land. War has shown the way and necessity knows no law it cannot change to fit its needs. Life must mean and can mean something vastly more for the great part of the population than ceaseless toil (when not involuntarily idle) for a poor living. It can and should mean more for the owning class than greedy contemplation of long columns of figures representing exports, imports, wages paid and profits pocketed.

It has always seemed to me that the wealthy were missing their chance in this world. Those who are actively engaged in the administrative functions of useful industry have the greatest of all joys—the joy of creation. But only a small percentage of the rich are so engaged. The technical, joyful work is left to chemists, inventors, engineers and others, while the owners burn out their nerves in the market-places trying to buy cheaply and sell dearly. They have mistaken the means for the end. The creation of wealth is not the end but the means to the end which is life, while the mere piling up of wealth is no more than a species of insanity. What is financial power but a bubble that appeals to vanity? All the financial power in Petrograd was shattered in an hour when Trotzky came. And the way to make Trotzky come to any country is to present an unyielding front to the just longings of others—to assume the part of the immovable body while the masses essay the rôle of the irresistible force. On this earth there is no human force that is irresistible except the pathetic, ceaseless quest of the human heart for happiness and for justice.

WHICH brings us to democracy, without which real happiness for a people cannot exist. Probably it is quite within the truth to say that most of the ills attributable to government have their origin in a lack of democracy. The war that is now withering the world is primarily due to the fact that the people do not control their own world—neither its governments nor its industries. Germany, with an industrial aristocracy upon the one hand and a military and a governmental aristocracy upon the other, was a tinder-box that was certain to catch fire—as it did. So long as the people do not rule and order their own lives all the world will be potentially a tinder-box—some parts more inflammable than others, some parts better protected with fire-extinguishers than others, but all in the hazardous class. America, as the greatest democracy, is by no means a finished product. We have an industrial aristocracy, and a structure of government that is not yet as responsive as it should be and will be to the people's needs. Our national weather forecast is "fair to-morrow" only because our Government, unlike that of the Czar, does not choose to function as a rigid, steel shell, while the human powder within gathers its forces for a tremendous explosion. To change the figure of speech, our Government is bending the rails of the track to make a curve. Trotzky tried to run his train around a square corner—and ditched it. The

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Czar chose not to run his train at all, and it was blown up by an explosion of public wrath. The train that is standing still and the train that tries to turn a square corner are good trains to avoid. Democracy is the best engineer. The war, however, has served to intensify my belief that our conception of democracy is only in the making. The framers of the American Constitution expressed the eighteenth-century idea of democracy when they made the Congress strong and the President relatively weak. That the President was not made still weaker was due solely to the presence of aristocrats among the democrats in the Convention. The idea, of course, was that the initiative in legislation should come from the representatives of the people and the representatives of the states. To this day the popular ideal of democratic government may be almost if not quite summed up in the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

NOTWITHSTANDING the evident purpose of the makers of the Federal Constitution to exalt the Congress at the expense of the President, power has steadily gravitated from the Congress to the President. This is generally construed to be a denial of democracy. I do not consider it so. I wish the President might always have, subject to popular control, all of his present powers over industry; that he might say: "Unless there shall be objection, I intend to do this—" or that, or the other thing. But I believe the people should have absolute power to check him, if they so desire, before he has done anything. I am not referring, of course, to what might be termed the routine duties of the President. The point is that democracy needs leadership to get the most out of itself. Given the power to initiate all they could themselves evolve, it seems as if the people should be enabled

to enjoy the benefits of the things they have not the discernment to discover for themselves—the things the exceptional man can see. Moreover, the people should be enabled to enjoy these things without having to wait years for ideas to run the gantlet of campaigns, legislative delays and disappointments. In time of peace how long would it have taken to get a Food Administration? Perhaps 25 years; certainly not less. Yet, if a President, any time within the last 25 years, had announced his intention, unless there were public objection, to create a Food Administration, to cut prices as Mr. Hoover has cut them when found too high, the public would have approved the idea by not objecting. Who ever objects to a square deal? Usually nobody but those who are not giving it. Yet a man of vision can often see the way to get a square deal a generation before the masses see it, and if he be a man of conscience—and have the power—he can give it to the people in a fraction of the time they would require to fight it through campaigns and Congresses.

I SHOULD like to see the world a group of democracies under the leadership of the best brains and the keenest consciences, with large powers of initiative vested in the executives, subject to absolute veto by the people within, say, six months after the announcement of contemplated action. One or two radical departures a year are all that a wise leader would propose, and the people might well lay aside their regular duties for a day or two each year to determine by their ballots whether they approved what was proposed. This idea has never been worked out and is therefore presented in the rough. It is not yet Socialist thought and perhaps never will be. It is simply one of the many lines of thought along which some Socialist minds have been sent by the war.

WHY MR. BENSON HAS RESIGNED FROM THE SOCIALIST PARTY

I BELIEVE the rank and file of the Socialist party, like the rank and file of all other American parties, is essentially American, and therefore ardently desirous of the defeat of the Central Powers. The Socialist party differs in this, that it has among its leaders an undue percentage of the foreign-born. What is mistaken as pro-Germanism in these men is non-Americanism. By reason of their foreign birth they cannot get the American point of view. All nations look alike to them, while to Americans no nation looks like America, however much they may criticize it at times. These foreign-born leaders mislead the party not because they desire to do so, but because they are incapable by reason of their birth of doing otherwise.

"They cannot feel what Americans feel. And they are assisted by an anarchistic, syndicalistic minority that the party, prior to the war, had always suppressed. The last suppression of this faction was the beginning of the party's downfall. When the party, by direct vote of its membership, overwhelmingly prohibited the practice of sabotage the dues-paying membership was 125,000. Pursuing their policy of rule or ruin, the syndicalists began work within the party to capture or to destroy it. By persistent wrangling and quarreling at party meetings they discouraged and disgusted enough Socialists to bring the dues-paying membership down to 65,000, where it was at the beginning of

the 1916 campaign. Moreover, the syndicalists have contaminated Socialist doctrine by foisting anarchist ideas upon the country as Socialist ideas.

"A few men in the party, who should have known better, have accepted and proclaimed the false doctrine that a workingman can have no country, and, therefore, that it is immaterial to him whether the country in which he lives, if it be at war, shall be defeated or not. Such men seem quite unconscious of the fact that this is the doctrine of Proudhon and Bakunin, the Anarchists, rather than that of Marx, the Socialist. Marx believed that workingmen everywhere had a very real interest in the success of the North in our Civil War, and upon at least one occasion wrote to Lincoln congratulating him upon what he was doing to bring such a victory about. The present foreign-born leaders of the American Socialist party, if they had lived during the Civil War, would doubtless have censured Marx for congratulating Lincoln.

"For these reasons I now take leave of the Socialist party a year after I ceased to agree with it. It seemed to me that, having been at the head of the national ticket two years ago, it was particularly my duty to wait and see if the party would not right itself. It has not righted itself. I therefore resign as a protest against the foreign-born leadership that blindly believes a non-American policy can be made to appeal to many Americans."

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

BENSON: THE MYSTERIOUS ADMIRAL WHO QUIETLY DOMINATES THE NAVY

High Man Behind Sims, Mayo and all the Floating Guns of Uncle Sam Here and Abroad

THE most important man in the Navy to-day is Admiral William G. Benson, ranking officer in the service and chief of naval operations. Yet little is heard of him outside naval circles. Outwardly or officially Admiral Benson is "charged with the preparation and readiness of plans for the use of the Navy in war." When in 1915 Congress created the particular billet which he now fills, the duties were thus defined. Admiral Benson, then with the rank of Rear-Admiral, took the job and the public promptly forgot he was there. When the war came there were so many other things to occupy the public mind that scarcely a news purveyor sought or has sought since then to disturb his official seclusion. Outside his door on the second floor of the building which houses the Navy Department is

a "positively no admittance" sign. A distinguished visitor to Washington inquired the other day whose office it was and when informed blandly queried, "Who is Benson?" Had he entered the office, writes Albert Whiting Fox in the *New York Sun*, he would have found himself facing a middle-aged, trim-looking man in uniform, rather slight of build, seated at a very neatly-arranged desk in the center of the room and examining copies of cablegrams.

"The unusual incident of a stranger coming unannounced would not have disturbed Admiral Benson in the least. He would probably have looked up from his work and courteously inquired what his visitor wanted. If the visitor explained that he had made a mistake and was looking for some other office, the Admiral would probably have left his work and

accompanied him to the right door, at the same time commenting in his usual mild manner on the inconvenience which the present arrangement of offices necessarily causes visitors. And when the visitor expressed his thanks and ended with the proverbial, 'Hope I haven't disturbed you,' the Admiral would have probably remarked: 'Not in the least, sir. Glad to be of service.' Having accomplished mildly, quietly and efficiently this task of setting a visitor straight, Admiral Benson would then have returned to his desk and resumed his study of the cablegrams. They might be latest advices from Admiral Sims. Perhaps the latter has a choice of various courses in a matter of vitally important naval policy affecting the forces under his command in European waters. He has been in touch with the leading British and French naval authorities and has received their suggestions. He has now presented the matter to Admiral Benson for decision as to which course to follow. Having read the cables and maturely considered their contents, Admiral Benson would touch a button and dictate to his aid a cablegram. It would be in the technical form of a recommendation for Secretary Daniels to sign and would be put on the cable wires without alteration within a few hours. Outwardly it would cause Admiral Benson less trouble to put into effect a plan affecting to some extent America's whole participation in the war zone than to direct a visitor to the right door of an adjoining office."

Deciding questions of naval strategy in home and foreign waters—super-vizing all matters relating directly or indirectly to naval war plans—is, in a word, the important daily service Admiral Benson has to perform. Practically he is commander-in-chief of the Navy ashore and afloat. He is to the Navy what the chief of staff is to the Army. We read:

"His office is like a central telephone station into which run all the wires of naval activity. Every despatch from Vice-Admiral Sims—and these are now coming at the rate of twenty a day—goes to Admiral Benson. Every important matter pertaining to Admiral Mayo's battleship fleet, every communication referring to naval operations off the Atlantic coast or in other parts of the world come to him. Secret reports of the Naval Intelligence Office and reports from our allies or from members of the General Board or from the Naval Consulting Board come to Admiral Benson. His decision is virtually final. He must co-ordinate all the ramifications of our naval policy into such shape that they do not



IN ENGLAND THEY WOULD CALL HIM THE "FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY"

But over here Admiral Benson is to the Navy what the chief of staff is to the Army, tho he doesn't talk much about his work.

conflict and that they do not retard the most important plans. In the vast complicated machinery of naval endeavor there must be no short circuits, no wires crossed, no conflicting plans. And Benson has to see that this rule is effectively carried out."

The war games in which the battleships of the fleet, submarine chasers, destroyers, cruisers and other craft participated before our entrance into the war were, we are told, initiated by Admiral Benson, and their scope has been greatly widened by him. Coincidentally with our declaration of war, Benson was asked to draw up a plan for the protection of the Atlantic seaboard and for the acquisition of ships that were lacking. It was believed that a month would be necessary to complete it. The Admiral, who had foreseen the emergency, reached into a drawer of his desk and produced in completed form the plan which was promptly adopted.

This fighting director of the Navy is a Georgian and, says the New York *Times Magazine*, he was just the or-

dinary Georgia lad whose boyhood was passed in the stormy era that marked the close of the Civil War and Sherman's march to the sea. He was ten years old when Lee surrendered at Appomattox and seventeen when he was appointed a midshipman to Annapolis—one of the first of the Southerners to enter the Naval Academy after the war. He was a popular midshipman and was graduated in 1877. Six years later, we read, he was a member of the Greeley relief expedition. He then had seven years of instruction service at Annapolis and was a year at the Washington navy-yard, after which he was in command of the battle-ship *Utah*. Relieved of duty as captain of the *Utah*, he served as chief of staff to the Pacific fleet and was later commandant of the Philadelphia navy-yard.

A dominant characteristic of this American "First Lord of the Admiralty" is his passion for definite facts and his frankness in facing them. An example of this trait was strikingly shown on the occasion of a recent

statement issued by the Committee on Public Information concerning a brush between an American destroyer and a German U-boat. The statement indicated that the submarine had certainly been sunk because oil was discovered on the water after the explosion of a depth-bomb. Some time prior to this, we read, Admiral Benson had explained to the newspaper men that oil on the water meant little, as the Germans simply set oil free sometimes as a sort of camouflage to induce an enemy patrol to leave the scene under the impression that the submarine had been destroyed. On the other hand, the statement by the committee had strongly emphasized the importance of the oil. Questioned on this point by the correspondents who expected him to frame a reply that would as nearly as possible bear out the deduction of the committee, the Admiral insisted quietly: "The oil on the water does not mean that a submarine has been sunk. Our information shows that this must not be taken as indicative of the destruction of the submarine."

FRENCH INTERPRETATION OF GENERAL ERICH LUDENDORFF

Latest Effort to Disclose the Real Man Behind the Mask

PHYSICALLY one's first impression of Ludendorff is that of a vast forehead, very rounded, very well denuded of hair, above eyes of the profoundest blue, that search keenly. A blond mustach is traced definitely, along with the thin lips, disdainfully curved. The chin inclines to the double formation. The head as a whole seems to reflect lively intelligence, an obvious mentality contrasting with trooper Hindenburg's heavy mass and ponderous look. Ludendorff's corpulence is great enough, considering his medium height, yet he conveys an impression of the energetic man, sure of himself, in full physical and intellectual vigor. The portrait is sketched in the Paris *Illustration* by Commandant Henri Carré, who knows Ludendorff and who has done perhaps one of the best of the many sketches now taking up so much space in the French press. Is he a genius? The question is of critical importance, suggests the *Débats*, considering the importance attached to the quality not by Napoleon only but by all who have written on the art of war. Commandant Carré reaches the conclusion that Ludendorff is no better, to say the least, than Foch, and the German has yet to display the artistry of the Frenchman, the art of war being as important as the science. Nevertheless, reckoning with the danger of underestimating the enemy, if pains be taken to take the true measure of Ludendorff, the idea of him is, the

French Commandant says, that of a man brilliant as regards intelligence, indefatigable by nature, endowed with a most supple mind. He is rich in the expedients devised on the spur of the moment—a quality precious to von Moltke—and he has liveliness of imagination. The brain is, in a word, rich in ideas. Ludendorff is, accordingly, a great soldier because he reveals imagination and ideas. All his qualities are reinforced, fortified, accentuated by cool energy, a tenacious will and a strong soul.

Ludendorff is, as German commanders go, young and his career in Berlin passes for rapid and even brilliant. He is not much past fifty, for he was born in Kruczevina, in the province of Posen, April 9, 1865, his rise having been so meteoric that the ordinary reference book even in Germany fails to note the fact. Erich Ludendorff had the good luck to possess a far-seeing and wealthy parent of Prussian stock, who got him, at seventeen, into the Ploen cadet school, from which he emerged as a sub-lieutenant in an infantry regiment at Wesel. The young man turned up as a lieutenant of marines at Kiel and then got into the grenadiers. His ambitions were always military and they took him to the war academy which sent him forth with the rank of captain at thirty. How he got into the great general staff at Berlin, in view of his comparatively mediocre origin, is not clear, but he went out of

it and through the grades successfully. He proved himself an officer of the correct general staff type, bred in the true Moltke school and a creditable pupil of General von Schlieffen. Ludendorff was early established as a military scientist with rare gifts for the assimilation of whatever knowledge came his way. When he was forty-seven he took command of the fusiliers at Düsseldorf and not long after he was at Strasbourg as major-general of infantry. This was the force with which he went into the grand mobilization for the war and he replaced, as head of the fourteenth brigade, that General von Vassoff who was killed at Liège. In the course of the swift operations which reduced that place, the brilliant behavior of Ludendorff, who led the assault at the head of his brigade, earned for him one of the first of the crosses of a knight of the order "pour le mérite" of which Emperor William is so sparing.

Now occurred in the career of Ludendorff the "decisive event" of which so much has been written. The general staff had become worried at the advance of the Russian forces into German territory. It was Ludendorff, however, who suggested Hindenburg and not Hindenburg who suggested Ludendorff. The aged man was intimately acquainted with the theater of operations in East Prussia. Ludendorff's reputation for sound judgment was so solid that the all-



HE RELIES ON "HUNCHES" TO DIRECT THE WAR INDUSTRIES BOARD
Nevertheless Bernard M. Baruch, fresh from Wall Street, has made a running start in the race with Germany to win the war with superior industrial and military resources.

highest took the risk of heeding his suggestion. Hindenburg was dragged from his retirement at Hanover and naturally he selected Ludendorff as his chief of staff. These are the facts, declares our French authority, in spite of many a tale to the contrary. In no long time the pair won the Tannenberg victory, which brought to one the grade of field-marshal and to the other that of lieutenant-general. At the head of a group of armies they gained the day at the Mazurian lakes, and specializing in the Russian theater of operations, they redeemed their native land from pressing perils with the conquest of Poland and Galicia. Just two years ago, in consequence of the Brousiloff offensive, "which caused the German defense to tremble to its foundations," Hindenburg, still "doubled" with Ludendorff, was given command of all the Austro-German forces in the eastern theater. Before many days—replacing von Falkenhayn, who had to take all the blame for the Verdun check—Hindenburg was made chief of the general staff, with Ludendorff at his right hand as general of

infantry exercising the functions of a chief general quartermaster. "They ticked like two clocks."

The whole German press was jubilant. "An immense delight reigns everywhere in the fatherland. Our new Blücher retains at his side our new Gneisenau. Ludendorff remains with Hindenburg." The Kaiser assented to the eclipse of his own imperial star by the new constellation of the twins Hindenburg-Ludendorff and the field-marshal in turn—free from jealousy or full of gratitude—permitted the personality of his right-hand man to grow more decisive and conspicuous. On the western front, until the beginning of the present offensive, the great idea of the two chiefs seem to the French expert we quote to have been the strategical retirement to that well-known Hindenburg line. The operation was presented at home as "a bit of boldness conceived by the highest genius" and as "a prelude to solutions entirely new and magnificent." In spite of these enthusiasms, the great general staff took refuge in a strict defensive for the period of

one whole year, during which it sustained the successive checks of Arras, Ypres, Vimy, the Chemin des Dames, Verdun and l'Ailette. Ludendorff concentrated all his faculties upon the collapse of Russia before turning again to the "principal enemy," France, and the most detested of all the foes, England.

The collaboration of Hindenburg and Ludendorff has all this time been most intimate. In this association, one acts as the brain and the other as the right hand. One represents the young and active element, the fecund brain with the "ideas," while the other is the mass which brings the weight to bear. The decisions seem to be taken in common, but they are for the most part inspired by Ludendorff. In the enormous machine called "German war," one is the motor and the other is the power. Ludendorff is the true directing mind. Force is affirmed by our French authority to be eminently the characteristic of the man. One detects the fact in his favorite aphorisms. "As always in war," he observes, "one must now be strong and resolute. Superiority, danger—such things exist only for the feeble." He is fond of saying also that the strong man does not talk of danger but, at most, of the way to avoid it. Again: "He who complains of fatality had better accuse himself. A strong will creates its own destiny." Ludendorff says there is no such thing as fatality, as destiny. There is but the will of the strong man.

The character of Ludendorff is pronounced by the French observer to be "hard, cruel, pitiless," in accordance with the dominant ideal of Prussians in high command. Ludendorff, we are assured, was the most ferocious instigator of continued submarine warfare. He insists upon constant aerial bombardment of open and unfortified towns. "By killing the women and children," he is quoted as saying, "we destroy the future mothers and the ultimate defenders of their land; that is, the future forces upon which the enemy depends." Ludendorff, moreover, is a hypocrite, a sly and affected being. He is not above telling the newspapers that the lives of German soldiers are more precious than a mere swamp or a blackened ruin the enemy wants to preserve. He is notoriously the most sanguinary feeder of cannon with "fodder," never hesitating to pile high the plains of the Somme with heaps of German dead. Ludendorff attaches great importance to what he calls "moral," and no press agent had ever more skill. He keeps in touch with the journalists night and day, for it is a mistake to deem him the "simple soldier" at his ease only in the theater of a war. He holds his regular receptions for the benefit of his friends,

the reporters. He inspires a school of military criticism with its experts to prove that Germany is invincible. He is a master of the propaganda that works with fiction. He invented the system of heralding every German offensive far in advance, arguing that

the effect upon enemy "moral" is tremendous.

Ludendorff is a commander who seeks less a strategical surprise than a tactical one. An organizer of experience and ability, he excels in preparation. His plans are not only

large but definite. He concentrates. He affects a complete candor with the enemy, advertising an offensive that remains in detail a secret, announced with menaces and shrouded in devices that bewilder, distract, terrify the inexperienced.

BARUCH AND THE GRIM JOB HE HAS UNDERTAKEN

KEEPING the hounds away from the Treasury is one of his main duties, says Bernard M. Baruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board. The job—the "grim, hard job"—assigned to this industrial strategist is more important than the personality of the man who fills it. Its greatest importance lies in the fact that it is the most hopeful creation of all the past moves and shifts to produce one essential element in a real war machine—that is, as Richard Washburn Child points out in the *World's Work*, an office which is the center of foresight in mobilizing resources and in making production and transportation keep in step. If the man who fills it is big and strong enough, he can make the military and naval plans become articulate and ready to speak up coherently in advance and say what they want and why. He can say the word and steel will move at his order, either to the Army or Navy, to the Shipping Board or to the railroads. It is the same with coal, copper, cotton, chemicals, with wool, with anything used in this war. Umpire, Baruch might be called, but dictator would be a better word, for never has an American been given so much authority over the products and material instrumentalities of the country. Is there need for more cannon and shells? If so, factories must be built when Baruch gives the word, or old factories must drop their usual lines and take up new ones. The power of "conversion," of changing from automobiles or sewing-machines to rifles and ammunition, is without limit, we read, in the hands of this man. Are supplies, such as coal and lumber, wanting? Baruch has power to create new facilities for the production of both. He can say, "Cut down that forest," and axmen will go forth quickly. Hills of virgin coal can be opened at his command. If he uses this power bravely and decisively, and has ability, he will become, Washington is saying, one of the greatest characters of the war. Generals and admirals will gain more glory, but "none will be entitled to more honor."

Baruch originally went to Washington as a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense. It was an experiment on the

part of the Administration. The other members of the Commission—Willard, Coffin, Rosenwald—wandered or faded. Baruch stayed, sawing wood. It is said that the President did not give him favor owing to an irritation which he had unintentionally established in Secretary Baker. He had been a daring Wall Street speculator and plunger, who had come from South Carolina, graduated at the College of the City of New York, gone to work in a brokerage office, had become a broker himself, and then an independent operator. He was a millionaire at the age of thirty-two "because he knew when to buy and, generally, when to sell the shares he possessed." Also, according to James B. Morrow, writing in the *Los Angeles Times*, he had contributed \$50,000 in the 1912 campaign toward the nomination and election of President Wilson. So, in fact, Baruch frankly told a committee of Congress:

"Col. House and he were brought together—House, the student of men and policies, and Baruch, the student of markets and materials. Each impressed the other and both impressed Woodrow Wilson, when, through McCombs (Chairman of the Democratic National Committee), he made their acquaintance. There is evidence, in testimony and admissions, that Col. House, after Mr. Wilson's election, often consulted with Baruch as to appointments—financial appointments notably. Then, presently, came the war with Germany, and Baruch was summoned into the councils at Washington. At first he was given control of raw materials, metals particularly. Steel shares and copper shares in Wall Street had been among his specialties. And wise dealers in such securities also investigate the industries, the profits, practicable and possible, the ore supplies, visible and invisible, and so on. . . . No suggestion was made that he withdraw from Wall Street, but he did withdraw. He disposed of his seat on the Stock Exchange for \$58,000, ceased his personal transactions and gave himself up entirely to the government and the defeat of the barbarians. The judgment of the Administration was justified. Proof of the fact is found in his promotion by the President. Not much was printed about the promotion. It was noted briefly and then lost in the great events of Flanders and Picardy. Yet it was a matter of vital importance, because Baruch, after the President, has become the most powerful man in the United States."

The Chairman of the War Industries Board Is Regarded as the Most Powerful Man in Washington, Next to the President

But he is unchanged, comments the writer in the *World's Work*. His smile is as ingratiating and his manner unhurried as before. Tall, six feet or more; lean, white-haired, tho he is but forty-eight; his features delicately cut, he goes and comes quietly, carrying with him always an atmosphere of distinction and capability. Nothing of the bulldog about him, no "affectation of square-jawness, so tiresome and common among financiers and industrial kings." In short, this captain of many industries appears less of the industrial tyrant than of the temperamentalist.

"If he had to cut off a head, he would be polite," said one of his aides. "I watched him when one of the big industrial leaders came in one day and stormed at him outrageously—Baruch showed the gleam of fight in his eyes but he is always patient. He will take his time to win. He is skilled in getting men over to his side. He said on that occasion—'After all, these words were not addressed to me—they were addressed to the representative of the United States.' Over and over again I have seen Baruch's patience and persistence draw conflicting forces together, win resistant personalities, save a situation. His hands are indicative of these same qualities of flexible strength. One who is interested in men and their differences and similarities will observe these hands because they are more descriptive of Baruch than anything one can find in his eyes. His eyes look steadily and with constant searching into yours, and tell little unless a subject fails to interest him, whereupon an additional film of inexpressiveness drops over them. His eyes are the eyes of Wall Street; his hands are the hands of an idealist."

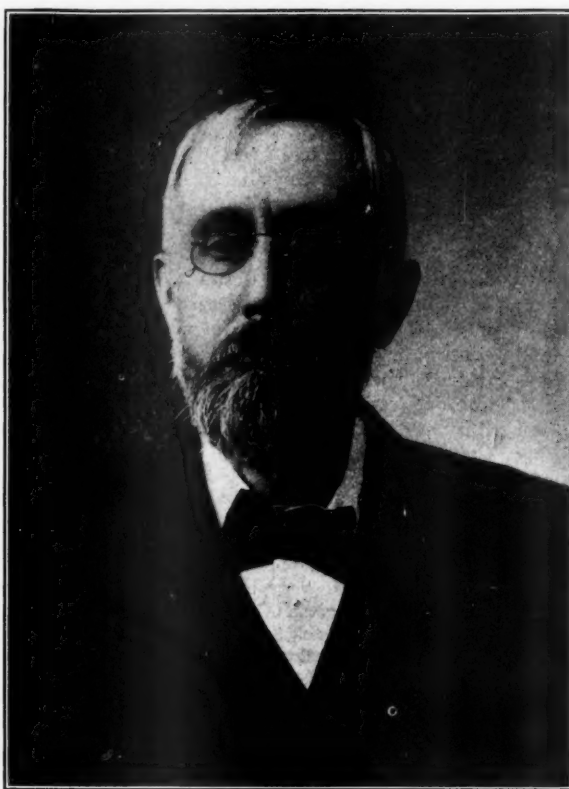
We read further that in his Wall Street days Baruch depended largely upon "hunches" and is still using the word. In fact, "he uses it constantly and, unless one knows also that Baruch feels less confident of 'hunches' as a guide to a public servant than as a guide to a rapid-fire investor, it will bring on a chill to hear that he has 'hunches' about the grimmest job in Washington"—that which is being handled by himself and the War Industries Board. His father, Dr. Simon Baruch, was a Prussian by birth, who was swept out of Germany on a tide of Jewish emigration prior to our Civil War and who distinguished himself as a surgeon in the Confederate army.

DILLON: THE LEADER OF IRELAND'S OWN WAR

WHEN it became known that John Dillon, veteran of so many campaigns of the political sort in Ireland, had been made leader of the traditional Home Rule movement, the *London Chronicle*, which knows him intimately, observed that something besides mistakes would henceforth be made in Dublin. The fruits of the new Dillon leadership are already evident in the triumph of the anti-conscriptionists and in the partial discomfiture of Sinn Fein. The Roman Catholic Church has become an active and confessed ally of what is known as "the agitation." The personal relations of every leader of each faction with all the others are approaching the delightful. In a few months a total alteration proves that an old method has been given up and that a new touch is in process of application. The character, the individuality, the peculiarities even, of John Dillon, the *London Chronicle* thinks, explain all.

Dillon, according to London dailies, is the one Irish leader with an insight into British character. He has had many an opportunity to study it, observes the *London News*, for he is a veteran of the Commons, a survivor from a period of agitation in Ireland which goes back to the great era of Parnell, and an old hand at the well-known Irish game of going to prison. His career is of the classical kind in this respect, beginning with a first election to Parliament many years ago, involving an apprenticeship as speaker at open-air meetings, followed by collisions with the police and a period as a "suspect." Throughout this probationary experience, Dillon searched the English nature with a microscope, dissecting it, indeed, with the professional skill won in his youthful essays as a medical student. "Experience keeps a dear school," he declared long ago, "and she can teach anyone who is not English." Here, a London contemporary says, is the Dillon theory of Ireland in a sentence. His country stands up against a wall of British stupidity. Challenged to justify his belief that England would win the war, he replied: "Against stupidity

even the Germans contend in vain." Nothing can shake the belief of Mr. Dillon that in her stupidity England has a precious asset, especially in dealing with a nation so quick, so ingenious and so versatile as the Irish. He has a lugubrious philosophy of the subject, expounded in speeches and conversation for years past, leading invariably to the conclusion that intellect, the essentially Irish possession, is by no means an advantage to its possessor.



THE ONE IRISH LEADER WHO UNDERSTANDS THE ENGLISH

John Dillon denies that the Sinn Feiners are guilty of the crime of treason charged upon them by the British government, and his long experience and sagacity give weight to his opinion, especially as he is not himself a Sinn Feiner.

Altho in his manner John Dillon suggests the Irish country gentleman of the Victorian period, in his personal appearance, says the *Manchester Guardian*, he is wonderfully like a French artist. He has the pointed beard, beautifully gray and cut short to a point, the close-cropped hair and the deep, steely eyes, reposing in sockets over which the brows protrude in the fashion dear to antique sculptors. The head is held high on a thin neck and in moments of excitement—they are rare moments—this head is thrown back. It is a rounded head, very handsome when all the Dillon

An Aged Man With the Qualities of Youth, He Knows the English

lights are turned on, the complexion somewhat sallow unless the nervous temperament is stirred. Then two pink spots appear in the cheeks through the beard. The voice is low, yet with great carrying power. Mr. Dillon has very sensitive hands, the hands of an artist, in fact, and he does not throw them around in the style of Mr. Devlin. The gestures of Mr. Dillon are delicacy itself. He eschews the theatrical, the athletic, the minatory. He is so quiet that the British daily can scarcely account for the breathless interest with which he is followed by his audiences. He has the solemn, impressive, prophetic mode of delivery which, taken with his highly decorative and well-groomed elegance on a platform, conveys to the crowd an impression of something superior. Nothing in the shape of riot or disorder either startles or soothes him.

The vocabulary of Mr. Dillon is at times very ornate. He can use a metaphor with the art of Augustine Birrell himself. Mr. Dillon has cultivated a simple style for the benefit of the English and what the *London News* calls a flowery one for use at home. Hence he is in the unusual position of being at home in two quite distinct schools of eloquence. Years ago, when a student at the Catholic College in Dublin, he paid great attention to elocution, we are told, and was then advised to go upon the stage. He decided to become a surgeon. Destiny made him an agitator. His character is alleged to reveal traces of this amalgamation. There are moments when, in the opinion of papers like the *London Post*, he is a tragic actor. He has intervals of impassivity, of unfeeling and cold aloofness, when he is dealing with the English. Finally, we have the fiery soul, inciting a mob. John Dillon is, to his British critics in the press, a multiple personality, and one never can tell which will be in the ascendant. In fact, the organ of English Toryism accuses him of having a soul that is hidden from the world, of which even his most devoted followers know nothing.



"EYES OF YOUTH"—A NOVEL PLAY OF A WOMAN'S POSSIBILITIES

MANY varied ingredients go into the making of a great Broadway success. "Eyes of Youth," a play by Charles Guernon and Max Marcin, is a typical instance. Written originally by Charles Guernon, an inexperienced and possibly amateur playwright, it subsequently passed through the hands of Max Marcin, who gave it the proper Broadway "punch." But even that was evidently not sufficient for its overwhelming success—and it has been played since August 22, 1917, at the Maxine Elliott Theater. It was the clever and versatile acting of Marjorie Rambeau as Gina Ashling that assured the triumph of this play. "Eyes of Youth" is essentially an "acting" play; it is a character study of an American girl and her varied possibilities for good and evil. Structurally it is as simple as a diagram.

Gina Ashling, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do American business man, is confronted with the loss of the family fortune. Three suitors would marry her—Peter Judson, young but impecunious; Robert Goring, wealthy but old and selfish; and Louis Anthony. She is the possessor of a magnificent voice; and Paolo Salvo wishes to develop it under his own direction. The terrible choice—what shall she do? The girl is tormented by these questions. Recoiling from the outlook of a marriage without love, as from a marriage which will leave her family penniless and helpless, she is confronted with the vision of teaching school to help her younger brother and sister.

While she is pondering these problems, a Yogi pedler and beggar, Swami Vivahandra, is by chance brought into the house. He overhears her worried exclamation:

YOGI. You would be glad if you could look a little into the future?

GINA. Oh, if I only could!

YOGI. You can.

GINA. What? But you're joking! It's impossible!

YOGI. In India, Sahiba, we have been seeking in the unknown for many, many thousand years. It would be surprising if we had learned nothing at all, would it not?

GINA. (Stops and thinks for a minute.) Oh—I'd—I don't know what I wouldn't give to see a few years ahead—just a glimpse—five years. But I can't, really, can I?

YOGI. A little, yes. You see, time is like space—there is no past or future in time, any more than in space—each stretches to infinity—to eternity in every direction. Thus we can, when we have learned how, look at the future as easily as at the past.

GINA. You mean then that the future is fixed—as fixed as the past—that we have no control over our future?

YOGI. Not all. It is like this—

GINA. (Is now very much interested in what he has to say.) Won't you sit down? (Gina sits back of table.)

YOGI. (Bowing to her.) You honor me, beautiful lady. (He sits left of table.) Everything that occurs in this life is simply the effect of some previous cause, every conscious action of our lives has its corresponding effect. Thus, if I should open this bag, the interior would be flooded with light. (He opens bag showing her the interior.) You see?

GINA. Yes!

YOGI. The result of my action is automatic, but I am free to decide the cause. In other words, the consequences of your actions are inevitable, but the actions themselves depend entirely upon yourself.

GINA. You mean then, that if one determined to do some definite thing—devote oneself to a particular career for example, the consequences of that decision would all be inevitable?

YOGI. Yes, varied only by the character of the person who undergoes the experience.

GINA. (Excited.) You mean to say I can do this?

She Gazes Into the Future and Discovers All That She May but Must Not Become

YOGI. I can do it for you.

GINA. But if you could do that, you wouldn't need to be poor. Why! you could be the richest man in the world.

YOGI. (Smiles.) I do not know if the power could be used for such purposes or not—but I do know that no one who has such power would use it so—in India we do not study to see how we can improve our fortunes. No—we study to see how we can improve our souls. If it were to help you to decide how to get the greatest fortune, I would not lift a finger, I promise you. It is the effect your decision will have upon yourself, your soul, that I would show you. It is the spirit only that matters.

GINA. Oh—!

YOGI. This morning I was afar off. Something told me to travel this way. I followed the lead of that impulse. I did not stop to eat or to rest—you see I am here to help you. (Opens bag, takes out crystal.) If you will take this little crystal and concentrate your gaze upon it—

GINA. (Eagerly takes the crystal.) Yes—

YOGI. It will show you three things, no more.

GINA. Three wishes?

YOGI. No—but when you are confronted by some momentous problem, or when some decision, vital to your happiness or the happiness of others, is required of you, that little ball will give you the result of your decision. With it you may project yourself forward—say five years—at your discretion and from that point in time you will be en-



SHE GAZES INTO THE FUTURE

Gina Ashland (Marjorie Rambeau) is enabled by the occult power of the Yogi to see in his magic crystal all that she may be in five years.

abled to look back upon those five years as if they had actually passed, and you had lived through the experiences there recorded—you will see just what you have let these five years make of you—whether your spirit has gone forward and upward, or not.

GINA. Then if I see that that decision is a mistake, I still may decide differently?

YOGI. Yes, but let me caution you, do not judge of the matter from a material, but from a spiritual point of view, and remember you have but three opportunities. Use them wisely.

GINA. Oh! Is it my duty to stay at home? I wonder?

YOGI. *(Slowly places crystal to his forehead, then slowly places crystal over table, slowly rises keeping one finger on crystal.)* This will tell you—keep your gaze fixed upon it!

GINA. *(Looks straight ahead of her; after a long pause she speaks.)* But I don't see anything—what shall I do?

YOGI. *(Passes his hand in front of her face; she follows his hand with her eyes to the crystal and keeps them there.)* Believe—and desire with a pure heart.

The scene changes instantly to a schoolroom. Gina is the worn-out teacher of an obstreperous class of children. We learn that she has been a failure as a teacher. Louis Anthony, her former suitor, no longer loves her, but her younger, prettier sister. Her brother does not appreciate her sacrifice: "I wish you had married Goring!" He taunts her. "Then I might have had some chance." "Duty! Duty!" Gina cries in the bitterness of her disillusion. Suddenly the scene darkens, and we find ourselves back in the Ashling home. The first act concludes:

LOUIS. You've always said you wanted to do something—something useful to occupy your time.

GINA. Yes.

LOUIS. Well, I have it for you. It isn't generally known yet, but it's definitely settled that our school teacher, Miss Purling, leaves at the end of the month; as chairman of the trustees I offer you the position.

GINA. No! *(Realizes what she has said, tries to stay herself by putting her hand over mouth, but continues to speak.)* I—I—can't accept it. Thank you, just the same!

LOUIS. *(Astonished.)* You won't take it? Why, I thought you'd be glad of the chance.

GINA. I might have been—but not now. LOUIS. You're not going to accept Mr. Salvo's offer and become an opera singer, are you?

GINA. Perhaps.

LOUIS. Oh—you can't do that. Gina—I am almost afraid to speak of it, but you know how much I care for you—

GINA. Please don't!

LOUIS. *(Taking her hand.)* I must speak. I have always loved you, Gina, and if only you'll wait until I'm in a position to support a wife—

GINA. *(Takes her hand away from*

Louis.) I forbid you to say anything more!

LOUIS. At any rate, as an old friend of the family, with its welfare at heart, you'll let me urge you not to go away. Why, it would be reprehensible for you to shirk your duty.

(Gina looks straight ahead of her, as if to say "My God! he speaks of duty!")

A few minutes later the impresario Salvo appears before Gina urging her to accept his offer to make her a great opera singer. He wishes to take her to Paris, with his wife as a chaperon, and there she shall study. He will give her a contract for five years. As he plays "The Moonlight Sonata," the girl looks into a crystal, and presently before her gaze appears a dressing-room—her dressing-room—in the Paris Opera. Piquard, the manager, is there, confronted with the problem of forcing the captious American girl to sing that night. Presently Gina enters elaborately and daintily dressed, but in an intoxicated condition. Her success as a singer has evidently brought out the girl's egoism, and developed all of the worst traits of her nature. She quarrels with the managers. She refuses to sing. We get a glimpse of her scandalous love affairs. The boulevard gossip concerning the new singer has reached the ears of her brother Kenneth, and he reproaches her with her manner of living. But she is scornful and utterly abandoned in her attitude. The scene reaches its climax:

GINA. *(Laughing.)* Who cares what people say?

KENNETH. It's all very well for you to laugh, but you don't hear it.

GINA. Neither would you, if you didn't listen.

KENNETH. Listen! Good Lord! How can I help listening? It's not only here in the opera house, but at the club, in the street, in the papers. *(Shows her a French newspaper.)* Look at that!

GINA. *(She looks at it.)* Well, why don't you shut them up, if you don't like it?

KENNETH. That's just what I did do at the club, but I can't fight the whole town! Besides, they have a perfect right to talk as long as you go on as you do! *(She rises, throws cigaret on tray and looks at him in contempt for interfering in her business. She sits in the chair opposite the one she got out of.)* Oh sis! please! I know there's nothing in it, of course, but other people don't; they believe these things. *(Kenneth on his knees to Gina, putting his arms around her, pleading to her.)* Chuck these men, dear; don't have anything more to do with them. They're no help to you; they're only holding you back. You've made a wonderful hit with your voice—you've got a chance to be a great singer—one of the greatest! Don't throw it away for these miserable animals that a few years ago you wouldn't have sat down to the table with!

GINA. *(Putting arms around Ken-*

neth.) See here, Kenneth, you've got nothing to complain of; I'm giving you a start in life—

KENNETH. Sister! I'm not complaining! I appreciate all you've done for all of us.

GINA. *(Pushing him away.)* Then shut up and leave the method to me. *(She turns on him suddenly.)* What's the matter with you? Do you think money grows on bushes? Do you know what it costs to live? What it costs for your education—for Rita and Father? Why, my salary here hardly pays for my clothes and you tell me to "chuck Larry Watkins and Hal Price," both millionaires! You're crazy!

KENNETH. *(Rising—beginning to realize.)* Sister!

GINA. *(Goes back to make-up table.)* You're a young fool, Ken. Call my maid, will you? I'm going now.

KENNETH. *(Turning to Gina, in anguished tones.)* Do you mean to say it's true? All this talk about you and these men?

GINA. I don't know what the talk is, but please don't be sentimental. I can stand anything but slobbering.

KENNETH. *(Frightened—horrificed—frantic. Takes Gina's hand and turns her to him.)* Oh no, no! Gina! If I thought that you—God, sister—I couldn't live if I thought you weren't straight! I—I couldn't believe in God if I couldn't believe in you! I've built my whole life on my ideal of you—and so has Rita!

GINA. *(With impatient scorn.)* For Heaven's sake, Kenneth, what's the matter with you? Haven't you learned anything about life? Do you suppose I've reached the position I'm in to-day by sitting around with my hands clasped and my eyes lifted in sanctimonious prudery? You are a fool!

KENNETH. *(Fully realizing at last.)* Then it is true! You acknowledge it! Great God in Heaven! And you're not even ashamed! Oh, I'm not such a fool as you think—I've suspected this ever since I came to Paris.

GINA. Then what are you raving about?

KENNETH. I wouldn't believe it. I wouldn't, in spite of everything. *(His anger is getting the better of him.)* Well, it's got to stop right here and now! Do you get me? To-night I take you home, and from now on—you—

GINA. *(Laughing.)* Oh, this is immense—immense! This is too delicious! *(Kenneth slowly backs away. She gets up quickly, and flares up angrily.)* Now see here, young man—I've had enough of this foolishness. Another word from you and you'll earn your own living in the future. Now call the maid! *(Starts to pour drink.)*

KENNETH. *(Furious.)* Do you think I'd take another penny from you if I was starving in the gutter? *(He is beside himself with rage, mortification, and the torture of his shattered ideal of woman.)* You think I'd go on living on the money you earn by selling yourself? *(Gina slams the wine bottle onto stand.)* You think because you've lost every shred of decency that nobody is decent, do you? *(Gina throws glass to floor in rage.)* Well, you'll earn no more money that way—you'll behave yourself from

now on. In God's name, Gina, think what you're doing! Rita worships you—what an example you're setting for her! If you think I'll stand by and see you drag her down to hell with you, you're damned well mistaken—you hear me?

GINA. (*As she gets up, in a furious temper.*) I'll do as I damn please! I'll have a dozen lovers, if I choose. If you fancy I've toiled and sweated to get where I am to-day just to be a money machine for you three, you're jolly well mistaken! I've done all the work I intend to do! Now I'm going to enjoy life, and anybody that doesn't like—(*Shrugs expressively.*) Now, you get out of here, or I'll have you thrown out!

KENNETH. (*Takes Gina by the arm and looks in her eyes.*) You'll do as I say, from now on—

GINA. And how do you propose to manage it? (*Kenneth reaches for his gun—she tries to stop him, but he is too quick for her—and he backs away slowly. Gina is terribly frightened.*)

KENNETH. I'm not going to hurt you—but I couldn't live to be sneered at and jeered at—ashamed to look my friends in the face. I'd rather be dead—yes—dead!

GINA. Kenneth!

KENNETH. Then promise me that after this you are going home with me?

GINA. All right, I promise you. (*She comes slowly to Kenneth and quickly takes the gun from him.*) I'll promise you nothing of the sort—you can't bully me! (*She crosses and slams gun down on table, in rage.*) You can't bully me, and you know it.

KENNETH. I'm going to get a cab and take you home. (*Exit.*) (*Gina sinks in chair left of table, thinking of what her brother has said; she rises and lights a cigaret.*)

The scene finally ends with a bitter quarrel between Salvo, Gina and Kenneth Ashling. Kenneth learns that the impresario is responsible for his sister's moral degradation. The Italian attacks him. With a cry, Kenneth picks up the gun from the table and shoots Salvo. Salvo falls. Gina screams—and we are transported back to the Ashling drawing room, where Salvo is still playing the "Moonlight Sonata" and Gina is revealed still gazing into the crystal. She gives a suppressed scream like a person just emerging from a nightmare. Salvo and Kenneth both try to persuade her to accept the offer to become a great singer. But her vision has too deeply impressed Gina:

KENNETH. You will take good care of her, won't you?

SALVO. You are not afraid that anything will happen to her, are you?

KENNETH. No, I am not afraid. But if anything should happen to her—you know what I mean—I am her younger brother and just as sure as there is a God above us—

SALVO. Yes—?

KENNETH. (*Earnestly.*) I'll kill the man that's responsible.

GINA. (*With a cry.*) Kenneth! Ken-



AS AN OPERA STAR

Gina has the possibility of becoming a great singer, but at the price of a great moral degradation. Here is the most dramatic scene of the play.

neth! (*She runs to him and takes him in her arms.*) No—no—no, Mr. Salvo, I've decided not to go. Not to go! (*She holds him sheltering'y in her arms.*)

Gina gazes into the Yogi's crystal a third time, to find out what would happen to her if she were to marry Mr. Goring, her rich and elderly suitor. There she discovers herself the victim of a divorce "frame-up." Trumped-up evidence has been produced against her and presented to the judge. Her former suitor, who has married her sister, has plotted revenge and his false evidence is now presented to the court. They finally call upon Gina to refute it:

JUDGE. Madam, do you acknowledge this charge?

GINA. Acknowledge it? No! (*Contemptuously.*) You have heard the evidence given here by these witnesses—you have heard that a woman, the wife of a man of wealth and prominence, deliberately left her home and went to a cheap and vulgar road-house—to meet a mincing teacher of fox trots!

JUDGE. (*Raps on desk.*) Silence, Madam!

GINA. (*Rises.*) I will not be silent! You have heard me charged with the lowest and most repulsive conduct, a charge which is shocking to any but the most abandoned creature.

JUDGE. Madam, you must . . .

GINA. I won't be silent! You have heard a contemptible, vindictive cur and these hirelings of this man—without mercy and without conscience—(*Indicates Goring.*) swear upon the word of God, that this woman is an outcast—

BLAKE. (*Interrupting.*) Your Honor, I object, if she has anything to say—

GINA. (*She sinks back in chair.*)—and a prostitute, lost to all sense of decency and reason, and you sit calmly by while these gentlemen quarrel over the technicalities of the law! You sit calmly by while a woman's soul is thrown into the very sewers of life and dragged through the filth of this man's selfishness, when the merest child could see the truth.

BLAKE. If she has a denial to make, the witness-stand is her place.

GINA. Why deny something that refutes itself? Ask him—ask my husband—ask Louis Anthony, who telephoned to me at my home that my husband had been taken ill at that road-house? Ask them who it was that told me to hurry to his side if I wanted to see him alive? (*Crossing to speak to the judge.*) They know who it was—I don't. They had the trap all set for me when I got there—

JUDGE. Madam, if you wish to tell your story you will have to observe the decorum of a court of justice.

GINA. (*Slowly returns to her chair.*) Justice? If this is justice—then I say, God help every woman!

JUDGE. Madam, if you persist in this contumacious conduct, I will declare this case closed and grant the plaintiff a divorce.

GINA. Oh yes! On the evidence of these estimable gentlemen you would brand me faithless to one man; therefore fair game for every other man. I don't know what's going to become of me, but no matter what I may do—or wherever I may end—for all that I shall have to endure (*rises*) you shall suffer for it! Somehow it's going to be brought home to you—stark and tragic—and when it is, when you are suffering as I am now, remember it was you (*bending over Goring*), Robert Goring, it was you who dragged me—guiltless—before that great judge, Public Opinion, to hear that aw-



SCHOOL-TEACHER—OPERA SINGER—DRUG ADDICT

Faced with these tragic possibilities, Gina Ashling finally learns to aspire in the spirit and not to yearn for wealth or worldly success.

ful social sentence pronounced—To Hell for Life and No Parole.

The next scene reveals the consequences of this injustice. The scene is the sidewalk in front of a famous Broadway restaurant. There comes Gina, a derelict and drug addict. She is a wreck physically and morally. There by chance she is discovered. Escorted by Peter Judson, she picks up a purse dropped by a lady leaving the restaurant. Peter finally recognizes her as Gina Ashling:

PETER. (*Recognizes her.*) God, Gina! (*She starts to go, she does not recognize him until he speaks her name. Then she turns to him.*)

GINA. I thought you were in South America.

PETER. I've been back for over a year. I heard about the divorce and I asked what became of you—nobody seemed to be able to tell me. But I have always hoped some day to find you.

GINA. Find me? What for?

PETER. Don't you know? Can't you guess? Think back!

GINA. No, no, I don't want to think back. I don't want to think back. There's your wife's purse, she'll be anxious about it. (*Gently pushing him away.*)

PETER. (*Putting bag in pocket.*) I'm not married, Gina—it's just a friend that I took to the theater. Can't I take you home with her?

GINA. Ha! What would she say about it?

PETER. It doesn't matter what she would say. Where do you live?

GINA. Down on Center Street.

PETER. How do you live?

GINA. I sing once in a while, but I haven't been singing lately. I've been sick. I've been in the hospital. . . .

PETER. What are you doing up here?

GINA. (*She looks at him—after a pause she speaks.*) Oh, I'm not what you think—not what you think!

PETER. Oh, Gina, there is so much I could do now—so much I'd like to do!

GINA. That's what Goring said!

PETER. Don't think all men are like him. (*Taking her in his arm.*) Gina, I want to see you as you were. You've changed outwardly but I believe you are the same girl within. Now come let me take you home. I found you now and I'm not going to lose you again.

GINA. (*With a tremor.*) What do you mean—?

PETER. I mean, there is still a lot of happiness in store for both of us.

GINA. Happiness for me—for me! (*She gently pushes him away.*) No, no, I'm tired, Peter, I'm tired. (*Falls in his arms.*)

Again we find ourselves back in the home of the Ashlings, with Gina shudderingly looking straight ahead. But the crystal has helped her solve the problem by eliminating these three possibilities. When her father enters she announces decisively that she cannot marry Mr. Goring. He is displeased, but she explains her decision:

GINA. (*Taking his hand.*) I've always trusted your judgment and yielded to your wishes before, but I must judge for myself now, dear. I want to do what's best for all of us, but that is not the way. I know how easily Mr. Goring could smooth away all our financial troubles, but that isn't all of life, it's the least of it. You asked me how I knew that I wouldn't be happy with him or what guarantee I had that I would be happy with someone else— Well, I do know, dear, it doesn't matter how!

ASHLING. Eh? You looked into that crystal!

GINA. It doesn't matter, daddy; that's not the way—we can't buy happiness, we must earn it. And nothing good ever came of doing the wrong thing, even to save others!

ASHLING. By God! That Yogi double-crossed us.

GINA. What—!

ASHLING. (*Putting his hands on Gina.*) Oh, well—whatever you say! Dear child, I don't want you to do anything that will make you unhappy. Only, what are we to do?

GINA. Do! Why father, you talk as if you were a useless old man.

ASHLING. It's hard to begin over again at my age.

GINA. But why not look at things with eyes of youth?

ASHLING. Eyes of youth—?

GINA. Don't you see, the solution is right here—in our own hands.

ASHLING. Eh?

GINA. Kenneth! (*Ashling looks quizzically at her.*) He has youth and enthusiasm and a fresh view-point. Don't you see?

ASHLING. (*Rising, begins to understand.*) You mean— By Jove, you're right. With this youth and energy, and my experience, we could rehabilitate the business.

GINA. There you have it, father!

ASHLING. (*Elated, taking her in his arms.*) Why, there's nothing to it—nothing to it! (*Enter Yogi.*)

GINA. (*Gina's back is towards Yogi; when she sees her father looking at him, she turns and goes to him.*) You've done me a great service, and I thank you. (*Shakes hand with Yogi. Yogi bows to her, takes the back of her hand and puts it on his forehead.*)

ASHLING. Well, you put one over on me. I don't know what you made her see, but I'm much obliged again.

YOGI. (*Acknowledging it.*) Sahib!

GINA. (*To Yogi.*) I'd like very much to keep this. Is it for sale?

YOGI. It is not for sale, but if the Sahiba's heart desires it—

GINA. Then I may have it. (*Yogi passes her the crystal in the bag.*) Oh, thank you! Won't it be wonderful to help others as you have helped me.

ASHLING. Say, how do you do it? Is it this crystal—or hypnotism, or something subconscious? What the devil is it?

YOGI. It is very simple. (*Gina and Ashling look expectant.*) Learn to aspire in the spirit—but not the flesh. (*Picks up box.*) Look into the pure crystal of your own soul and the great spirits behind the veil of destiny shall guard your every step! May the blessings of the everlasting rest upon you. (*Bows and exits left, very slowly.*)

GINA. (*Slowly repeats.*) Learn to aspire in the spirit—that's it, dad. Learn to aspire in the spirit. (*She gives crystal to Ashling. He goes to her and takes it, looks at it and slowly exits. Gina looks straight ahead of her and speaks.*) Learn to aspire in the spirit. (*As Ashling goes out, Peter enters from music-room.*)

PETER. (*Coming to Gina.*) Gina—

GINA. Peter, don't you ever leave me! (*They embrace.*)

LORD DUNSANY'S ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING PLAYWRIGHT

IN response to a request sent him by the Dunsany Dramatic Circle for advice to aspiring playwrights, Lord Dunsany replied (in a letter published in the *Chicago Dial*) that there are but two types of playwrights—tradesmen and artists. This most original poet of the modern theater confessed that he knows nothing of the stage nor of any of the rules of the theater. "I know that my dreams have got on the stage, but that is not because I knew anything of its rules but because the march of dreams is irresistible, the mightiest things on earth." Dunsany's condemnation of the tradesmen, who grow like weeds in the modern theater, is unqualified:

"They are the more numerous, the more rich; they are the rulers of the time. (I mean by tradesmen the men whose *inspiration* is money.) To them I would say, 'Try painting pieces of lead yellow and selling them in the street as gold bricks.' Money can be made that way and it is money they need. I know it is an old trick, but no older nor more transparent than theirs; above all it is

more honest to sell lead for gold than to sell stale phrases as thought, and false conventions as emotions. They are the men whose disinterested purpose is to 'provide what the public wants'; they always plagiarize the play that pleased the basest part of the mind of the greatest number last year. But because the public ate oranges in the gutter last night, it does not want the peel (with a few chemicals added) put before it as marmalade forever."

To those young playwrights who are truly artists, Lord Dunsany confesses, advice is unnecessary. The two essential elements in writing plays, he believes, are sincerity and style:

"A play is made of *sincerity*, with that kink in its tail that we call the dramatic, and *style*. One can say nothing of style except that a man's own style is the only one for him to write in; it grows with him and changes with him and is a part of him. One can't write in another man's style—that is *his* job: it's like trying to do your own plumbing, which may annoy the plumber and in any case isn't a bit like plumbing when it is done. Style is

Don't Try to Sell Stale Phrases as Thought, Nor False Conventions as Emotions. Practice Sincerity!

the expression of your own sincerity. There is not one truth in the world, nor one world. In one drop of water there are many heavens reflected, according to where you stand and look at it. In the same way many truths shine on the human mind and are reflected back by it. . . .

"Sincerity is a great force in all work and is too great a light to be hidden under any bushel. (I get near truisms now.) All men have sincerity and it flashes forth from their work. The man that tries to cheat you on the race-course and the man that writes advertizements of poisonous drugs have sincerity: their sincere purpose is to get your money, and this purpose is seen in their style just as the same purpose is seen in the tradesman's play, with his eye all the while on the box-office.

"The message of most modern plays is 'Give Me Money.' But the message of a work of art is too complex to be put into a few words or into a few sentences, or into words any shorter than the length of the work itself even if it is an epic. There are millions who would say of Hamlet, 'What is it all about?' and expect to be told in half a minute what it took Shakespeare himself many months to write."

THE MOVIES AS A SOURCE OF MUSICAL INSPIRATION

MUSIC, more than ever, has now become recognized as an important factor of success in motion-picture production. From the very inception of the cinematograph it has been considered a necessary adjunct, and now the moving-picture industry gives employment to thousands of musical performers of all grades, from the ragtime pouter on the piano to the concert organist. More recently orchestras of symphony proportions have become a regular feature of the motion-picture theaters, and the services of conductors of rank have been engaged. In New York, for instance, a former concert-master of one of our leading operas and a confrère of Mahler in Vienna holds the position of musical director to one of the leading houses, and at least three others of similar training are engaged in like capacities.

In America, especially, this has opened up a new field of activity for the aspiring conductor, and may furnish us with the necessary opportunity for training native conductors for our symphony orchestras and opera houses—still too limited in number to constitute their own school of experience. The question now arises whether the

creative musician also has a place in this scheme.

Since moving pictures are the most universally popular institution of the day, this question is an international one, and it has been variously agitated. In general, the attempts to provide fitting music for moving pictures have been similar in the various countries, and have ranged from indiscriminate "vamping" to elaborately planned orchestral scores, especially composed for the films which they accompanied. The problem has not been satisfactorily solved, but a makeshift has been found in the "adaptation" of existing musical compositions to the various situations and scenes unfolded on the screen. In this the entire musical literature of the world may be drawn upon, but the quality and aptness of the selections depends solely upon the taste and ability of the conductor who does the adapting. "Scoring" a picture is the professional expression used for such adapting, and the following account given by a writer in the *Paris Courier musicale* fairly describes the method of the average musical director entrusted with this task:

"During rehearsal he compiles his musical adaptation as the scenes of the picture file past his eyes. In advance he has

French Writer Suggests that It Should Become the Basis of New School of Improvization

well classified in his memory a collection of pieces and fragments of pieces, of which each corresponds to a certain determined category of moving-picture effects. He knows that in order to accompany idyllic scenes, for instance, he must utilize either his No. 1 or his No. 2. It may happen that No. 2 has the advantage of readily lending itself to innumerable repetitions. Since the idyllic scene in this case is fairly long, he will therefore choose No. 2. Suddenly a character appears upon the scene for the manifest purpose of disturbing the idyl. The director's memory immediately suggests to him a rich choice of numbers full of mystery, anguish or menace. He may be obliged to choose, let us say, between five numbers at least. Time is again the deciding factor. If the said personage merely passes across the scene, the conductor chooses the shortest of the five. Next, perhaps, there is a scene of gay festivity which needs a musical background; a piece in waltz rhythm is a foregone conclusion. And so on to the end of four or five thousand feet of film. . . .

"In this way our conscientious *maestro* will have succeeded in putting together an 'orchestral suite' of which the following is an average type:

'Cavalleria Rusticana' (air of Lola).

'La Navarraise' (a theme from the selection most often played by small orchestras, stopped short to make way for the next *motif*).

'Pomona,' waltz by Waldteufel.

A tango.
Adagio from Beethoven's Pathetic Sonata (several measures).
The 'Valse Bleue.'
'La Bohème' (a fragment).
Turkish March by Mozart."

Now to a musician, our authority adds, this is a ruthless procedure, logical as it may seem. More often the adaptation is anything but what its name implies. If good music is used the cutting and filling that is necessary to fit it to the picture amounts to desecration; cheap music serves no artistic purpose. The ideal alternative, is, of course, specially composed music for each film. This combination, if properly developed, might eventually lead to a new art form, but no first-class talent has as yet been devoted to it. In the meantime the complicated process of composition, orchestration and publication would add heavily to the cost of the film, only to prove a handicap to the producer in marketing it. For it would impose the heavy expenses of rehearsal upon the theater proprietor, and exclude the

smaller, musically ill-equipped theaters altogether. Until composers of rank will apply themselves to the task of fixing and applying the laws of musical commentary for "movies," a compromise will have to be found which will be an artistic aid to the film and will stimulate creative activity on the part of the composers.

Such a compromise has been suggested by the writer of the article just quoted. As a Frenchman he is perhaps not aware of the fact that his solution of the problem has already been applied with some success in this country, awaiting only the master-hand to raise good craftsmanship to a fine art. Improvization, he says, is not only the solution of the present problem, but the only possible stepping-stone to the "music film" of the future. Primarily this practice is to be applied only to solo instruments, such as the piano and organ. But the artist must be of such ability as to raise him at least to the dignity of a first-class church organist whose improvisations form an essential part of the ritual. "He should

become a regular element of attraction in the moving-picture theater, so that the public would go and hear this or that pianist, or a certain organist, in his improvisation on the latest film of the day."

But even collective improvisation is not impossible as certain musicians have proven to us. It should be possible to form, educate and train such combinations as a double quartet, which would be able to put together rapidly, if not instantly, such improvisations as would at any rate fit the character of the scenes. "Even if there must eventually be a fixed musical score for moving pictures," concludes our authority, "it should be in the nature of an improvisation born under the hands of the artist while the film is spread before his eyes for the first time." There is no reason why this practice, while serving a useful purpose in the motion-picture field, should not at the same time develop an admirable school of improvisation—an art which flourished in earlier periods more brilliantly than to-day.

AGAIN SALOME LIFTS THE VEILS OF SCANDAL

"KILL that woman!" cries Herod at the end of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." But evidently Salome cannot be killed. This most disputed play of modern times seems endowed with the strange power of making two scandals grow when but one grew before. Within the past two or three months, we have read accounts of the strange cubistic production of the play in Moscow, in the very midst of Bolshevik revolution; of its production in New York by the late Washington Square players; and of the unbelievably muddy scandal dragged through the British courts by a British journalist's attack of a proposed production of the play by J. T. Grein's Independent Theater. Miss Maud Allan sued Mr. Noel Pemberton-Billing for criminal libel. The final verdict of "not guilty" amounted to no more in law, as the Manchester *Guardian* pointed out, than the fact that the twelve men "agreed that Salome was not a nice woman and that her emotions were best left alone by nice women." The N. Y. *Evening Post* refers to the suit as "the most scandalous, both legally and in every other sense, that ever occurred in a British court"; and the London *Nation* likewise admits that "the jurymen might have thought 'Salome' a bad play, and its author a bad man" but that what actually happened was: "the judge insulted, the law tricked and defied, statesmen out-

raged, a vision of a bought and decadent society insinuated into an attack on a single stage performance—all this perpetrated in an hour of profound peril and boasted of as if it were a national service. How does the public like the look of it—now that the debauch of sensation is over?" Yet the Wilde play, this authority believes, is of no great dramatic importance:

"As for 'Salome,' its vices, like its virtues, have been grossly overstated. It is exotic work, like so much of Wilde's most accomplished writing, and its scent of the 'Rose of Sharon' mingles with a breath of the 'Fleurs du Mal.' And it is open to a famous criticism of Tolstoy of all such embroideries of perfectly beautiful stories. But tho 'Salome' spoils a beautiful thing, it is not itself devoid of beauty; tho its atmosphere is heavy and sensuous, it opens a door or two to the fresh air, and tho it handles noble things affectedly and often unseriously, it is not without tenderness. There is not much true passion in it; it is a glittering, finished piece of literary chiseling. But as for the grosser meaning attached to it in the article which was before the court, only an obsessed critic would harbor such an idea. The play was never stopped or refused a public performance for its immorality: the ban was put upon it solely because it introduced a Scriptural character, and therefore offended against an old canon of the idiotic censorship which Mr. Justice Darling approves. The art of 'Salome'—to me, an indifferent and derived kind of art—soon loses its artificial charm of language and

The Virulent Vitality of Oscar Wilde's Decadent Tragedy the Cause of a New Lawsuit

suggestion; but it is there, and its special kind of ornament, loaded and mannered as it is, is the mark of a famous school of French poetry which has had its followers and imitators in England and Europe, and will always have them. One apologizes for dropping even a word of serious criticism into such a very dirty pool. But that is an average literary judgment of 'Salome,' and it is about the best and the worst that can finally be said about it."

Apropos of the London scandal, a correspondent of the *Nation* describes a performance of the tragedy in the strangest of all possible places. This was in Salonika, a month after the close of the second Balkan war. His description of the event is quoted in the *Nation*:

"The demobilized army was pouring through the town on its way home to Greece, and the quays swarmed with officers bent on every available pleasure. The theater was installed in the garden of an open-air café beside the famous White Tower. That tower was once a crusader's castle. I had penetrated inside it years before, when it was a Turkish prison packed with Bulgarian suspects. In the interval it had served the Young Turks as their committee-room. Now it decorated the pleasure-ground of the victorious Greeks. The performance, by an Athenian company, was a remarkably good one. They spoke with admirable elocution, and acted with an abandon and directness which Wilde might not have approved. I had none of the sense that the play is mainly a fantastic literary

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curiosity, which is so oppressive when one reads the play with one eye on Beardsley's drawings. In this Oriental scene it seemed a natural rendering of Oriental passion. I had followed a

Greek farce with some difficulty on the previous evening, and may have been unduly pleased to find that I could follow the limpid, simple Greek of this translation with ease. The occasion was per-

haps too odd for criticism, but certainly I felt no moral repugnance. My companion that evening was Professor Miliukoff. In what camp of Cossacks or in what haunt of exiles is he now?"

IS THE CELLO THE REAL KING OF STRING INSTRUMENTS?

FOR centuries the violin has been considered supreme among string instruments. Violinists alone, of all string players, have been able to attain the popularity of singers or pianists, by virtue of technical possibilities of their instrument and the appealing quality of its tone. But in the last few years an artist has come to the fore, whose accomplishments have gone far toward changing traditional beliefs. Pablo Casals, the Spanish cellist, is now not only considered the greatest exponent of his instrument, but eminent musicians have pronounced him the greatest of all living interpreters.

Fritz Kreisler has called him "the greatest musician who draws the bow"; Emile Decreus has compared his art to that of Rodin. Wherever the cello is mentioned people think of Casals; so unique is his position that his name is more inseparably connected with his instrument than that of any violinist since Paganini. It may be that he will occupy a parallel position in history with that of the "wizard," for, like him, he has demonstrated the technical and expressional possibilities of his instrument as none of his predecessors.

Mr. James Huneker recently described Casals' performance in these words: "He sings so tenderly that he melts the heart of you; sings like an angel, either damned or celestial. There is something diabolic in his energy of attack, an attack like the



"THE GREATEST MUSICIAN WHO DRAWS THE BOW"
Such is Fritz Kreisler's tribute to the greatest cellist—Pablo Casals.

slash of a saber. What temperament. What surety. What purity of intonation. Technically he perilously approaches perfection."

But it is not merely as a virtuoso, but as a great interpreter of the greatest music that Casals commands the admiration of the world. Quoting a writer in the *Musical Courier*, "he has endeavored to make the profoundly beautiful works of the old masters known to the public, and he has suc-

Pablo Casals, its Leading Exponent, Ranks as the Greatest Living Interpretive Artist

ceeded in making them loved because of his ability to extract the very essence of their meaning. Before this man the intellectual and the masses have sat like enraptured." Commenting on this phase of his genius, Mr. Karleton Hackett wrote in the *Chicago Evening Post*:

"The instant he draws his bow across the strings he is a man transfigured, and the music he makes is the very essence of art. It is not merely the exquisite quality of his tone with its almost infinite variety of colors, but the spirit back of it that animates his every phrase. It seems like hearing the very creation of music from the void, as tho the thing itself but came into being at the moment. Not an art, far less a skill, but the music brought to us from the dwelling-places of light through the peculiar sensibility of this marvelous instrument."

Casals' career differs from that of most living virtuosos in that world fame came to him only with maturity. He was born in Catalonia forty-two years ago, and was trained entirely in his native country. He filled important positions in Paris and had toured both Europe and America when he was twenty-five. But his present preeminence dates virtually from the last years before the war. His achievement is likely to have a far-reaching influence on musical literature. For, when others will follow in the footsteps of Casals, composers will no longer hesitate to confide their best inspirations to the cello.

UNREALITY OF THE "REALISTIC" DRAMA

FALLACIES concerning "realism" in literature and drama are legion; but none is more vicious, in the opinion of the distinguished British dramatic critic, W. L. Courtney, than that one which declares that the dramatist who deals with a sordid and unsavory subject is a "realist." Realism, in the old days of Zola and Ibsen, Mr. Courtney points out in a searching analysis of the unpleasant plays of Eugène Brieux, was looked upon as a method vastly more truthful than Romanticism. But as a matter of fact, to follow this critic in the *Fortnightly Review*, plays like Brieux's "Damaged Goods" or Ibsen's "Ghosts" are no more realistic in a

true sense than, say, "Caste" or "The Admirable Crichton." He explains the difference:

"There is no greater realism in describing details which most people would pass over as either unsavory or unnecessary than there is in other forms of dramatic or literary art which do not think it necessary to emphasize the sordid or the unclean. In the one case as in the other the artist is making use of that principle which is his by nature—the principle of selection. He uses the materials which are necessary for his purpose and he disregards the others. An artist painting a picture groups together various elements, not so much copying nature as adapting nature to his uses. A dramatist who would be called romantic proceeds in pre-

Emphasis of the Sordid and Unsavory May or May Not Arrive at the Truth

cisely the same fashion, throwing into high relief the figures of his hero and his heroine and emphasizing the sentiments and emotions appropriate in such cases. But what we sometimes forget is that the so-called realist has a precisely similar method of working. He, too, is occupied with arranging a picture, and in order to bring out his scheme he emphasizes certain points and allows others to recede into the background. He uses his characters, not like independent personages, but rather as vehicles for illustrating the purpose or lesson which he has in mind. From this point of view the realist is just as unreal as the romantic dramatist. Or to put the matter otherwise, he has the same justification which the artist claims, selection being of the very essence of the artist's problem."

MOTION PICTURES

DISTINGUISHED WITNESSES INDICT AND DEFEND THE SCREEN DRAMA

Dr. Crane, Thomas Ince, George Middleton and Rob Wagner Discuss the Motion-Picture Scenario

CONFLICTING testimony from four interesting sources is at hand to prove—first, on the word of Dr. Frank Crane, that there is a virtual conspiracy on the part of the leading motion-picture producers to exploit actors at the expense of authors; second, on the evidence of George Middleton, the playwright, that no self-respecting dramatist can at present afford to bother with the movies; third, on the assertion of Thomas H. Ince, a dominant figure in filmdom, that scenario-writing offers the opportunity of a college lifetime to undergraduates to distinguish themselves as photo-playwrights; and, fourth, on the testimony of Rob Wagner, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that not one-half of one per cent. of scenarios submitted to motion-picture producers are available for any purpose.

Dr. Crane makes his complaint simply as a witness of motion-pictures whose intelligence has been so often and so grossly insulted that he cries, in the *New York Globe*, "What does the movie man think the American public is, anyway? Paralyzed from the chin up? Or solid bone?" He finds no fault with the photography or the prices or even, now and then, the acting in the movies—with nothing, in fact, except the stories or plots. The inanity of them moves him to wonder and ask:

"Why, when the billionaire movie magnate hires the most expensive, handsome, and capable actors he can find, and procures the services of the most expert photographers, and builds scenery that costs a fortune, and buys advertizing space in newspapers and magazines with a high hand and a stretched-out arm, and deluges every newspaper office a foot deep with press notices, and gets photographs of his film beauties in all the magazines and everything—why, I repeat, does he get the barber to write his stories? Why pay Mary Pickford a billion dollars a year and then get the teamster or the plasterer to write the story for fifty cents? For the average movie plot is simply punk. What grudge have movie men against regular authors? Why are actors cheerfully paid \$1,000 a week, while if an author wants \$1,000 a year the movie man will have a fit?"

To the first of these questions George Middleton, author of successful plays, answers, in the *Dramatic Mirror*, that most pictures tire because the narra-



SALOME DANCING THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS IN THE PALACE OF HEROD

A Photodrama from the Fox studios, in which Theda Bara is featured in the title rôle and which is heralded as perhaps the most gorgeous spectacle that has ever been shown on the screen.

tive is employed at the expense of suspense, which is inevitably the first aim of the playwright. The author's grievance is that his material is almost invariably "altered to make a motion-picture holiday." For example:

"If his heroine be a Russian actress and all the reactions are built on a continental point of view, why is she changed to a southern feminist? If the heroine desires a divorce and the husband refuses it, why should the theme be changed so that it is the wife who upholds marital rigidity? It is this radical alteration which makes the author take the motion-picture less seriously than his other field."

Furthermore:

"The author's name is apparently of little importance. But since his is the vehicle in which stars ride to several thousand a week, he must have just compensation. No dramatist would think of selling his play outright. He prefers to gamble on its success. Yet for a scenario he is asked to accept an outright sum without the possibility of further gain. The incentive is lost since he is not financially interested in its success or failure. If, on the other hand, he had a royalty interest in its legitimate profits he could afford to give to it the same time which he gives to his plays. Granted the author feels he is getting just compensation and granted the manager desires to get the best results, the rest is a matter of co-operation. In the first place, the author should be in consultation with the scenario editor, and especially the continuity writer—for here most of the trouble be-

gins. He should have some control over the sub-titles so that they are the real expression of his characters. There is no reason why—if impossibilities unexpectedly occur—the author should not be consulted before a radical change is made. He is always consulted in the theater; and while it is mechanically impossible to retake certain scenes, his assistance should be sought before they are altered."

Lest such outspoken statements as these have a tendency to discourage amateurs in the writing of scenarios, Thomas Ince hurries to say, in the *Bookman*:

"Picture producers think nothing of paying anywhere from \$5,000 to \$40,000 for the motion-picture rights to some popular story that has film possibilities. As much as \$1,000 has been paid for a single idea, for a situation or an incident, for the mere suggestion of a climax that will lend itself to the purposes of the camera. And yet there are literally thousands of bright young men, working their way through educational institutions, who regard their earning capacity as of unusual caliber if it returns to them as much as \$500 a scholastic year. Most of these young men are gifted in a literary way . . . certainly, each of them has at least one story locked up in his brain, one story that will stand the Missourian test of the producer. The writing of a story for the screen is not a difficult matter, once the author has his plot well in mind. "Any good plot for a picture can be told in from one thousand to three thousand words. All we care for is the mere

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story, with the characters well defined, the action and incidents plainly indicated . . . there need be no dialog at all. The fashioning of such a story represents but a fraction of the time and effort that enter into the writing of a short story for a magazine or a similar literary composition. . . . Some day, an early day, I trust, some of the young men who are earning their education by *hard work* will turn their attention to this big, undeveloped, golden field of the motion-picture scenario."

By way of contradicting this producer, the writer in the *Post*, speaking from years of experience, declares that, of the two thousand scenarios that have been submitted to his company, scarcely one has been found available. Furthermore:

"If we relied on our free-lance contributors we should have to shut down. Most of our wants are supplied by certain well-known photodramatists and short-story men, and the few goats we keep in captivity right on the lot, where we can pick on them when we think their stuff is particularly puerile. The task of a scenario reader is more difficult than the same position on a magazine; for in the latter case the reader can often tell, almost at a glance, whether the stuff is available. A fellow may have a bully idea, but, as the magazines are not running schools of short-story writing, the manuscript may be returned without further perusal if the diction is hopelessly bad. But in the case of the scenario the idea is the whole thing; so we cannot afford to neglect reading the most illiterate story that comes to us. We read them all with

avidity in the hope that perhaps the author has somewhere concealed in the middle of his muddle an idea worth developing. It is because we sometimes find good material by new writers that we have a staff that can work it over into something worth while."

As to famous authors, "who are loudest in their denunciation of our 'piffling' stories," this expert witness declares that "many of the most ferocious denouncers treat us shamefully and send us all the junk they cannot sell to the magazines. Notwithstanding the fact that we have met the highest prices in the market, they still refuse to take our profession seriously. Some of the worst stuff we get comes from men with great names."

CONGRESS IS URGED TO DOUBLE ADMISSION PRICE TO THE MOVIES

IT must be a treat these days to be a member of the House Committee on Ways and Means at Washington. Strange people, with stranger theories, from all parts of the country are appearing and divulging original ideas as to the manner in which public revenues should be raised. One of the most interesting exhibits thus far, to the New York *Evening Mail*, is a Connecticut patriot, A. H. Emery, with a mania for removing the "wick" from the "wickedness" of moving pictures. He wants them taxed out of existence, and by a curious system of arithmetic figures that if they are taxed out of existence the result upon the morals of the people will be of incalculable benefit and that the Government will derive large revenues into the bargain. He does not explain, according to the *Mail*, just how the Government will derive revenues by imposing taxes upon people for admission to places that are purposely made too expensive for them to attend. But that is a detail in his broad, sweeping scheme. This is the core of his idea:

"If we would raise the price of those pictures to just double the amount of admission that the proprietor charges, instead of making the tax ten per cent. make it one hundred per cent., or double the admission, we would wipe out a lot of those pictures. . . . This mass of pictures, many of them, show infidelities in the family; and they teach crime; they teach that the relations of men and women are very bad. . . . There should not be any admission less than twenty-five cents, and adding the tax of twenty-five cents it would make the admission fifty cents. That will create a great reduction in the number of those who attend and will save a great deal of time of the people who are now patronizing these pictures, to the great detriment of their own interests and destruction of

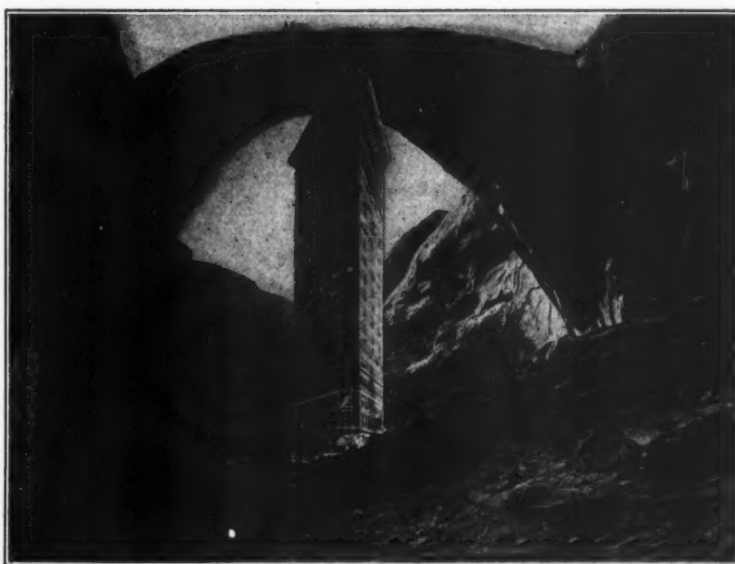
their morals and waste of their time. I think that is enough on the moving picture."

Almost any one, retorts Herbert F. Sherwood, of the National Board of Review of Motion-Pictures, will agree that that is enough from Connecticut or elsewhere on the moving picture as a demoralizing force, in view of the fact that in every section of the country are censorships which pass upon the propriety of every picture. It is nothing to such critics, we read, that motion-pictures represent the greatest contribution in history to the brightening of the lives of the masses. Also this censor reminds us, in the *Bookman*, that in its capacity to pierce the

great stratum of society which underlies all the other social strata, the political potentialities of the screen are daily finding more and more recognition. Presidential candidates in the last campaign made general use of it. And:

"Since the war began, the Government has found it a useful channel for promoting bond sales and enlistment campaigns, and for delivering the message of food conservation and the propaganda of democratic principles. The Government recognized that its traditional language was too technical to reach a large part of the voting population. The motion-picture could illustrate it. It could present the activities of the Government in a manner which would make them bet-

A Great Scheme to Swell Government Revenues, But It Would Be a Boomerang



RAINBOW BRIDGE, IN UTAH, IS FOUND TO BE HIGHER THAN THE FLAT-IRON BUILDING

A little-known natural wonder that has capitulated to the movies and is shown as an Educational film. The bridge is 309 feet high and is said to have been seen by only a few hundred white men.

ter understood than by any other means of communication."

At the same time:

"Photoplays and comedies are not free from imperfections. Often, like the 'yellow' press, they are untrue to life. They are constructive, however, for cause and

effect are both present and virtue usually reaps a reward. Many are crudely made. Originality is lacking in large numbers of them. How could it be otherwise when the demand so greatly exceeds the supply that a couple of dozen plots must be made to serve for thousands of photoplays in

the course of a year? The number of highly important photoplays produced annually, perhaps, could be enumerated on the hands. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the motion-picture is a tremendous lifting-force whose power is not yet measured."

MOTION-PICTURE INDUSTRY IS BEING STIMULATED ENORMOUSLY BY THE WAR

NEXT to the marvelous development of transportation and telegraphy in reducing the world to neighborhood dimensions has been the swift and equally remarkable progress of cinematography under the stimulus of the war. This, notes the *Motion-Picture Magazine*, is shown not only in the growth of the industry in America, where it is rapidly becoming the fourth industry in point of magnitude, but in its invasion of the Orient, Latin America and the remotest regions of the earth. We read, for instance, that a motion-picture theater is being conducted in the Egyptian temple of Karnak and that even the Acropolis at Athens is threatened. Athens has four very modern picture theaters, with nearly a dozen others charging popular prices, and almost ten open-air theaters. In the provinces of Greece there are some hundred and twenty-five cinemas, which get mostly French, Danish, American, German and occasionally English photoplays. Few of the American films shown in Greece have been successful, however, as many of them, we read, are so tinged with local color as to be unintelligible to a Greek audience.

"The Italians are great supporters of picture shows and the business is developing rapidly in all parts of the kingdom.

This is remarkable because of the high prices which prevail, ranging from ten cents to eighteen cents for first class, with extra prices for expensive films. This means over four times as much in American money. They are crazy over the war pictures, and the managers have arranged for them to see the daily positions of the various armies by the aid of a map and tiny flags. . . . At Teheran, in Persia, there is only one cinematograph theater, which has a seating capacity of about two hundred, open every day and well patronized. French, German and Russian pictures are mostly shown, and the most popular pictures are comic, tragic, war and chases. The motion-picture business in China is practically confined to the treaty ports and the large commercial centers. It has developed almost exclusively in the higher-priced theaters, ranging from fifty to seventy-five cents a seat. In Shanghai there are six such houses, while Tientsin and Peking have smaller numbers.

"In Japan, the Kobe district has about sixty theaters. There are no low-price, continuous houses. Ordinarily, only one performance of six or eight reels, lasting about three hours, is given each day. Most of the foreign plays are French, Italian or English dramas or American comedies. Karachi, India, has two modern picture theaters that give two shows nightly. In Honolulu the pictures are so prosperous that the Liberty Theater has installed a \$10,000 pipe-organ. The city has many first-class houses, the largest seating 1,800. The great tourist traffic

helps to make a demand for artistic pictures."

There are about five thousand motion-picture houses in the Latin-American republics with a seating capacity of approximately 2,000,000, and we read in *American Industries* that the Bureau of Commercial Economics at Washington, a distributing organization of industrial motion-pictures, already has established circuits in Argentina and is rapidly extending its work. Incidentally:

"Bolivia is the first country to have used the films to advertize its resources in the United States. In Costa Rica, French and Italian films are used almost exclusively in Port Limon and district, tho the people seem to prefer the American pictures when, on rare occasions, they are shown. As a result the business is falling off. In Honduras there is one picture-house in the Tegucigalpa consular district. Old films are shown for admission prices of ten to thirty cents; new films of ordinary run command a fifty-cent admission fee. Among the most popular of the American pictures are the Wild West type."

The advancement of pictures in England is almost as great as in America. In Leeds, for instance, the movies are absolutely monopolizing the entertainment field. It has more picture-houses in proportion to population than any other city in England.

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

HOW COULD YOU, JEAN? Arcraft-Paramount, 5 reels: Omit Mary Pickford from this screen comedy and there would be little else to warrant its production. It is based upon a story by Eleanor Hoyt Brainard and, whereas the original story was very smoothly constructed, the screen version is a disjointed, tho amusing, hodgepodge. Miss Pickford's arch wink, radiant smile and deft comic methods are given full play in the character of Jean, an ex-heiress who, being forced to earn her own living, takes stock of herself and discovers that her only working asset is an ability to cook. She gets a place on a farm, with highly diverting consequences.

SAY! YOUNG FELLOW. Arcraft-Paramount, 5 reels: As the hero of this melodrama, Douglas Fairbanks, leaving college, gets a job on a metropolitan newspaper as

a reporter. His first assignment is to interview the villain who has made a million in Wall Street. Thenceforward he proves to be the villain's Nemesis, thereby enlisting the gratitude and love of the Girl (Marjorie Daw) which crowns his series of triumphs. Frothy but entertaining.

HIT - THE - TRAIL - HOLLIDAY. Paramount, 5 reels: As in the stage play, George M. Cohan, as Holliday, the prototype of Billy Sunday, gives an inimitable impersonation of a champion drink-mixer who is won over to prohibition and helps defeat the "wets" of the town in which his sweetheart lives. The theme is timely and Cohan's acting carries the picture along at a lively rate to a happy ending.

A FOOL THERE WAS. Fox, 5 reels: Porter Emerson Browne's play, based on

Kipling's poem, "The Vampire," was a stage success several years ago and afterward William Fox produced it as one of his first screen plays. Now he releases it again in revised and condensed form, which is in some ways an improvement. It was in this picture that Theda Bara laid the foundation of her present fame in interpreting vampire rôles.

PATRIOTISM. Paralta, 6 reels: As the title indicates this is another war-time picture of propaganda character. The story serves its purpose excellently and Bessie Barriscale acts a patriotic Scotch lassie with much depth of feeling and artistic skill. The scenes are laid on the Scotch seaboard, an American being added to the cast when a submarine sinks a trans-atlantic liner and John Hamilton is washed ashore and cared for by the heroine with the usual result.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

WHERE ELECTRICITY AND MATTER BECOME ONE

ASCHOOL of scientists not in touch with the latest developments of physics persists in talking about the "electrical theory of matter." The suggestion is that we have here a sort of hypothesis. The truth is that electricity and matter, together with the electron itself, have become one and the same to all who know anything about the structure of the physical universe. The subject is of such great importance and is a source of such misunderstanding that Professor W. C. Mc. Lewis of the University of Liverpool deals with it in *Science Progress* (London) in order that the attitude of the physicist may be clear. There is no paradox, no straining of the intellect, involved. We are not taxing the scientific imagination.

It has long been known that any substance which has been rubbed by a dissimilar substance exhibits the property of attaching to itself light particles of matter, such as paper or cork. The substance which has acquired this property is said to be electrified.

"Since the attraction can be made to vary in amount (by altering the extent of the rubbing or by the use of different materials), we infer that there must be such a thing as *quantity* of electricity. Very early experiments also demonstrated that two pieces of the same material when rubbed with a second substance exhibited towards one another a certain repulsion or repulsive force. On the other hand, each piece vigorously attracted the substance with which it had been rubbed in the first instance. Such observations lead naturally to the idea that electricity is of two kinds, called positive and negative respectively, and, further, that two pieces of matter carrying electricity of the same sign repel one another, while oppositely-charged pieces attract. Electrical charges of various amounts can be given to a piece of material, and can be removed from it by suitable means."

If two substances highly charged with electricity, the one carrying positive electricity, the other negative electricity, are brought sufficiently close together, a spark may be observed to pass from one to the other, as a result of which the materials are found to possess no charge whatsoever, provided the initial amounts of positive and negative electricity were the same. It is possible, therefore, to discharge the electricity from a substance by neutralization with electricity of the

opposite sign. It follows that an uncharged or electrically neutral substance does not necessarily contain no electricity at all. It may really possess equal amounts of the positive or negative kinds.

Such early observations and deductions do not give us, however, much information about the mechanism of the process of electrification. The charges of electricity here considered reside essentially on the surface of the materials examined. The first evidence that electricity could be transported through the body of a solid was obtained when an electrical current was propagated through a wire by joining the two ends of the wire to the poles of a battery. That an electric current or electricity in motion exists under these conditions is shown by its effect on a small magnet suspended close to the wire, the magnet being rotated through a certain angle when a given quantity of electricity passes through the wire. The modern view of an electric current is that it consists of a stream of very material particles called electrons or corpuscles, each of which carries an electric charge. The sign of this charge has been shown in various ways to be negative. These electrically-charged electrons existed in the wire all the time. Their movement from one end to the other was brought about by joining the wire to the battery, one pole of which acts like a reservoir-head applying a certain electrical pressure or potential which causes the electrons to stream just as water streams from high pressure to low.

Since the electrons are thus shown to be present in the wire, they must constitute part of the atoms of which the wire itself is composed. In virtue of the fact that it allows electricity to pass through it, a metallic wire is called a conductor, its conducting power being due to the presence of electrified particles distributed through its mass. But wire is by itself an electrically neutral piece of matter. It follows, therefore, that there must be exactly as many positively-charged particles as there are negative. We now know as a matter of fact that in a piece of metal some of the atoms have lost each an electron, so that the atomic residues are positively charged, the charge being necessarily the same in amount as that carried by the detached electron.

An Identity that is Not Merely Theoretical but an Established Fact

"Certain aqueous solutions, notably solutions of acids, bases, and salts, likewise allow electricity to pass through them. They are also called conductors, but the mechanism of the process is known to differ from that in metals. In the case of solutions the carriers of electricity are particles identical in mass with atoms, of which some are charged positively, some negatively. The solution as a whole is electrically neutral, there being just as many positively-charged atoms, or ions as they are called, as there are negatively-charged ions. These ions are present all the time in such solutions. Their presence is shown when we cause them to move by putting on an electrical pressure or potential through the intermediary of electrodes. It is then found that the positive ions move in one direction, the negative in the opposite. Each ion is attracted towards the electrode which has electricity opposite in sign to that carried by the ion. When an ion reaches an electrode it gives up its electricity to the electrode, the ion becoming thereby discharged. It is now simply a neutral atom. Several things may happen to this atom; *e. g.*, it may be deposited on the electrode as in electro-plating, or it may go off in the form of gas, as happens when we electrolyze a solution of common salt and obtain gaseous chlorine at one of the electrodes—each molecule of chlorine, by the way, consisting of two atoms of chlorine which have united with one another after being discharged at the electrode—or, finally, the discharged atom may react with the water, as happens in the case of the sodium atom, giving rise to new reactions such as the production of hydrogen gas and caustic soda, the latter in the dissolved state. The essential difference between the conduction of electricity in a metallic solid and that in a solution is the fact that no chemical or other change is produced in the metal, whilst marked chemical changes may be produced in the solution."

Recent investigation has shown, however, that we cannot add or subtract any amount of electricity we please. There is a certain limiting amount below which we can not go. This amount is identical with that carried by the single electron. Electricity or, more properly speaking, electrical charge is built up of certain natural units, each unit being identical in magnitude with the charge on an electron. That is, electricity has a discrete structure, just as matter has.

Electrons constitute the cathode rays, a stream of very fine particles which is produced when an electrical discharge is passed through a gas at low pressure. The stream of electrons is

made manifest by a glow in the tube, the glow itself being due to the collisions of electrons with gas molecules, the latter suffering ionization. The stream could be deflected by a magnetic field, showing that the particles composing it were electrically charged, and the direction of the deviation indicated that on the usual convention of positive and negative electricity the electrons were negatively charged. In addition to the cathode rays, in which the electrons are produced from the matter composing the electrodes, we likewise meet with their production from radioactive elements, from the alkali and alkaline earth metals and in general from any material which is excited in a suitable manner, that is by exposure of the material to short wave or ultraviolet light. It seems natural, therefore, to regard the electron with Sir J. J. Thomson as one of the bricks of which atoms are built up. The existence of this natural unit of negative

electricity being demonstrated, the question arises: is there a similar unit of positive electricity:

"So far, the answer is in the negative. We have not yet encountered a natural unit of positive electricity which is indivisible and capable of independent existence as in the case of the electron. At the present time positive electricity really denotes absence of a certain amount of negative electricity, i. e., absence of a certain number of electrons. Thus, it is possible to remove an electron from an atom, say an atom of sodium, leaving us with a positively charged atom-residue or ion. The quantity of positive electricity on the ion is necessarily equal in amount, tho opposite in sign, to that of the electron itself. . . .

"The charge on the electron is the smallest quantity of electricity capable of independent existence. Similarly the electron itself is the smallest portion of matter capable of independent existence. The primary quality of matter is mass, and an electron is the smallest mass of material conceivable. No smaller mass

has ever evidenced itself, tho it has been carefully sought for. It is known that the mass of an electron is one eighteen-hundredth part of a single atom of hydrogen. That is, the mass of an electron is 5×10^{-28} gram.

"This quantity is so very small that its removal from an atom (of hydrogen, say) leaves us with a positively-charged residue, the hydrogen ion, which possesses a mass practically identical with that of the neutral hydrogen atom itself.

"The remarkable conclusion at which we have arrived is, then, this: the smallest particle of matter capable of existence is known to us only in the electrified state—an unelectrified electron is physically inconceivable—and the amount of electricity which it carries at the same time is the smallest quantity capable of existence. This 'coincidence' of matter and of electricity is exceedingly significant. In fact, Sir J. J. Thomson has shown that the whole mass of the electron is electromagnetic. That is, in the electron, matter and electricity have become one. It is impossible to define the one except in terms of the other."

AN ATTEMPT TO FIND OUT THE WEIGHT OF LIGHT

THE action of gravitation upon a ray of light is in due time to become the subject of an experiment with which Professor A. S. Eddington, F.R.S., dealt in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution. It is now known, he observed, that electromagnetic energy possesses the property of inertia or mass. Probably the whole of the mass of ordinary matter is due to the electromagnetic energy which it contains. Light is a form of electromagnetic energy. Therefore it must have mass. This conclusion has been found true experimentally, because light falling on any object exerts pressure just as a jet of water would.

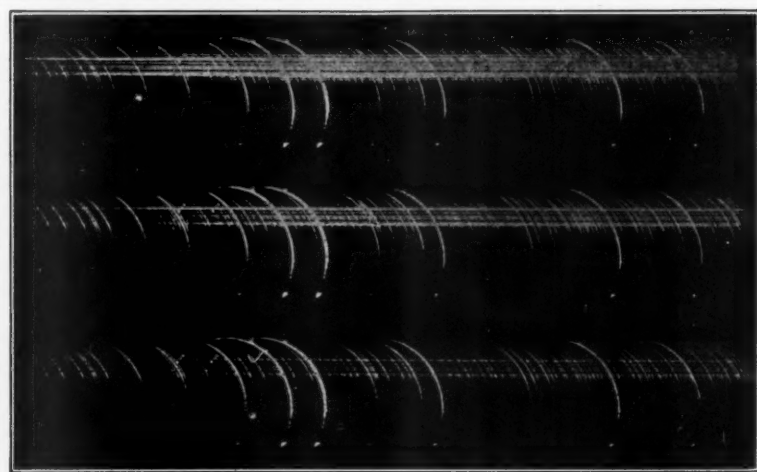
We ordinarily measure mass in pounds. It may prove to be quite proper to speak of a pound of light just as we speak of a pound of tobacco. The purchase of light by the pound, however, would be a most extravagant procedure. Apart from the problem of using such a vast amount of light practically is the question of raising the money to pay for it. A pound of light, using the rate per unit now in vogue in England or even in the United States, would work out at a cost to the consumer of about seven hundred million dollars. It is true that we get most of our light for nothing, as the supply daily received from the sun by the earth exerts a pressure that amounts to a trifle over 160 tons.

Light, then, has mass. It by no means follows from this, says Professor Eddington, that light has weight. Ordinarily, mass and weight are associated in constant proportion; but

whether this is so in the case of light can be determined only through an actual experiment. The difficulty in the way is that of ascertaining whether or not light can, after all, be weighed as we weigh sugar. Professor Eddington proceeds, according to *London Nature*:

"It seems that it should be just possible to do this. If a beam of light passes an object which exerts a gravitational attraction, then, if it really has weight, it must drop a little towards the object. Its path will be bent just as the trajectory of a rifle bullet is curved owing to the weight of the bullet. The velocity of light is so great that there is only one body in the

solar system powerful enough to make an appreciable bend in its path, namely, the sun. If we could see a star close up to the edge of the sun, a ray of light coming from the star would bend under its own weight, and the star would be seen slightly displaced from its true position. During a total eclipse stars have occasionally been photographed fairly close to the sun, and with care it should be possible to observe this effect. There is a magnificent opportunity next year when a total eclipse of the sun takes place right in the midst of a field of bright stars. This is the best opportunity for some generations, and it is hoped to send out expeditions to the line of totality to weigh light according to this method."



THE MASSING OF LIGHT DURING A SOLAR ECLIPSE

This "flash" spectrum of the sun's limb shows the solar crescent (at the top) nearly covered by the moon. The middle line represents the sun completely hidden, vapors at the limb giving bright crescents. (It is in point of time one second later than the top line.) The bottom line, a second later than the middle one, shows vapors at the limb beginning to be eclipsed. The problem is to decide whether the mass of light thus flowing is influenced by the force of gravity. If not, what is the law of its motion?

Possible Disproof of Newton's Law of Gravitation

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In any case, great interest must attach to an effort to establish whether or not light has weight. The experiment will have the additional importance of confirming or disproving the theory of relativity which goes by the name of Einstein and which has begun to have influence over the minds of physicists all over the world. According to Einstein's theory, light must certainly have weight because mass and weight are twin aspects of one and the same thing. Without entering into the abstrusities of the mathematical calculations which relate what is called Einstein's theory to gravitation and the principle of relativity, let it be noted simply that according to the new view the earth moves in a curved orbit not because the sun exerts any direct pull but because the earth is trying to find the shortest way through a space

and time which have been tangled up by an influence radiating from the sun. We can continue to describe this indirect influence of the sun upon the earth as a "force"; but, assuming that it makes itself felt as a modification or strain of time and space, we are able to bring the discussion of the laws of this force into line with the discussion of the laws of space and time—that is, the laws of geometry. It is true that to talk of a force as being a distortion of space and time must appear hopeless jargon to all who received their education in the last century; but they must remember that we are not concerned with any metaphysical space and time. We mean by space and time simply a scaffolding that we construct as the result of our measures based upon our own assumptions, and if anything queer happens

to our measuring apparatus, the scaffolding of our assumptions—space and time—goes crooked. The test of these things in practice will come with the results of the effort to weigh light. Einstein's theory would lead us to anticipate what is known technically as a "deflection." A deflection amounting to a given total—let us call it two—at the limb of the sun would confirm Einstein's theory. If the deflection works out at a figure less than a unit—say a decimal equivalent to the fraction three-quarters—at the limb of the sun, Einstein's theory would be overthrown, altho the fact that light is subject to gravity would be established. If there should be no deflection at all, we would know that light, tho possessing mass, has no weight and hence that Newton's law of proportionality had failed us.

THE WORLD-WIDE PERIL OF BOTULISM

ERRONEOUS as are many current impressions on the subject of botulism—an unfamiliar word denoting a disease due to a germ in food—there is no doubt in the minds of many European physicians that civilization may be threatened with an outbreak of the scourge. It is said in the London *Lancet* to be prevalent in many parts of central Europe as well as in eastern Russia. Botulism, according to a very eminent expert on food, Doctor Louis Sambon, noted for his researches into tropical diseases, is a serious malady resembling poisoning by the deadly nightshade. It is due, he says in an article published by the Manchester *Guardian*, to the toxins of bacillus botulinus, a spore-forming germ that can thrive only when away from the air. It therefore lurks in large, thick-skinned sausages and in carelessly prepared canned foods. Canned vegetables, such as peas and beans, have occasionally been the means of causing this form of intoxication, especially when employed in salads without previous reboiling.

The symptoms are unlike those of other kinds of poisoning through food. They are symptoms almost entirely referable to the central nervous system. There are disturbances of vision, dryness of mouth and throat, difficulty in swallowing, loss of voice, difficult breathing, obstinate constipation, great muscular weakness. The temperature is either normal or below normal, the mind remaining clear and undisturbed to the last. The whole picture is one of gradually developing motor paralysis. Death is brought on by suffocation. The disease may last for months and when termination is favorable cer-

tain symptoms may persist a long time.

Nevertheless, in these days of food scarcity, it seems certain that many maladies are too hastily ascribed to botulism. No doubt botulism is being reported from many widely sundered regions—Australia as well as Wales—and something like an epidemic may start anywhere at any time. Therefore sausages and canned foods should be procured only from well-known sources and they should never be eaten uncooked. Bacillus botulinus gives to infected foods a peculiar odor of rancid butter, which is characteristic. Cheese may also give rise to botulism. When the malady is suspected we must be careful to ascertain definitely which kind of food is at fault. A great deal of nonsense, for instance, is written about canned salmon, which is held up to obloquy unjustly. As a rule when canned salmon, lobster, crab or other delicacy of that sort causes poisoning it is found that the incriminated article was eaten some time after being turned out of the tin. Hence it should be borne in mind that all canned foods, especially fish and crustaceans, altho perfectly sound when the can is first opened, are liable to become rapidly decomposed, especially in warm weather. The safe rule is to eat such food at once after it has been exposed and reboiled.

Nor must it be overlooked that there are many kinds of food poisoning besides botulism. The word is in danger of being overworked. Thus animals used for food may be diseased and their meat in certain cases, even if cooked, may give rise to infection or intoxication in the consumer.

"Outbreaks of this kind are not infrequent; the animals, usually young animals,

were suffering from some form of gastrointestinal disease or other infection, and the eating of their flesh and offal, especially in a raw or hardly-cooked condition, is liable to produce infection usually of an enteric-fever type which may last several weeks and even cause death, tho rarely. In some cases the disease is brought about by a germ termed bacillus enteritidis, the toxins of which resist the action of heat, and this explains poisoning by roast veal or even boiled meat and its broth. Safety lies in proper inspection on the part of the health authorities, and not in 'cheerfulness' on the part of the public.

"Another form of food poisoning is brought about by decomposition of sound meat due to the action of putrefactive bacteria such as the Hay bacillus, bacillus proteus, or bacilli of the colon group. The colon bacillus, like bacillus enteritidis, produces toxins that withstand the action of heat. Carrion-eating is by no means uncommon in the human species among savage tribes, and even among ourselves there are persons who prefer game, cheese, and other foods partly spoiled; but in such cases immunization must have been gradually acquired. As a rule the eating of putrid meat causes disease, and the symptoms, altho varying somewhat with the particular kind of germ ingested, are chiefly gastro-intestinal. There may be severe headache, pains in the back and neck, even convulsions; but there is no fever, the attack is of short duration, and recovery is the rule. Chopped-up meat, sausages and foods either badly curd or badly kept are as a rule the cause. The necessary preventive measures are obvious. All food showing signs of decay should be avoided. Thoro cooking may lessen the danger in some cases, but not in all."

A remedy for botulism as well as for other ills due to food-poisoning, adds Doctor Sambon, is an enlargement of the dietary.

Distinctions to be Drawn Between One Kind of Food-Poisoning and Another

A MISUNDERSTOOD TRIUMPH OF THE NEW BACTERIOLOGY

EVERY human being in the United States is dependent upon the hog, an animal only less precious than the cow. Now the hog has within the past ten years been rescued by bacteriology from the scourge of cholera. Nevertheless there are breeders who fail to realize the fact and the hog is still dosed with quack remedies. There is a widespread skepticism among farmers, largely due to the practical difficulty of popularizing the latest scientific discoveries. These discoveries are too often buried in the monographs of specialists. Sometimes they are neutralized by the lack of expert training among those who must apply a scientific truth. For these reasons hog cholera persists to an absurd extent and the country, confronted by an insistent demand for more fats and more meat, suffers unnecessarily. The whole subject is elucidated by Doctor R. R. Birch in the *Scientific Monthly*, who notes that perhaps the hog cholera situation, in view of recent progress, is not as bad as it might be. Nevertheless, scientists are justified in complaining that their trails are not closely followed by those whom their efforts are designed to benefit and from time to time educators justly complain of the vast store of useful knowledge entombed in books unread.

As long a period as thirty years has elapsed since two American specialists announced that they had discovered the cause of the terrible scourge of hog cholera and their findings were corroborated by trained investigators here and abroad. The cause was supposed to be an organism belonging to the colon group. It could be isolated in pure culture from the organs of hogs dead from cholera. It could be grown for generations on culture media and when these cultures were injected back into other hogs they sometimes caused them to sicken and die. Cultures from the organs of these dead hogs revealed the presence of "bacillus cholerae suis" and the incriminating evidence was regarded as complete.

"Meanwhile the science of preventive medicine was developing rapidly, and vaccines, serums and bacterins had sprung into existence. Pasteur had produced vaccines that prevented fowl cholera, rabies and anthrax, and scientists were eagerly seeking to prevent other infectious diseases in a like manner.

"Here again hog cholera received its share of attention; but all the efforts to produce an effective vaccine by using cultures of bacillus cholerae suis ended in disappointment. Outbreaks of hog cholera still occurred in the field with the same deadly results, and hog-raisers still

continued to buy nostrums of all descriptions in the forlorn hope of checking the ravages. This state of affairs continued until the close of the nineteenth century, at which time there was a growing belief among some scientists that bacillus cholerae suis was not the real cause of the disease."

This belief seemed to be supported by collateral facts and consequently a further search was made for the organism responsible for this disastrous disease:

"The outcome was that in 1903 de Schweinitz and Dorset of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry announced that it was caused by a filterable virus. This announcement was received with considerable skepticism by those who had followed the long and difficult trail of the bacillus cholerae suis, and who had for eighteen years accepted without doubt its etiological connection with hog cholera. Had not the organism been found repeatedly in the organs of hogs dead of cholera? Had it not been isolated in pure culture and grown in the laboratory for generations? Had not the cultures produced disease and death in hogs to which they were given? Was not the organism found in pure culture in the organs of hogs thus killed? In short, had not bacillus cholerae suis conformed to Koch's dicta?"

As a matter of fact, it had not wholly done so because cultures did not produce disease and death with any degree of regularity. Closer study also revealed the fact that hogs to which the cultures were given did not develop lesions precisely similar to those found in hogs dead in field outbreaks, nor did these artificially-infected hogs transmit disease to healthy ones in contact with them. Finally, it was found that hogs artificially infected and recovered were not immune to outbreaks of natural infection. Thus there were good reasons to doubt whether bacillus cholerae suis causes hog cholera. On the other hand the evidence against the filterable virus was piling high. Experiments showed that blood from cholera-infected hogs, when passed through fine filters capable of removing all visible bacteria, still remained constantly infectious. The few hogs that sickened as a result of doses of the filtered blood and subsequently recovered were found to be immune to field outbreaks of cholera. The mask was at last removed and the filterable virus, after remaining in disguise eighteen years, was revealed to the scientific world as the true cause of hog cholera. It was found far less amenable to treatment than bacillus cholerae suis. The latter is easily visible with the compound microscope, it grows readily and somewhat characteristically on common culture media,

Rescue of the Hog From Cholera Little Realized by Those Most Concerned

producing gas and acid with a regularity comparable to that observed in chemical reactions. The filterable virus will do nothing of the kind. Since it could not be grown in the laboratory, vaccines produced in the usual manner were out of the question. Serum from immune hogs gave disappointing results. However, immune hogs will tolerate enormous doses of blood drawn from hogs sick with cholera. Blood from these immunes or hyper-immunes, as they are called, will prevent cholera in susceptible swine.

"This blood became known as anti-hog-cholera serum. But the immunity produced proved to be of short duration, unless the hogs treated for protection were exposed to hog cholera near the time at which the serum was administered, so it came to be the practise to produce this exposure by injecting each animal with a small quantity of hog-cholera blood at the same time that serum treatment was given. It was found that this produced a lasting immunity, and that it involved but little danger to the animals thus treated.

"The product known as anti-hog-cholera serum is nothing more than the defibrinated and carbolized blood of hogs that, prior to bleeding, have had their immunity built up by enormous doses of hog-cholera blood. Under ordinary circumstances, one cubic centimeter of hog-cholera blood will kill a two-hundred-pound susceptible hog, but the immune hog of like size will tolerate a quart of this blood injected into the blood-stream.

"Anti-hog-cholera serum, before being sent into the field for use, is subjected to rigid tests to prove its potency, and when it is carefully prepared it passes these tests with clock-like regularity. It is required to protect hogs given sufficient doses of hog-cholera blood to kill them, and exposed, in addition, to natural infection by being placed in a pen with hogs sick with cholera. And it is with a feeling akin to triumph that the serum-producer observes his serum-treated hogs surviving the ordeal with no outward signs of disease.

"Is hog cholera conquered? Not by any means, but we have in our hands the instrument with which it is possible to conquer it. We can say to any individual breeder with perfect confidence that he does not need to lose his hogs with cholera unless he elects to do so."

But our weapon is double-edged and is not without flaws in workmanship. When hogs are treated with serum and virus to produce permanent immunity one occasionally sickens to the extent that he secretes and then excretes hog-cholera virus. This is dangerous to other hogs. This danger is augmented when untrained men use serum and virus, and it grew so great that even private serum laboratories, interested in selling as much serum as possible,

refuse to sell their products to others than graduate veterinarians because they realize that if these products are used by untrained men they will be discredited:

"The danger incident to untrained men in the field is no greater than that due to untrained men in the laboratory. The Federal government has recognized this fact, and it now places an inspector in every laboratory that manufactures serum for interstate shipment. The business of

the inspector is to see that the laboratory is kept clean, and that the serum offered for sale is carefully handled and tested.

"Even when there is a plentiful supply of potent serum, tho, there are various obstacles that militate against its most effective use in the field. It is used as a cure instead of as a preventive, it is used to prevent diseases incorrectly pronounced hog cholera, serum alone is used when both serum and virus are required, and *vice versa*. Each time serum is wrongly used and bad results follow,

there is created a certain degree of skepticism regarding its effectiveness.

"Added to these obstacles we have constantly with us certain well-meaning but half-informed persons who enthusiastically advise all farmers to have their hogs treated with serum. Such advice is almost equally absurd as would be the order of a fire chief who would direct his men to dash down the street with the chemical wagon, squirting soda and acids indiscriminatingly in all directions, because one house happened to be on fire."

A FALSE CHARGE AGAINST SMELTER GAS

THE economic importance of the honey yield in these days, together with the investigation into a mysterious reduction of the fruit crops in some parts of the country, has led to much suspicion on the subject of smelter gases. Bees, it is affirmed, are peculiarly susceptible to these gases. They are waste gases, particularly sulphur dioxide, thrown off during the process of smelting copper, lead and other ores. Many entomologists have an idea that few bees, or, for that matter, few insects of any kind, can live in the vicinity of the gases. Efforts to increase the supply of honey are defeated, some keepers allege, in every important smelter region. The evil extends to the fruit crop because the lack of bees leads to deficient fertilization of flowers.

Now all these theories, according to Professor R. W. Doane, of Stanford University, have no basis in fact. For several years past he has spent all or a part of the summer in the study of insects throughout the regions occupied by the smelters. He has extended his researches throughout adjacent regions for purposes of comparison. In no instance has he been able to detect any difference in the number of bees or in the extent of injury to them due to the presence of smelter gases. What he has learned regarding the bee is confirmed by experiments with other insects. The investigations have covered also the effects of sulphur dioxide on various kinds of vegetables. As insects are often covered by the cabinets when they are placed over the plots of grain or other vegetation for fumigating, Professor Doane has had many opportunities to watch their behavior when subjected to known quantities of sulphur dioxide. He writes in *Science*:

"The cabinets used in these experiments were about six feet square and five feet high and were made of celluloid with a light framework of wood. Through these cabinets a current of air carrying a known quantity of sulphur dioxide was driven by means of electric fans. Every precaution was taken to see that the con-

centration of the gas was constant in all parts of the cabinet throughout the experiment. The time of fumigation varied from half an hour to two or three hours. In every experiment a check cabinet where conditions were exactly similar, except for the absence of the sulphur dioxide, was used. . . .

"A number of honey bees were placed in a cabinet where SO_2 was being introduced, the strength being 1 part of SO_2 to 1 million parts of air. During the half hour that they were submitted to the fumigation the bees behaved in the same way as did other bees placed in the check cabinet where no gas was being introduced."

In another experiment bees, butterflies, grasshoppers and mosquitoes were placed in the cabinet, where five parts of the gas to a million parts of air were introduced. The experiment was continued for one hour, during which time the insects behaved in a normal way. Some of the grasshoppers fed during the time as contentedly as they would have fed outside of the cabinet. When the cabinet was removed, the in-

sects flew or hopped away and none showed any ill effects due to the confinement for one hour in this concentration of the gas.

"At another time while fumigating some alfalfa plants with a very high percentage of SO_2 , 25 parts of the gas to 1 million parts of air, I watched a number of insects that were on the plants in the cabinet. The alfalfa weevils, adults and larvæ, went on with their work undisturbed. Flies, mosquitoes, leafhoppers, grasshoppers and ladybird beetles behaved in a perfectly normal way and at the end of the hour over which the experiment extended it could not be seen that the fumigation had had any effect on them.

"As the concentration of gas in the last experiment was several times as high as we should ever find in the field even quite near the smelters, it is safe to say that the sulphur dioxide given off by the smelters has no effect whatever on the insects in that region."

It is a safe conclusion from these experiments that whatever may be the cause of the decrease in the number of bees in certain parts of the country,

It is No Enemy of the Bee, Who Seems Strangely Indifferent to Fumes



THE TECHNIQUE OF INOCULATION WITH ANTI-HOG-CHOLERA SERUM

The peril is not warded off but augments when untrained men use serum and virus. Laboratories will not sell their products to unskilled men because a serum might be discredited by its effects in the hands of the incompetent.

with its disastrous results to the honey and fruit yield, smelter gas is a victim of sheer prejudice and the campaign against it will bring no relief. It is true that the gas generated by burning sulphur in a room or other enclosed places is sometimes recommended for killing insects. This is used at the rate of two pounds of sulphur for every thousand feet of space. At sea level and at ordinary mild summer heat this

would give a concentration of gas equal to some twenty-four thousand parts of gas to one million parts of air. Even at this rate, with prolonged fumigations, the insects are not always killed.

This whole subject of the relation of the bee to odors has received much attention of late. Thus it seems clear from what is said by Doctor N. E. McIndoo, the American entomologist,

that bees are affected in their relations to one another by odors. It is certain that the queen bee gives forth an odor and it seems certain that the odors from any two queens are different. All the offspring of the same queen seem to inherit a special odor from her. This odor, a family odor, is something of a mystery still. It may afford a protection against ordinary chemical gases.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FEAR IN BATTLE

ONE of the delusions on the subject of battle, encouraged by a defective psychology, relates to heroes. An army of heroic souls would be undisciplined, liable to defeat and certainly incapable of mass-action in the technical sense. The fact is that fear in the soldier is of advantage because it stimulates concerted action, the tendency to cling to the regimental or company formation, to obey the word of command. One must be an extreme individualist to act heroically, which means stepping out of the crowd, doing the exceptional. Team-work is the tendency of the timid. Let no soldier, therefore, writes Doctor George T. W. Patrick in *Medicine and Surgery*, have any fear of fear. Fear is good for him. Flight and panic may indeed occur but rather as a result of loss of confidence in the leader, or a lack of organization than of fear. But still the question arises: Is there not danger that the soldier will suffer mental anguish from fear, even tho his actions continue to be brave? There is sure to be suffering of this kind, but it is rather in the forced periods of inaction than in active battles. In the trench warfare of the present it is the long delays that try the soul most. To many there is a real joy when the word comes to go over the top. The soldier dies in battle a natural death, strange as this must seem to the uninitiated. Even the pains of wounds are lessened by a sort of irradiation of the spirit of war which casts a sort of weird delight over the feeling of pain itself. Strangest of all, fear will be present until the soldier faces a situation in which death, if not certain, seems so to him. Those who have escaped from these situations agree in testifying that fear suddenly left them. When once they knew that death was inevitable a feeling of indifference followed. This indifference is not a pleasant fact to commanders in the field, who would rather have the soldier fear death than be indifferent to it:

"Fear indeed is most valuable to a soldier. Without great emotional excitement he will not attain his maximum

power. In fact, psychologists have recently shown through laboratory experiments the mechanism of fear and its effects upon the body. Dr. Walter B. Cannon's experiments are well known to us. He has discovered a number of interesting internal changes which take place in the body as a result of fear or other strong emotions, and which are exceedingly useful in preparing the individual for movements of defense or fighting. The most important of these changes is the effect upon the adrenal glands. Under the influence of any strong emotion, such as fear or anger, these glands secrete and pour into the circulating blood a substance called adrenalin. The effect of this, circulating through the blood, is instantly to prepare the body for violent action. The pupils of the eyes are dilated, the activities of the stomach are checked, the heart is stimulated, and sugar is liberated from the liver. The increase of sugar in the blood means an instant increase in muscular energy. The blood is drawn away from the stomach and the digestive system, where for a time it is not needed, and pours to the muscles of the legs and arms and to the lungs and heart, where it is required for sudden action, while the influences of fatigue are greatly diminished.

"Under such circumstances prolonged exertion and incredible endurance become possible. In every way, therefore, fear and anger and emotional excitement, with their accompanying increased secretion of adrenalin in the blood, are advantageous to the soldier. One of the most remarkable effects of adrenalin is that it greatly increases the clotting of the blood, so that if a wound is received the danger from bleeding is greatly decreased. Dr. Cannon and his associates showed by experiments upon cats frightened by dogs in the laboratory that all these changes in the bodily organs take place, and, reversing the process, they found that, if adrenalin be artificially introduced into the blood of a living animal, the same changes occur."

The experience of coaches and football players confirms the testimony of soldiers regarding the validity of the psychology of fear and the effect of strong emotions in preparing the body for great exertion and unusual endurance. In a great game between two colleges, the football players are excited by every known means. The

Courage of the Soldier Not So Important as Heroic Souls Think

presence of a vast assembly of spectators, the yells of the "rooters," the blare of the band, the spirit of rivalry, all tend to produce intense emotional excitement. The coach fans the flame. Between the halves he upbraids the team, pictures the disastrous consequences of defeat and by every means arouses fear and anger, with the result that the men become capable of almost superhuman feats of exertion and endurance. The effect of fear in battle, too, is just the opposite of what one might expect as regards the physical organism. In the field neurotic symptoms seem to disappear as if by magic and the crisis of battle effects cures so sudden that they seem miraculous. This is a consequence of the tremendous stimulus, no doubt.

"Fear and courage are deep-seated, elemental emotions and there has been very little change in respect to them in historic times. Modern invention and modern science have made a new world for us. They have changed our manner of living, they have changed our environment, they have changed even the face of nature. They have surrounded us with comforts and conveniences and luxuries. They have improved beyond belief our food, our clothes and our homes; but both the human body and the human mind are about the same as they were thousands of years ago. It is a time of busy changes in the world of science and invention, in social and economic progress, but it is not a time of change in the physical and mental constitution of man. . . .

"Writers on the war tell us that when the blacksmith, the farmer, the teacher, the salesman, meet at the training-camp, put on their suits of khaki, get into the swing of military life, there is effected in them a striking change of personality. They become new men, strange to their friends and to themselves. But this is not quite accurate. They become not new men, but old men, racially old, old fighters. . . . All the military virtues are deep-seated, bred into the very structure of our nervous tissue. Pugnacity and ferocity in the life of the civilian may never be exhibited, but they are there as slumbering instincts. Let the occasion arise, let the environment be favorable, and these old passions will blaze into life again."

WHO MAKE THE BEST AVIATORS?

IT grows more and more obvious to those who study the aircraft situation that much of the trouble ascribed to machines and motors is due to individuals. There is a distinct flying temperament, according to *Aviation* (New York), a fact which should be considered by the men who pronounce themselves "aeronautical engineers" as well as by ordinary fliers. Perhaps it is a misnomer to speak of an ordinary flier. The world needs genuine aeronautical experts. The wrong kind of man is shown by certain mistakes to which he is prone. There are physical defects which hamper a man fatally, such, for instance, as defects of vision. But the greatest handicap of all is the wrong temperament. The point is elaborated in the London *Lancet* by Doctor H. Graeme Anderson of the British air service. Undoubtedly, he writes, there is a particular temperament or aptitude for flying and its distribution is peculiarly interesting, whether looked at from its racial aspect and ethnological origin or in relation to previous health, life and habits. Unfortunately this temperament is a difficult matter to estimate clinically and especially so in the examining room. The ideal aviator must have good judgment, he must be courageous, and not upset by fear, even if conscious of the perils of his lot. He must be cool in emergencies, able to take quick and careful decisions and to act accordingly. His reaction times must never be delayed—he must be ever alert, as mental sluggishness in flying spells disaster. Whether he should be imaginative or not is no easy matter to decide; but Doctor Anderson is inclined to think the pilot with imagination, yet able to keep it well under control, makes the best pilot.

Previous training in sports is a matter of consequence. The yachtsman and the horseman, with their finer sense and their truer judgment and "lighter" hands, should make the most skilful pilots. The Germans always selected their aviators from their cavalry until recently. It was thought that the racing motorists would make the best pilots, but this has not always proved to be so. Every now and then one meets a type of man with splendid physique and apparently unshakable courage who learns to fly indifferently or who is unable to learn to fly at all. Again one meets the "weedy" pale type who quickly learns to fly and turns out to be a first-rate pilot. In estimating whether a candidate will turn out well it has been found desirable to learn much of his family history as well as

the history of his previous health. Tobacco and alcohol are important items here:

"An inquiry is made into the candidate's habits, especially in relation to tobacco and alcohol, altho very little real knowledge is gained in the examining-room. Most flying men smoke a great deal and very few are strict teetotalers. Excess in smoking certainly leads to palpitation, shortness of breath, and in some cases double vision, and these dangers should be explained to candidates. Very few confess to excess in smoking, and one records with a hidden smile the candidate's statement that he smokes five cigarettes a day whilst the sunburnt condition of the middle and index finger of his right hand bears silent testimony to a much greater daily expenditure in tobacco. Altho I am not a teetotaler I firmly believe that to the aviator excess in alcohol will ultimately beat him. Amongst pupils at a flying-school it should be strictly forbidden and candidates should be warned of its danger to flying. I have seen an aviator fly under the influence of alcohol and yet by instinct perform remarkable aerial stunts, altho, considering the age and type of machine, his judgment in doing so was distinctly below par. In the air his passenger was decidedly sick over the side, but the pilot himself was not affected. Fortunately nothing worse happened. But I know of another accomplished aviator who after a few drinks at a friendly aerodrome did a series of stunts and then made off home, a distance of 30 miles. He felt content but sleepy, made up his mind to do no more stunts in the air and remembered coming down to land on his own aerodrome. Later he woke up in the sick bay with a doctor stitching a scalp wound. Altho he made up his mind to do no more stunts, on-lookers saw him loop and roll the machine a number of times when coming down to land. There seems little doubt that the action of alcohol is accentuated in the air."

Candidates with a history of neurasthenia, nervous breakdown or mental depression rarely do well in aviation. Doctor Anderson has made a careful inquiry into the value of a history of sea-sickness and train-sickness and he says he would not reject candidates on such grounds unless they wanted to go in for balloon work. Cases of real air-sickness—that is, cases of sickness due to the pitching and rolling of the airplane—are comparatively rare. The actual vomiting occurs not during the flight but immediately after the landing. Should a pupil be unduly subject to air-sickness it is usually discovered quite early in his training. Even then it need inspire no excessive uneasiness. A history of recent tuberculosis, even slight, should, on the other hand, cause anxiety. Examination of the respiratory system is therefore severe:

Invasion of the Air by the Right Kind of Man Interfered With by the Wrong Kind

"Any evidence of active tuberculosis, emphysema, bronchitis, or pleurisy disqualify for air work. In war-time an aviator may have to fly at any height up to about 22,000 feet; at this altitude the available oxygen is reduced by one-half, and consequently the respiratory rate is increased. Many aviators feel quite undisturbed at this height, some feel respiratory distress, fatigue, headache, faintness and blurring of vision, epistaxis, and have to descend, whilst some actually faint in the air. The problem why some are affected and some are not at great altitudes has been investigated by Major Flack. His work is of the greatest importance and its value cannot be overestimated with regard to safeguarding our airmen. Much of Major Flack's work cannot be referred to now, but mention can be made of one of his tests—namely, the breath-holding test. In this test the candidate, seated, is told to expire once as fully as possible, then to inspire fully and hold his breath as long as possible. I tell them to imagine they are swimming under water and to hold on as long as they would do there. A clip is placed on the nose. Most good pilots are able to hold the breath for 60 seconds or more—45 seconds is the minimum for the test. During the breath-holding there is a depletion of the alveolar oxygen and the candidate is submitted to a gradually rarefying atmosphere, as in ascending to a high altitude. This test has been confirmed to be of practical value by other more accurate tests in which the accumulation of carbonic acid gas was eliminated, and, moreover, it has been found that pilots who suffer at altitudes cannot hold the breath so long as those who are unaffected. In the absence of organic disease it is difficult to account for this disability, and various theories have been suggested, such as a low vital capacity or an abnormal rate of oxygen usage, or an undue reaction to diminished oxygen. As some fail in the test through lack of resolution, it is important to ask the candidate his reason for giving up. The 'oxygen want' cases may reply, 'I felt dizzy,' 'My head began to swim,' 'Things got blurred'; whilst the normal cases usually say, 'I wanted air,' 'I just had to give in,' 'I felt like bursting.' It is useful also to measure and record the candidate's respiratory capacity. The candidate should show 3000 cubic centimeters or more."

The age should be between eighteen and thirty. Under eighteen and up to twenty caution and well-balanced judgment may be lacking. The best age is about twenty-four. Over thirty-three the candidate, altho quite able to learn to fly, does not stand the nerve strain of the air-work so well. Much depends upon the physiological age. Cody learned flying at forty-seven and was flying regularly until he met his death at fifty-two. Height does not matter much, but the candidate should not be under five feet two inches.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

RUSSIA'S UPHEAVAL INTERPRET- "Let it Not be Supposed," says Edward ED AS A WARNING TO AMERICA Alsworth Ross, "that the United States Will Prove Immune to Anti-Capitalist Agitation"

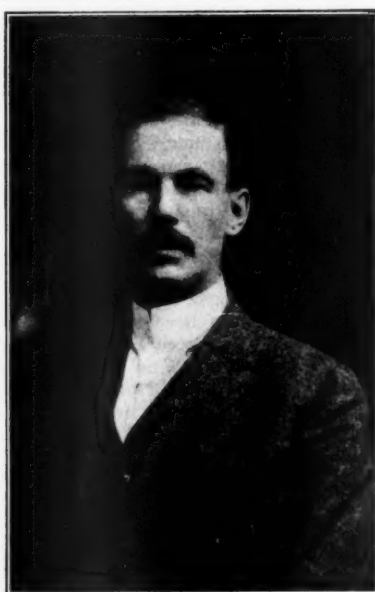
IN a book entitled "Russia in Upheaval" (Century), based on a 20,000-mile journey through Russia and adjacent countries, Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, offers a penetrating study of the mightiest social revolution that the world has ever known. His account may seem tame to a public that has become accustomed to the iridescent stories of revolutionary Russia that have been appearing in some periodicals. He conceives it his duty to present the typical rather than the bizar. "I could easily," he remarks, "have unreel'd a film of astonishing and sensational happenings, such as present themselves in troublous times, which would leave the reader with the impression that the Russians are fools or madmen. It happens, however, that I found the Russians behaving much as I should were I in their place and furnished with their experience." Professor Ross is ardently of the opinion that, despite the failure of Russian morale in the war, there exists a natural foundation for friendship between the American and Russian peoples. He is also of the opinion that the drift of affairs in Russia carries a warning for America.

The first thing that Professor Ross saw when he arrived in Russia was a red banner hanging over the dock at Vladivostok and carrying the words: "Long Live the Russian Proletariat!" The second thing that he saw was a crowd of these same Russian proletarians, and they left, he says, a painful impression. "Five out of six are dull, unlit, the mouth a little open, the eyes asquint and peering, as if vainly trying to understand what they see." Surveying this and other Russian crowds, Professor Ross was puzzled by the rarity of eye-glasses until he remembered the small number of readers among the masses. About ten years ago, the Russian census reported 83 per cent. of illiterates above nine years of age, and this figure is still given, even by Russian professors. But, thanks to the Zemstvo schools, the rising generation is better off. It is probable that at least two-fifths of all the adults in Russia at the present time are able to read.

The dictum of Lester F. Ward, ac-

cepted by all sociologists, that the foundation of a sure social advance must be laid in universal education, is not yet grasped by Russians. They seem to think that the one thing needful is to get rid of "capitalism," root and branch, and they have no anxiety as to the success of a Socialist state under the most democratic control among a people so backward in knowledge and political experience.

Considering what slavery they re-



A SOCIOLOGIST WHO COMPELS ATTENTION

Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, refuses to set any boundary markers on the subject that he teaches. "If it's interesting," he says, "it's sociology."

cently escaped from, Professor Ross does not marvel that wisdom and folly are strangely mingled in the conduct of Russian wage-earners since the revolution. "Some of the remedies they forced to trial," he says, "appear to be successful and will spread everywhere. Others work so badly that even their sponsors are coming to doubt them." For months the workers have lived in a state of intoxication. The men still find sweetness in doing nothing during the hours from four to six, when they used to be at the machines. They lie about on the grass, play cards,

listen to speeches and indulge in horse-play. "The impulse to plant gardens, 'fix up' about the home, or engage in serious reading or study will hardly appear until the first deliciousness of idling has worn off. Such is human nature."

Taking too literally "the right of labor to the whole produce," workers have ridden their manager out of the works in a wheelbarrow, only to implore him a few weeks later to come back because they knew not where to buy raw material or what kinds to order. After the Bolshevik Revolution not a few plants in Moscow came under the management of the workers. Observers say that they run along from day to day but make no plans for the future. They receive with suspicion warnings of the hidden rocks in the course of business management, and they fail to appreciate the importance of the technical man. "Unless such concerns are soon lit up by modern accounting and regulated by central boards," Professor Ross comments, "not enough of their earnings will be laid aside for repairs and depreciation, so that when the factory wears out there will be no money to replace it."

The secret of the unexampled conquest of power in Russia by the working class is attributed by Professor Ross to its early organization. "By organizing first, it gained a broad running-start over the propertied class, and now there is no likelihood of the *bourgeoisie* overtaking it." Following Petrograd's example and led by repatriated exiles and refugees, the working people in every important center formed a *soviet* of delegates chosen by groups of workmen. To this *soviet* a delegate may be sent by every factory with fifty or more workers. The big concerns are allowed representation for every five hundred workmen or workwomen. In addition there is a soldiers' *soviet*, and the two *soviets* maintain in each center a joint executive committee. Some of the members of the committee give their entire time and are paid the equivalent of their ordinary wages.

The local *soviets* of workers are federated in an All-Russian Congress composed of one delegate for every

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ten thousand workingmen, and this Congress, in cooperation with a like body representing the soldiers, names a Central Executive Committee of 250 members which sits almost continuously in Petrograd. Since the incorporation into this Committee of an equal number of deputies chosen by the Peasants' Congress, it has become the supreme governing authority of Russia.

While the proletariat has thus been welded into a powerful political instrument, the *bourgeoisie*, Professor Ross notes, has been strangely inert.

"It did little to agitate its ideas before the public, and it formed no comprehensive organization. As the working class became more masterful it did nothing but sit behind locked doors, wring its hands, and disseminate malicious lies about the Bolsheviks. It is true the *bourgeoisie* is numerically weak in Russia; but one cannot imagine the employing and propertied class in the United States thus lying down in the face of a similar crisis. With us the successful include many persons of farm or working-class origin who have fought their way up and have unusual force of character. In Russia, on the other hand, the able, aggressive son of a peasant or mill-hand had to stay with his class because there has been no public school to open to him the doors of opportunity. The *bourgeoisie* are largely the children of *bourgeoisie*. Reared in an easy life, they are soft. One sees it in their horror of fresh air, of cold, of exercise, of early rising, of long hours of work, of strenuous exertion of body and mind. On the whole, they have shown themselves self-indulgent, timid and ineffective, and it is not surprising that the robust peasants and workmen have little fear lest the *bourgeoisie* wrest the power out of their hands."

If proletarian rule persists in Russia and does not bring on economic collapse, the working class in all advanced industrial countries, Professor Ross predicts, will speedily become restive. "Let it not be supposed," he proceeds, "that the United States, with its qualified political democracy, will prove immune to anti-capitalist agitation. The fact is, our society is one of the most vulnerable because we have clung so long to the law and politics of an outworn individualism that the resulting distribution of wealth and income would be grotesque were it not so tragic." According to the investigations of Professor King, of the University of Pennsylvania, sixty-five per cent. of our people are poor, in the sense that they have little or no property except their clothes and furniture, and that their average annual income is less than \$200 per capita. From a critical study of all accessible wage statistics, Rubinow calculates that in the period 1907-12 the decline in real wages in this country was seven or eight per cent. In the pre-war period nearly half of the adult male workers in organized industry were earning less than \$600 a year. From all of which Professor Ross draws this conclusion:

"In view of the plight in which labor will find itself in America after the war, we cannot hope to insure ourselves against a disastrous reverberation from the Russian Revolution unless we so accelerate our social evolution that the edge will be taken off the just sense of grievance of wage-earners. There is no contenting all; but it is possible to make the majority feel

that their interests are too well looked after for them to risk tossing a monkey-wrench into the machinery of industry. To this end our adoption of ameliorative policies for labor ought to be many times prompter and heartier than it is. We ought every three or four years to register as much progress as we have made since 1905. It is time to recognize that the day of industrial autocracy is past. The labor-fighting, labor-crushing policies which many employers' associations delight in are an anachronism, and those who persist in them should be tolerated about as long as smokers are tolerated in a powder factory. The normal means by which workers protect themselves from exploitation is collective bargaining, which presupposes the union. The fact that only sixteen per cent. of American wage-earners are in unions has no doubt a great deal to do with the sinister tendency in recent years toward lower wages and bigger returns to capital. In the production of resentment it makes very little difference whether the workingmen are deprived of the right to organize by the government of a tsar or by employers' associations. The economic effect is the same.

"The ruthless 'hire and fire' practices of American industry should be replaced by decent methods considerate of the interests and feelings of the employees. Cooperation should be welcomed as the natural and reasonable thing. All the aspects of a business which concerns labor should be considered by joint hands in which employer and employee have equal representation. Means should be employed which will give wage-earners an interest in the prosperity of the concern. Only by some such right-about face on the part of American capitalists will it be possible to avert a calamitous class-strife which will shatter the foundations of our national prosperity."

REVERSION TO PRIMITIVE EMOTIONS AS A RESULT OF THE WAR

IT speaks volumes for the breadth of view of psychoanalysis that the founder of the cult, Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, is able to write a book on the war which can be published* in America even in wartime without giving offense. Dr. Freud is concerned with the psychological changes that the war has brought about. He points out that, as a result of the war, the attitude of the human mind toward many things has changed radically. The relations of life and death—the value of life and the meaning of death—are considered to-day much as the primitive man considered them. War strips off the later deposits of civilization and makes the primitive man in us reappear.

Dr. Freud speaks, in particular, of

Psychologically Speaking, Modern Man Has Been Living "Above His Means," According to Sigmund Freud

two factors which have caused a great deal of spiritual misery in the present crisis. He refers to the disappointment that the war has called forth and to the altered attitude towards death to which it, in common with other wars, forces us.

By "disappointment" in this connection Dr. Freud means our shock in realizing that civilized nations are still capable of reverting to what we have been wont to regard as savagery. Before the war, we expected that the great ruling nations of the white race, the leaders of mankind, would find some other way of settling their differences and conflicting interests. We hoped that if war had to come it would prove an opportunity to show the progress in man's community feeling since the days of barbarism. But, instead, the war in which we did not want to believe broke out. It is not

only bloodier and more destructive than any foregoing war, as a result of the tremendous development of weapons of attack and defense, but it is at least as cruel, bitter and merciless as any earlier war.

We feel disappointed, but, in Dr. Freud's view, our disappointment is not, strictly speaking, justified, for the reason that it is based in the destruction of an illusion. Illusions commend themselves to us because they save us pain and allow us to enjoy pleasure instead. We must therefore accept it without complaint when they sometimes collide with a bit of reality against which they are dashed to pieces.

Psychological or, strictly speaking, psychoanalytic investigation, Dr. Freud tells us, proves that the deepest character of man consists of impulses of an elemental kind which are similar in all

* REFLECTIONS ON WAR AND DEATH. By Dr. Sigmund Freud, LL.D. Tr. by A. A. Brill and Alfred B. Kuttner. Moffat, Yard & Co.

human beings, the aim of which is the gratification of certain primitive needs. Selfishness and cruelty are of this primitive nature. As man matures, the primitive impulses go through a long process of development. "They become inhibited and diverted to other aims and fields, they unite with each other, change their objects and in part turn against one's own person." But they do not disappear. In a way that the layman hardly grasps, every previous stage of development is preserved next to the following one from which it has evolved. It sometimes happens that a late and higher stage of development is abandoned and cannot be attained again. But the primitive conditions can always be reconstructed; the primitive psyche is in the strictest sense indestructible.

When we add to all this the idea that so-called "good" and "evil" are not so much innate as imposed by necessities of social life, we begin to understand what Dr. Freud means when he refers to the man who, in modern times, has been living, psychologically speaking, "above his means." To quote the entire passage:

"Civilized society, which demands good conduct and does not bother about the impulse on which it is based, has thus won over a great many people to civilized obedience who do not thereby follow their own natures. Encouraged by this success, society has permitted itself to be misled into putting the ethical demands as high as possible, thereby forcing its members to move still further from their emotional dispositions. A continual emotional suppression is imposed upon them, the strain of which is indicated by the appearance of the most remarkable reactions and compensations.

"In the field of sexuality, where such suppression is most difficult to carry out, it results in reactions known as neurotic ailments. In other fields the pressure of civilization shows no pathological results but manifests itself in distorted characters and in the constant readiness of the inhibited impulses to enforce their gratification at any fitting opportunity.

"Anyone thus forced to react continually to precepts that are not the expressions of his impulses lives, psychologically speaking, above his means, and may be objectively described as a hypocrite, whether he is clearly conscious of this difference or not. It is undeniable that our contemporary civilization favors this sort of hypocrisy to an extraordinary extent. One might even venture to assert that it is built upon such a hypocrisy and would have to undergo extensive changes if man were to undertake to live according to the psychological truth. There are therefore more civilized hypocrites than truly cultured persons, and one can even discuss the question whether a certain amount of civilized hypocrisy is not indispensable to maintain civilization because the already organized cultural adaptability of the man of to-day would perhaps not suffice for the task of living according to the truth. On the other

hand the maintenance of civilization even on such questionable grounds offers the prospect that with every new generation a more extensive transformation of impulses will pave the way for a better civilization.

"These discussions have already afforded us the consolation that our mortification and painful disappointment on account of the uncivilized behavior of our fellow world-citizens in this war were not justified. They rested upon an illusion to which we had succumbed. In reality they have not sunk as deeply as we feared because they never really rose as high as we had believed. The fact that states and races abolished their mutual ethical restrictions not unnaturally incited them to withdraw for a time from the existing pressure of civilization and to sanction a passing gratification of their suppressed impulses. In doing so their relative morality within their own national life probably suffered no rupture."

Passing on to consider the second disturbing factor in our consciousness—our altered attitude toward death—Dr. Freud points out that the same primitive reactions are at work. If we study with enough subtlety the psychology of the primitive man, we shall find that he is ever ready to kill a stranger; that he is ever unwilling to admit the inevitability of death in his own case; and that his attitude toward the death of a loved one is curiously divided. All of these attitudes, Dr. Freud maintains, have persisted; all have become covered by a thin veneer of "civilization"; all are ready to break out, with pristine vigor, if afforded opportunity.

The conventional attitude toward death is dismissed by Dr. Freud as rather thin and hollow. He has little sympathy with those who endeavor to thrust the thought of death out of consciousness. He has even less sympathy with those who, in face of the death of others, adopt a hypocritical posture. We have assumed, he says, a special attitude towards the dead; we have suspended criticism of him; and "this consideration of the dead, which he really no longer needs, is more important to us than the truth and to most of us, certainly, it is more important than consideration for the living." The argument proceeds:

"This conventional attitude of civilized people towards death is made still more striking by our complete collapse at the death of a person closely related to us, such as a parent, a wife or husband, a brother or sister, a child or a dear friend. We bury our hopes, our wishes, and our desires with the dead, we are inconsolable and refuse to replace our loss. We act in this case as if we belonged to the tribe of the Asra who also die when those whom they love perish.

"But this attitude of ours towards death exerts a powerful influence upon our lives. Life becomes impoverished and loses its

interest when life itself, the highest stake in the game of living, must not be risked. It becomes as hollow and empty as an American flirtation in which it is understood from the beginning that nothing is to happen, in contrast to a continental love affair in which both partners must always bear in mind the serious consequences. Our emotional ties, the unbearable intensity of our grief, make us disinclined to court dangers for ourselves and those belonging to us. We do not dare to contemplate a number of undertakings that are dangerous but really indispensable, such as aeroplane flights, expeditions to distant countries, and experiments with explosive substances. We are paralyzed by the thought of who is to replace the son to his mother, the husband to his wife, or the father to his children, should an accident occur. A number of other renunciations and exclusions result from this tendency to rule out death from the calculations of life. And yet the motto of the Hanseatic League said: *Navigare necesse est, vivere non necesse*: It is necessary to sail the seas, but not to live.

"It is therefore inevitable that we should seek compensation for the loss of life in the world of fiction, in literature, and in the theater. There we still find people who know how to die, who are even quite capable of killing others. There alone the condition for reconciling ourselves to death is fulfilled, namely, if beneath all the vicissitudes of life a permanent life still remains to us. It is really too sad that it may happen in life as in chess, where a false move can force us to lose the game, but with this difference, that we cannot begin a return match. In the realm of fiction we find the many lives in one for which we crave. We die in identification with a certain hero and yet we outlive him and, quite unharmed, are prepared to die again with the next hero."

It is obvious, Dr. Freud concludes, that the war must brush aside this conventional treatment of death.

"Death is no longer to be denied; we are compelled to believe in it. People really die and no longer one by one, but in large numbers, often ten thousand in one day. . . . War strips off the later deposits of civilization and allows the primitive man in us to reappear. It forces us again to be heroes who cannot believe in their own death; it stamps all strangers as enemies whose death we ought to cause or wish; it counsels us to rise above the death of those whom we love. . . .

"Shall we not admit that in our civilized attitude towards death we have again lived psychologically beyond our means? Shall we not turn around and avow the truth? Were it not better to give death the place to which it is entitled both in reality and in our thoughts and to reveal a little more of our unconscious attitude towards death which up to now we have so carefully suppressed? This may not appear a very high achievement and in some respects rather a step backwards, a kind of regression, but at least it has the advantage of taking the truth into account a little more and of making life more bearable again."

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HOW FELIX ADLER ACHIEVED AN ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY

A STRAIN of disillusionment runs through the entire confession of faith* that Felix Adler, founder of the Ethical Culture movement, has lately given to the world. He says that alike in personal, in social and in spiritual endeavor, what he has been able to accomplish, as compared with what he hoped to accomplish, is insignificant. And yet, he concludes: "I affirm that there verily is an eternal divine life, a best beyond the best I can think or imagine, in which all that is best in me, and best in those who are dear to me, is contained and continued. In this sense I bless the universe. And to be able to bless the universe in one's last moments is the supreme prize which man can wrest from life's struggles, life's experience."

This noted teacher tells his life-story with undeniable impressiveness. We may follow, if we will, every phase of the spiritual development of a son of a Jewish Rabbi who was himself intended for the Jewish ministry but who, instead, broke away from the church of his fathers and created a new medium for his aspirations and for that of others like-minded. He is careful to tell us that he is not, and never has been, an atheist in the ordinary acceptance of the term. But the church (if church it can be called) that he has established is without liturgy and without prayer. "The appeal of the God in our neighbor," he says, "is the substitute for the appeal in prayer to the God in heaven."

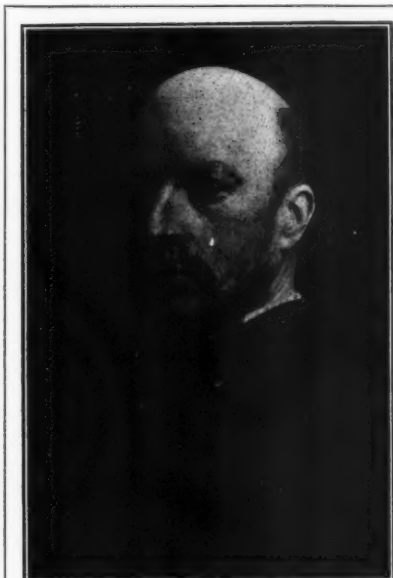
One of the first principles that inspired Felix Adler, and one to which he has ever since adhered, is expressed in the statement that every human being is an end *per se*, worth while on his own account. Every human personality, that is to say, is to be safe against infringement and is, in this sense, sacred. The experience which served Dr. Adler especially as the matrix of this idea was the adolescent experience of sex-life—the necessity felt of inhibiting, out of reverence for the personality of women, the powerful instincts then awakened. As he puts it:

"The fact that I had lived abroad for three years in frequent contact with young men, especially students, who derided my scruples, and in the impure atmosphere of three capital cities of Europe, Berlin, Paris and Vienna, where the 'primrose path' is easy, tended to make the retention of my point of view more difficult and at the same time to give it greater fixity, also to drive me into a kind of inward solitude. I felt myself in opposition to my surroundings

and acquired a confidence, perhaps exaggerated, to persevere along my own lines against prevailing tendencies."

There fell into his hands, during this period, a book by Friedrich Albert Lange entitled *Die Arbeiterfrage* (The Labor Question), which he read "with burning cheeks" and of which he tells us: "No work of fiction ever excited me as did this little treatise." To quote further:

"Bacon says in his essay 'Of Studies': 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.' He might have added that there are books that make a man over, changing the current of his existence, or



THE FOUNDER OF THE ETHICAL CULTURE MOVEMENT

Dr. Felix Adler would substitute "the appeal of the God in our neighbor" for the appeal to a God in heaven.

at least opening channels which previously had been blocked.

"*Die Arbeiterfrage* is not a great book. In the literature of the subject it has long since been superseded. Yet it opened for me a wide and tragic prospect, an outlook of which I had been until then in great measure oblivious, an outlook on all the moral as well as economic issues involved in what is called the Labor Question. My teacher in philosophy, Cohen, once said to me sharply that if there is to be anything like religion in the world hereafter, Socialism must be the expression of it. I did not agree with his statement that Socialism spells religion, and have not seen my way to this day toward identifying the two. But I realized that there was a measure of truth in what he said—and that I must square myself with the issues that Socialism raises."

The upshot of all this youthful ferment was that Felix Adler had two definite points of departure for his

His Reverence for Women and His Sympathy with Workingmen are What Set Him on His Way

moral and spiritual life. The first was his instinctive, idealizing reverence for women. The second was his sympathy with wage-workers. Returning to America from his studies abroad, he founded a society among men of his own or nearly his own age ambitiously called a Union for the Higher Life and based on three tacit assumptions: sex purity; the principle of devoting the surplus of one's income beyond that required for one's own genuine needs to the elevation of the working class; and, thirdly, continued intellectual development. This was the forerunner of the Society for Ethical Culture.

Viewed from an orthodox point of view, Dr. Adler was, from the first, a skeptic. He recalls asking his Sunday School teacher, How is creation possible? How can something originate out of nothing? And the answer he received was so evasive as to leave him uneasy. The same teacher, on another occasion, set him thinking along Pantheistic lines, yet Pantheism, we learn, has always seemed to him "the least satisfactory of theological or ethical solutions." He listened to lectures on Christian Evidences in Columbia College, and was not convinced. He revered Christ as one who had made a permanent contribution to ethical progress, yet he held that the human race has advanced beyond the point of view for which Christianity stands. Of the Hebrew faith in which he was reared he says: "The universalistic ethical idea in the Hebrew religion is bound up with and bound down by racial restrictions." Emerson fascinated him for a while, but was outgrown as one who "overstresses self-affirmation at the expense of service." Immanuel Kant came much nearer to his ideal, yet even Kant left him unsatisfied.

A consistent attempt to study ethical phenomena on their own ground, to mark off what is really distinctive in the data of ethical experience and then to search for some principle which shall serve to give a coherent account of them, has not yet, it seems, been undertaken. Always ethics has been treated as an annex to some other discipline. Never has the independence of this wonderful aspect of human nature been truly acknowledged. Kant, indeed, freed ethics from its long tutelage to theology, but he left it still in subjection to his own favorite study, physical science. What he needed to do, and what he failed to do, in Dr. Adler's view, was to construct sound foundations for the doctrine of the worth and inviolability of personality.

The difficulty and, at times, the

* AN ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By Felix Adler. Appleton.

seeming impossibility of discovering this quality of worth in people is freely acknowledged by Dr. Adler. Many of us could very well be spared. Many are even in the way of what is called "progress." Dr. Adler says he can enter into, if he does not wholly share, the pessimistic mood with regard to actual human nature expressed by Schopenhauer and others. "To the list of repulsive human creatures," he remarks, "mentioned by Marcus Aurelius in one of his morning meditations—the back-biter, the scandal-monger, the informer, etc.—might be added, in modern times, the white-slaver, the exploiter of child labor, the fawning politician, and many another revolting type. And even more discouraging, in a way, than these examples of deepest human debasement—the copper natures, as Plato calls them, or the leaden

natures, as we might call them—is the disillusionment we often experience with regard to the so-called gold natures, the discovery of the larger admixture of baser metal which is often combined with their gold."

Where, then, and how are we to find that supreme faith in the sacredness of others' personalities which, according to Dr. Adler, is the alpha and omega of a sound ethical philosophy? Dr. Adler replies: "I do not find worth in others or in myself. I attribute it to them and to myself." He continues:

"And why do I attribute it? In virtue of the reality-producing functions of my own mind. . . . I need an idea of the whole in order to act rightly, in such a way as to satisfy the dual function within me. My own nature as a spiritual being urges me to seek this satisfaction. . . . I must help others in order to save myself; I must look upon the other as

an ethical unit or moral being in order to become a moral being myself. And wherever I find consciousness of relation, of connectedness, even incipient, I project myself upon that consciousness, with a view to awakening in it the consciousness of universal connectedness. Wherever I can hope to get a response I test my power. Fields and trees do not speak to me, as Socrates said, but human beings do. I should attribute worth to stones and to animals could they respond, were the power of forming ideas, without which the idea of relation or connectedness is impossible, apparent in them. Doubtless stones and trees and animals, and the physical world itself, are but the screen behind which lies the infinite universe. But the light of that universe does not break through the screen where it is made up of stones and trees and the lower animals. It breaks through, however faintly, where there is consciousness of relation: and wherever I discover that consciousness I find my opportunity."

DR. JOWETT'S POWER AS A PREACHER ANALYZED

THE return of Dr. John Henry Jowett to England after seven years of service in New York has led to some interesting appraisals of his character and ministry. In the judgment of the *New York Evening Post*, Dr. Jowett is "the most conspicuous and successful pulpiteer of his time." When he left Birmingham to come to America, the King of England expressed regret. When he left New York to return to England, he carried a letter from President Wilson, one sentence of which ran: "While I am deeply sorry you are leaving America, I am glad you are taking away an intimate knowledge of our people which will enable you to interpret them to those on the other side of the water who have not always understood them." On the occasion of his first service in his new charge at Westminster Chapel, London, he was greeted by Premier Lloyd George. *The Missionary Review of the World* (New York) says: "His service in America can never be adequately measured. As a preacher of the word of God he has fed multitudes who, Sunday after Sunday, thronged the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. They came from every part of America, and from all over the world. They came hungry and went away spiritually fed."

The popularity of Dr. Jowett as a preacher is strikingly illustrated in an article by Dr. William J. Thompson, Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, in the *New York Watchman-Examiner*. Dr. Thompson went to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning during the pastorate of Dr. Jowett. The service had begun.

The door was shut. "Every seat, sir, both in the gallery and on the floor,



HIS MINISTRY IS ONE OF EDIFICATION

In contrast to revivalists who hurl invective at sinners, Dr. Jowett's appeal is mainly to saints.

An Estimate of "the Most Conspicuous and Successful Pulpiteer of His Time"

is taken," he was told. He engaged the sexton in conversation and contrived, finally, to pass the barrier, but not until the sexton had told him that he had heard Beecher, Taylor, Crosby, and that Jowett outtopped them all. "Whenever I can I step inside and snatch a few sentences of his sermon." The situation, as Dr. Thompson saw it on that Sunday morning, is summed up: "Crowds within waiting to hear him, crowds without wanting to hear him, the sexton panting to hear him, Jowett almost apotheosized!"

Dr. Jowett's power, the same writer continues, depends upon nature, nurture and grace of the highest order. He stands aloof from the multitude and is a comrade whose intimates no more could slap him on the back than could Thoreau's nearest and dearest. "Some geniuses like stars dwell apart. He is such. No stranger would catch a fever from Dr. Jowett." Invitations to lecture or to address pre-, post- and non-prandial gatherings have been for him, with rare exceptions, taboo. His parish, while he lived here, was not even New York City, much less the world. It was solely the Fifth Avenue Church, and all his time and talents were given to it.

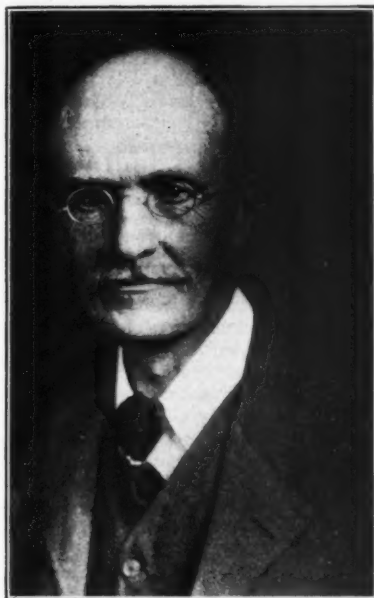
Dr. Jowett's appeal was comparatively narrow, but, within limits, compelling. Scarlet-dyed sinners, at whom Billy Sunday hurls vituperative invectives, passed by on the other side. Sophisticated habitués of Fifth Avenue clubs are encased in a tegument impervious to Dr. Jowett's gospel darts. His ministry is chiefly for the edification of believers:

"Saints, or those groaning so to be, banquet at his board. Church officials,

leaders of the Lord's host in humanitarian and philanthropic enterprises, are fed, fattened and heartened by him. Upon the tips of their tongues where the taste-buds for sweetness are most mature he places choicest morsels of heavenly manna. 'The savory pulp they chew.' Probably not a sermon, but upon the base of their tongues keenest to bitter tastes he deposits the wormwood and the gall of those sins to which the pious are prone. From two reliable sources I have heard that he regarded his most important ministry preaching to preachers to inspire them to become expository preachers of the Word. He is preeminently a preacher to saints."

Despite his overwhelming success, Dr. Jowett possesses in fulness Saint Augustine's threefold assets of religion: humility, humility, humility. In a very real sense of the word, Dr. Thompson asserts, he is Christlike. In theology he is a conservative. His interest in a restatement of Christian theology in modern terms would not be lively. With the critical problems of erudite scholarship he probably has no more than a bowing acquaintance. His knowledge of philosophy and science is not immoderate. The analysis proceeds:

"A commander-in-chief of the Lord's hosts would not select him to lead battalions over the top against the skilled and seasoned cohorts of agnosticism and infidelity, but rather would place him in charge of the homeguards. For aerial flights into the empyrean of intellect I should feel safer and fly higher with other sky-pilots familiar to the readers of the *Watchman-Examiner*. I conjecture he could transcribe from memory many pages of John Wesley's 'Journal.' Certainly, some of Charles Wesley's hymns he repeats with a charm of rhythm and a sweetness of tone worth a Sabbath day's journey to hear. He is an Edinburgh and Oxford University graduate and at home with the great poets. I surmise he carries 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Grace Abounding' in his traveling bag. To him save One, St. Paul is the foremost figure of all time and John Wesley may rank second. The Bible is to his mind and heart what its name implies—



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THE FOREMOST GREEK SCHOLAR OF ENGLAND

Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek in Oxford University, bases his religion, as a man of letters, on the knowledge and idealization of the past.

the Book. In it he meditates day and night. It is indeed the source supply of his sermons."

A sane mysticism, Dr. Thompson states, makes Jowett's pulpit prayers a "practice of the presence of God" in which worshipers join with solemn delight. The depth of his sermons is not many fathoms. Their reach is to heaven. His ideas are not new. They are the old ones—love God, love one another, repent, believe, trust in Christ, follow him, pray, work. But the clothing he puts on these eternally changeless ideas is new. From head-gear to shoes it is a Jowett cut and finish. Tyndall has written on the scientific use of the imagination. Every vocation calls for imagination. Bushnell declared the Gospel the gift of the imagination. "Dr. Jowett's imagination, affluent as autumn's stores, makes

his preaching a panorama of scenes in the Christian life that are as beautiful as sky and sea when September's sun is setting." We read further:

"The laurel wreath goes to Forbes-Robertson and other actors who, like him, have splendid voices, made so by talent and training. 'Murder' from the lips of a tragedian terrifies. 'Macedonia' pronounced by George Whitefield fills the heart as with melody unto the Lord.

"Dr. Jowett has bestowed long and painstaking care on his voice. Such labor pays compound interest. His enunciation perfectly accords with Nehemiah's dictum: 'They read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.' His words fell on my ear like shining, clean-cut gold coin dropping from the United States mint. I discerned at the remotest point in the auditorium all the modulations of his musical, flexible and perfectly controlled voice. What Caruso's voice is in singing, Dr. Jowett's is in preaching. His diction is as incisive, forceful and chaste as its vocal expression is captivating.

"Ovid says: 'Eloquent words a graceful manner want.' This want Dr. Jowett's bearing and gestures supply. He is not a speaking statue, nor are his gestures frequent. They are timely, expressive, forceful. . . . During his preaching you involuntarily do one thing—listen exclusively to what he is saying. . . .

"The number of cells in a human body the size of Dr. Jowett's may be roughly estimated as twenty-six million millions. All of these in him are preaching cells. They were potentially so at his birth in 1864, and actually so by fifty-four years of cultivation."

Grading Dr. Jowett's qualities as man and as preacher in the familiar manner of the examination paper, and assigning one hundred points as the total of character, Dr. Thompson offers the following:

Christlike character.....	38	AA
Talents	30	AA
Their training.....	20	AA
Prestige	10	A
Personal appearance.....	2	B
Comradery	0	F

RELIGION AS AN ESCAPE FROM THE EXTERNAL PRESENT "What One Always Needs for Freedom," says Gilbert Murray, "Is Some Sort of Escape From the Thing That Holds Him"

MAN is imprisoned in the external present; the greater part of his life is rigidly confined in the round of things that happen from hour to hour. His religion is to a great extent the thing that offers him a secret and permanent escape from that prison. Religion, even in the narrowest sense, is always seeking for escape, for some salvation from the terror to come, or deliverance from the body of this death. So argues Prof. Gilbert Murray, of Oxford Uni-

versity, in a Presidential Address to the Classical Association, which was printed in a recent *Century*. Men find that escape, Professor Murray goes on to say, in a thousand ways, with different degrees of ease and certainty. "Some find it in theology; some in art; in human affection; in the anodyne of constant work; in that permanent exercise of the inquiring intellect which is commonly called the search for truth. Some find it in carefully-cultivated illusions of one sort or another, in passionate faith and undying pugnac-

ities. Some, I believe, find a substitute by rejoicing in their prison, and living furiously, for good or ill, in the actual moment." Speaking as one who has devoted a large part of his life to the interpretation of Greek literature and history, Professor Murray confesses his sympathy with those who find their escape from an uncongenial present in the study of a congenial past. As he puts it:

"A scholar, I think, secures his freedom by keeping hold always of the past, and treasuring up the best out of the past, so

that in a present that may be angry or sordid he can call back memories of calm or of high passion, in a present that requires resignation or courage he can call back the spirit with which brave men long ago faced the same evils. He draws out of the past high thoughts and great emotions; he also draws the strength that comes from communion or brotherhood.

Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old, come back to comfort another blind poet in his affliction. The Psalms, turned into strange languages, their original meaning often lost, live on as a real influence in human life, a strong and almost always an ennobling influence. I know the figures in the tradition may be unreal, their words may be misinterpreted, but the communion is quite a real fact. And the student, as he realizes it, feels himself one of a long line of torch-bearers. He attains that which is the most compelling desire of every human being, a work in life which it is worth living for and which is not cut short by the accident of his own death."

It is in this sense that Professor Murray understands the word *religio*, and it is in this sense that the vocation of a man of letters appeals to him. "The scholar's special duty," he thinks, "is to turn the written signs in which the old poetry or philosophy is now enshrined back into living thought or feeling. He must so understand as to relieve." And if the objections are made that our business is with the future and present, not with the past, and that progress consists precisely in shaking off the chains of the past, Professor Murray replies, in effect: First, we may say, the chains of the mind are not broken by any form of ignorance. The chains of the mind are broken by understanding. But, secondly, it is never really the past—the true past—that enslaves us; it is always the present. "What one always needs for freedom is some sort of escape from the thing that now holds him. A man who is the slave of theories must get outside them and see facts; a man who is the slave of his own desires and prejudices must widen the range of his experience and imagination." But the thing that enslaves us most is the mere present—the present that is all around us, accepted and taken for granted like grit in the air and dirt on our hands and faces. The material present dominates us not because it is either good or evil but just because it happens to be there, and the only true method of escape is the contemplation of things that are not present. When we speak of the future, we have to realize that we cannot study the future. We can only make conjectures about it, and the conjectures will not be much good unless they are based on studies of other places and other ages. "There has been hardly any great forward movement of humanity," Professor Murray asserts, "which did not draw inspira-

tion from the knowledge or the idealization of the past."

No, he reiterates, to search the past is not to go into prison. It is to escape out of prison because it compels us to compare the ways of our own age with other ways. The argument proceeds:

"And as to progress, it is no doubt a real fact. To many of us it is a truth that lies somewhere near the roots of our religion. But it is never a straight march forward; it is never a result that happens of its own accord. It is only a name for the mass of accumulated human effort, successful here, baffled there, misdirected and driven astray in a third region, but on the whole and in the main producing some cumulative result. I believe this difficulty about progress, this fear that in studying the great teachers of the past we are in some sense wantonly sitting at the feet of savages, causes real trouble of mind to many keen students. The full answer to it would take us beyond the limits of this paper and beyond my own range of knowledge. But the main lines of the answer seem to me clear. There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively, if not absolutely, non-progressive and eternal, and the soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second. Try to compare our inventions, our material civilization, our stores of accumulated knowledge, with those of the age of Æschylus or Aristotle or St. Francis, and the comparison is absurd. Our superiority is beyond question and beyond measure. But compare any chosen poet of our age with Æschylus, any philosopher with Aristotle, any saintly preacher with St. Francis, and the result is totally different. I do not wish to argue that we have fallen below the standard of those past ages; but it is clear that we are not definitely above them. The things of the spirit depend on will, on effort, on aspiration, on the quality of the individual soul, and not on discoveries and material advances which can be accumulated and added up."

If a further objection be offered to the effect that the best of the past is already incorporated in the present and is therefore unworthy of prolonged study, Professor Murray responds that this is only partly true and takes no account of the fact that a spiritual achievement, "a moment of glory," becomes our own only in so far as we are able to recreate it in imagination. "We must not forget," he observes, "the extraordinary frailty of the tenure on which these past moments of glory hold their potential immortality. They live only in so far as we can reach them; and we can reach them only by some labor, some skill, some imaginative effort and some sacrifice. They cannot compel us; and if we do not open to them, they die." We enjoy, it is true, the fruits of invention, on the physical side, merely by using them. The advantages of a screw, a telephone or a hot-water tap are ours for the taking. But it is different in the case of an imaginative creation. The only

way of utilizing it at all is by making a definite effort of imaginative understanding so as to duplicate, as best one can, the experience of the creator of it. Professor Murray concludes:

"The religion of those who follow physical science is a magnificent and life-giving thing. The *traditio* would be utterly imperfect without it. It also gives man an escape from the world about him—an escape from the noisy present into a region of facts which are as they are and not as foolish human beings want them to be; an escape from the commonness of daily happenings into the remote world of high and severely-trained imagination; an escape from mortality in the service of a growing and durable purpose, the progressive discovery of truth. I can understand the religion of the artist, the religion of the philanthropist. I can understand the religion of those many people, mostly young, who reject alike books and microscopes and easels and committees, who forget both the before and the hereafter, and live rejoicing in an actual concrete present, which they can ennoble by merely loving it, as a happy man may get more beauty out of an average field of grass and daisies than out of all the landscapes in the National Gallery.

"All these things are good, and those who pursue them may well be soldiers in one army or pilgrims on the same eternal quest. If we fret and argue and fight one another now, it is mainly because we are so much under the power of the enemy. I sometimes wish that we men of science and letters could all be bound by some vow of renunciation or poverty, like monks of the Middle Ages; but of course no renunciation could be so all-embracing as really to save us from that power. The enemy has no definite name, tho in a certain degree we all know him: he who puts always the body before the spirit, the dead before the living, the *ἀναγκαῖον* before the *καλόν*; who makes things only in order to sell them; who has forgotten that there is such a thing as truth, and measures the world by advertisement or by money; who daily defiles the beauty that surrounds him and makes vulgar the tragedy; whose innermost religion is the worship of the lie in his soul. The Philistine, the vulgarian, the great sophist, the passer of base coin for true, he is all about us and, worse, he has his outposts inside us, persecuting our peace, spoiling our sight, confusing our values, making a man's self seem greater than the race, and the present thing more important than the eternal. From him and his influence we find our escape by means of the *grammata* into that calm world of theirs, where stridency and clamor are forgotten in the ancient stillness, where the strong iron is long since rusted, and the rocks of granite broken into dust, but the great things of the human spirit still shine like stars pointing man's way onward to the great triumph or the great tragedy, and even the little things, the beloved and tender and funny and familiar things, beckon across gulfs of death and change with a magic poignancy the old things that our dead leaders and forefathers loved, *viva adhuc et desiderio pulciora* [living still and more beautiful because of our longing]."

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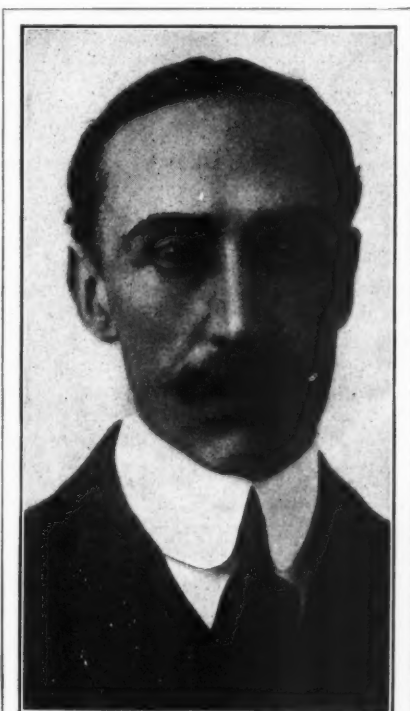
LITERATURE · AND · ART

BOOMING LEONARD MERRICK INTO LITERARY IMMORTALITY

THERE are writers of fiction whose literary finish, technical skill, originality in the conception of plot and incident and incisiveness in character drawing entitle them to a place in the very front rank among novelists, but who fail, nevertheless, so we are assured by the literary editor of the *N. Y. Times*, to attract a large body of readers. They are not popular, perhaps, because their artistry is so faultless, and their work is without any hint of that concession to the taste of the groundlings that in some cases seems to insure a favorable hearing. Novelists of this type are Henry James and George Meredith. Yet both these men are acclaimed—and justly—by literary critics as being fiction writers of the first order of excellence. A group of distinguished British writers, a group we might name as the unofficial British Academy, including H. G. Wells, William J. Locke, Sir James Barrie, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Maurice Hewlett, Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir William Robertson Nicoll, has come to the conclusion (concurring in by our own W. D. Howells) that full justice has not been done to the literary genius of Leonard Merrick, a writer of this type; and it is now sponsoring a definitive edition of his novels, to be published by Hodder and Stoughton, in London, and by E. P. Dutton in New York. To follow the *Times*:

"When Mr. Merrick was first read in this country he was favorably appraised by no less a critic than Mr. Howells, who called attention to 'the singular shapeliness' of his novels. If he must be classified, he will undoubtedly have to be put with the realists—albeit that, after all, is a hopelessly vague and, in some respects, meaningless term. Every writer of good fiction is, in a certain sense, a realist, if by that designation we mean one who successfully 'holds the mirror up to nature.' But it is the way in which the mirror is held up, apparently, that determines whether or not a fiction writer is a realist. And there is no doubt that Mr. Merrick's way of doing this is the right realist's way. But there is an artistic feeling in all that he writes, a sort of romantic flavor oftentimes, that lifts his work out of the strait, uncompromising field of realism. Merrick and Zola, for instance, are sundered by many leagues of literary difference as to style, method, theme. For one thing, Mr. Merrick does not lack

humor, and if he does not rose-color the dark side of life he at least does not make his pictures unduly repulsive. Stage life is the theme of most—and the best—of his books; and his manner of portraying actors, managers, stage hands is sufficiently different from the conventional way of viewing such folk as they appear in the land of fiction to give to his books all the zest and merit of originality. Altogether, it is high time that Mr. Merrick's novels and short stories should be



RECOGNIZED AT LAST

Sir James Barrie, Sir Arthur Pinero, G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Hewlett and other celebrities of England have entered a literary conspiracy to make Leonard Merrick famous.

brought in their entirety within reach of the American reading public."

Sir James Barrie has written an introduction to the first volume of this definitive edition of Leonard Merrick—"Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Despite all their disagreements, Sir James declares that the writers who are now sponsoring their colleague are unanimous in the belief that Mr. Merrick is one of the flowers of their calling. "They have, perhaps, an uneasy feeling that if the public will not take his works to their heart, there must be

Sir James Barrie Tells the Public Why He Should Be More Popular Than He Is

something wrong with the popularity of their own. 'Unless you like Merrick also, please do not like me.' Or we may put it more benignly this way: that as you, gentle reader, have been good to us, we want to be good to you, and so we present to you, with our compliments, just about the best thing we have got—an edition of Mr. Merrick's novels." Sir James's tribute continues:

"There have been many 'author's editions,' but never, so far as I know, one quite like this, in which the 'author' is not the writer himself but his contemporaries, who have entirely 'engineered' the edition themselves and have fallen over each other, so to speak, in their desire to join in the honor of writing the prefaces. Such is the unique esteem in which Mr. Merrick is held by his fellow workers. For long he has been the novelists' novelist, and we give you again the chance to share him with us; you have been slow to take the previous chances, and you may turn away again, but in any case he will still remain our man.

"I speak, of course, only for myself, but there is no doubt to my mind that 'Conrad in Quest of His Youth' is the best sentimental journey that has been written in this country since the publication of the other one; so gay it is, so sad, of such an alluring spirit, so fine a temper. I know scarcely a novel by any living Englishman except a score or so of Mr. Hardy's that I would rather have written."

"Conrad in Quest of His Youth," Barrie continues, is as fresh as yesterday's shower. Time, he is sure, is not going to dim it. "It does effectually what we should all have liked to try to do with it had we awakened some glad morn with the idea. No one need ever seek to do it again. We must all henceforth try something else." Yet few readers are familiar with this masterpiece. The same might be said of W. H. Hudson's "The Purple Land," another of the choicest things, in Barrie's opinion, in our latter-day literature. His eulogy of Leonard Merrick concludes:

"I have heard Mr. Merrick called a pessimist, and readers are not prepared, as a rule, to spend joyous hours with pessimists. But compared to many of his contemporaries he is quite a gay dog, laughter shining constantly in his pages with a fine serenity; instead of setting forth to make his characters miserable, he is so much in sympathy with them

that I can think of no novelist who spends more time—it is almost divertingly obvious—in seeking a happy way out for them.

"There is no such thing as a plot in his books.

'In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need me! Passions spin the plot,'

and, indeed, he is a writer of comedies always, tho tragedy lurks out at all the corners. He has not found plot in life, and so it cannot come into his books; if he introduced it he would certainly be blown up by it. But there is no one with a greater art of telling a story, if that art consists in making us for ever wonder what we are to find on the next page.

"There are a hundred surprises in 'Conrad.' Even when you have traveled with

this hero far and know precisely in what circumstances he is next to be placed, shut the book and ask yourself what is to happen and you will find you don't know in the least; twenty lines from the close you have no idea how the story is to end. This is the aim—perhaps the sole aim—of the sensational writer, but he is satisfied if he has tricked us, and we lay his tale aside, smiling at the clever trick which is no trick as soon as he shows his hand.

"In the story of character such as 'Conrad,' there is an absence of all cheap guile; the end is merely foreseen by the author, and not by us, because he knows his people better than we do. When we come to the end we must feel that there could have been no other, that he has merely discovered the truth."

The stage figures so prominently in the novels of Leonard Merrick that most of his readers have imagined that he must have had lengthy experience in the profession. Such is not the case, Hayden Church writes in a letter to the American press. He was an actor for only two years. He was born stage-struck, and, at the age of 20, got the famous Augustus Harris to give him a chance in an English touring or "road" company. He was almost dismissed by the manager in charge, but another member of the company put in a good word for the youth. This was none other than Arthur Collins, now manager of the Drury Lane theater in London.

PHENOMENAL DRAWINGS OF SOLDIERS BY A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD ITALIAN

HOW the "movies" have inspired a thirteen-year-old Italian boy to draw the most remarkable pictures of Italian soldiers in action yet published is recounted in the Italian weekly *L'Illustrazione Italiana* of Milan. The boy is Romano Dazzi, son of a Carrara sculptor of Roman origin. Romano, who is a tall blond boy, is a born draftsman. He has, according to Signor Ugo Ojetti, who tells the amazing story of this artistic prodigy, been busy drawing since the age of three. Altho his life has been spent in Carrara, the traditional home of marble and monuments, the boy has always detested sculpture and hated marble. He expresses a distaste of art schools and academies. He is interested only in drawing men in movement, especially Italian soldiers. Yet he has never been near the Italian front. He has never witnessed those amazingly life-like fusiliers and grenadiers he shows in the thick of battle. That is, he has

seen them only in the cinematograph. His art school is the "movies." The results, in the opinion of Signor Ojetti, lead one to reconsider the question of the real value of the modern academic art school with its rules and regulations, its professors, models, medals, contests and titles.

At the age of three, Romano was discovered seated at a marble-topped kitchen-table drawing with great industry. He was asked to draw a horse. "What kind of a horse?" the child is said to have replied—"Greek horse, race-horse, or omnibus?" He drew all three, showing a phenomenal analysis of motion; but the Greek horse seemed to suggest motion rather than portray it. It was a copy of a statue from the

Panathenic processions. Concerning Romano Dazzi's artistic growth, Walter Littlefield writes in the *N. Y. Times*:

"Another curious characteristic long observed by the family is that the vehicle through which he expresses his thoughts has passed through the same phases of development as that invented and developed by the human race. His early drawings were line pictures expressing or indicating ideas rather than nature. To him the walls, roof and windows did not mean a house, but his own house, his home. A man walking, always shown in several distinct positions, did not mean several men, or even a man, but his own father.

"No, he does not find his models on the battle-field, nor are they the result of his imaginings. He looks for them and finds them at the moving-picture theaters of Carrara, particularly those in which



WOUNDED

Here is a powerful drawing by Romano Dazzi, not made from life, but as a result of a prolonged study of motion-pictures.



THE "MOVIES" HIS LIFE CLASS

Romano Dazzi's sole art teacher has been the "picture palace" at Carrara, Italy, far, but not too far, from the Italian fighting front.



FALLING SOLDIER

Romano Dazzi's schoolbooks are said to be crowded with drawings as vivid and poignant as this one, reproduced from the Milan *Illustrazione*.

are reeled off the films taken by the photographer of the Supreme Command at the front. It is said that he will see the same picture a dozen times before he puts pencil to paper, and will then sit up in bed all night drawing lines which, like the proof-sheets of Balzac, meaningless at first, reveal in their last expression of coherence the completed story.

"Very often his mother, coming to call him for breakfast, finds him still hard at work, with the bed-cover strewn with hundreds of sheets of paper, each by the lines thereon indicating a definite stage in the development of the picture the boy is just finishing. Usually these sketches may be divided into three categories—indices of form or body, perspective, and motion, these last bearing not the slightest resemblance to the picture in hand.

"On such occasions his mother will say: 'Come, Romano, it is almost school-time,' well knowing what the answer will be:

"Mamma mia, why should I go to school when I learn nothing about my drawing there?"



A DEAD COMRADE

Fatigue, exhaustion, and pathos are brilliantly suggested.



OVER THE TOP

The Italian boy often watches the same motion-picture dozens of times in his study of movement.

The secret of Romano Dazzi's phenomenal accomplishment, in the opinion of Signor Ojetti, lies in the development of the boy's visual memory. He has not developed this power of visualization consciously, but through long practice and instinctively. Flowers, leaves, fruits, still life and animals had all been studied by Romano at an early age. But always his interest has been in the movements of living creatures, both animals and men. But he has been attracted most of all to what seems to him the supreme form of human life—the soldier.

Romano Dazzi is living through the war, Ugo Ojetti writes, tho he is quite far from the Piave and Treviso. He follows it through the newspaper accounts, but especially as it is presented in the motion-pictures shown in Carrara. Signor Ojetti describes the boy's method in watching the screen:



THE CHARGE OF THE MARINES

Another brilliant sketch of military movement by the Italian boy genius.

"There, silent, in the darkness, pressed back against his seat like a spring in a box, with only his alert intelligent head stretching out toward the luminous screen, his eyes opened wide, his nostrils quivering, his mouth open as tho athirst, and pushing back a stray blond lock from his forehead every once in a while, Romano Dazzi watches the war. Or rather, he watches soldiers in the thick of the fight. The landscape is sad, livid, smoky, flat, nondescript and without color. But that does not matter to him. He notes every action, every expression, every movement of the infantry, the artillery, the marines. He studies all their guns, all their trappings and uniforms. The officials do not interest him; they are like townspeople, peaceful people. But the soldier who is under fire, who is advancing or retreating, who is fighting or who is dying—this is his god. To Romano such a soldier is a holy martyr, a man who is giving everything, doing everything, suffering everything and working miracles. Here is the apparition that electrifies him, elevates him, captures him and pervades his very being."

ARNOLD BENNETT'S AUDACIOUS NOVEL OF LONDON IN WAR-TIME

IF it is the cleverest as well as the most audacious book Arnold Bennett has ever written, "The Pretty Lady" (Doran) is, nevertheless, to follow the critics who have appraised it, by no means his greatest book. It presents a brilliant picture of war-time London. It is full of incisive social criticism. Behind it one senses an active and ingratiating mind. Yet two daring critics—H. L. Mencken of the N. Y. *Evening Mail* and Rebecca West (in the *London Outlook*)—agree that the book must be characterized as a brilliant failure. "When all is said and done," writes Mencken, "the book is hollow. Bennett at the end boggles his story, even dodges his story. The question he sets before himself at the start is never answered, not even competently worked out." Similarly, notes the penetrating Miss West, "It might be the most tender and beautiful thing Mr. Bennett has ever written, a story to overtop 'The Death of Simon Fuge' or 'The Old Wives' Tale' but—

"Technically it is atrocious. It consists of about 95,000 words, which are divided into forty-one hiccuping chapters; and of these forty-one chapters eighteen are either wholly unnecessary or dilate on the affairs of the smart woman, Mrs. Carlos Smith, and her friends with an emphasis that is inimical to the real story. To begin with, it has no right to be 95,000 words long; it not only could have been done in 30,000 words, it was absolutely necessary that it should not be done at any greater length. One cannot write a long book about characters who practise or patronize prostitution. . . . The life of the modern prostitute is as much duller than the life of the medieval bawd as the life of the factory hand is duller than the life of the craftsman under the domestic system. If the pretty lady is to preserve any sort of coherent personality that can possibly be written about she must protect herself from drink and brawling by leading a life of solitude which is amazingly and horribly void of the varied and intense experiences which are the subject of life."

The idea that provoked Mr. Bennett, this brilliant young critic proceeds to say, is one of the most beautiful and tender imagings that have ever visited the novelist's mind. He has many gifts, most notably the gifts of poetic vision. In words of one syllable he can describe a slagheap in a fog and make one rejoice that the world holds such beauty. He has, however, rarely shown any gift for the invention of plots, by which one means situations that magically evoke the characteristic qualities of their participants. But in "The Pretty Lady," Arnold Bennett got hold of an idea brimful of beauty,

declares Rebecca West, an idea that creates its own characters, that compels attention and tears. She recounts the story:

"A pretty lady from Paris called Christine and a bachelor of fifty called G. J. Hoape meet on the Promenade; and these two people, whom one would have sworn were forgotten by romance, this cautious sensualist and this woman dedicated to promiscuity, achieve a tender human relationship which reveals him as ingeniously kind and regardful of her dignity, and reveals her as a sweet, kind creature, maternal and girlish, all acquiescence and response and a benignity that is more comforting than gaiety. There is no drama more pleasing than the invasion by beauty of lives arranged for its exclusion. But the tender relationship is dissolved, and he is driven out again to his cautious and dispassionate correctness in the Albany and she to the muddy incorrectness of the streets; and it is their peculiar tragedy that they are seduced to their undoing by the very sweetness of her nature. She believes that a certain drunken officer, a dull, narrow, sodden man, sententious and full of the mysticism of fools, chatter about mascots and apparitions at Mons, is a charge sent to her by the Virgin, since she found him in her flat when she returns from the Brompton Oratory. He bores her, but she accepts it as her duty to succor him. At the price of breaking an appointment with her beloved G. J., she hustles him out to catch the leave train; once again, at the same price, she goes out into the streets to find him because she hears a mystic voice calling her to do the Virgin's business; and again she hears that mystic voice and goes out into the darkness of Piccadilly, peering at the khaki figures in the shadows without shame, for she feels herself the envoy of the clement Virgin. And this time G. J. sees her from the steps of his club, and thinks she is betraying him. Had he, at his age, been capable of overlooking the elementary axiom: once a wrong 'un always a wrong 'un? He laughed out his disgust. . . . Well, he would treat her generously, but through his lawyer. He decides to marry the flimsy, violent smart woman who has been pursuing him with an avidity not easily distinguishable from the importunity of a courtesan. Beauty is dead."

Lawrence Gilman, the discriminating critic of the *North American Review*, admires the new Bennett novel for its "flaring honesty, its witty candor and shrewdness. . . . By his direct and level gaze into our contemporary writhing hell, his just and sensitive valuation of its tragic ironies, his honest reporting of its realities, he has helped to bring a little nearer that incredible day when the only fear that will oppress a writer will be the fear of reporting life dishonestly, ambiguously, evasively. . . ."

"The Pretty Lady," His First War Novel, is Tainted with Cleverness and Pessimism

The critic of the New York *Evening Sun* thinks that Bennett's description of the portraits at a war-loan exhibition is perhaps the best characterization of his own people:

"They were transcendently adroit and they reeked of talent. They were luxurious, refined, sensual, titillating, exquisite, tender, compact of striking poses and subtle new tones. And while the heads were well finished and instantly recognizable as likenesses, the impressionism of the hands and of the provocative draperies showed that the artists had fully realized the necessity of being modern."

His descriptions of the Zeppelin raids are said to be vivid, but the picture of the general effect of the war conditions on London, to this critic at least, is far more convincing. "Perhaps the whiskey-saturated officer on leave is a type, but it is hard to believe him anything but a rare exception. Christine said: 'You see, there is a crisis. It is the war that in London has led to the discovery that men have desires.' Maybe, but the average human man will call such a diagnosis pure bosh." Toward the end, Tickner Fields says in the N. Y. *Evening Post*, you find yourself recoiling from the whole chaotic picture. "It is laden with heavy palpable gloom that makes you shrink like mercury at the touch of frost." G. J. Hoape, the bachelor character, asks himself if victory in the war is possible. To quote from the novel:

"Was victory deserved? In his daily labor he was brought into contact with too many instances of official selfishness, folly, ignorance, stupidity, and sloth, French, as well as British, not to marvel at times that the conflict has not come to an ignominious end long ago through simple lack of imagination. He knew that he himself had often failed in devotion, in rectitude, in sheer grit."

"The supreme lesson of the war was its revelation of what human nature actually was. And the solace of the lesson, the hope for triumph, lay in the fact that human nature must be substantially the same throughout the world. If we were humanly imperfect, so at least was the enemy."

"If that is Mr. Bennett's own view, he needs a physician," declares Tickner Fields. The *Post* critic concludes: "If one could treat a so-called war novel by one of England's premier novelists lightly, one might say that it is regrettable that the best of the British medical profession is at the front, for Mr. Bennett very obviously needs a wise prescription. Pessimism is notoriously a physical state. There was a time when Mr. Bennett himself would have sworn to it."

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TWO ENGLISH CRITICS DISCOVER THE NEW SCHOOL OF AMERICAN POETRY

Edgar Jepson Attacks Frost, Lindsay and Masters; but W. Bryher Attacks British Indifference

AS a virulent specimen of a certain type of British condescension toward American literature, Edgar Jepson's recent attack on what he terms "the new school of United States poetry," published in the usually dignified pages of the *English Review*, is perhaps the most unfair and the most ill-natured on record. The character of Edgar Jepson's attitude is exemplified in his treatment of such a poet as Robert Frost:

"Always I find the music of these effusions so cheap, or so poor, and this poor music is common to the great bulk of all recent United States poetry I have read. I sometimes think that this amazing lack of a sense of the beauty of words comes from the manner in which the language of the United States is spoken—that monotonous drone, generally nasal, or that monotonous nasal whine. I am assured that in some parts of the United States you may still hear musical speech, but I cannot believe that the speech of these three musical masters is musically modulated, or, indeed, modulated at all. How, then, should they begin even to write poetry?"

To console us for Edgar Jepson's strictures (if anyone is in need of consolation), we have a critical appreciation of the art of Amy Lowell, by W. Bryher, recently published in London by Eyre & Spottiswoode. The author declares that she has scanned despairingly the horizon of England, France, Europe for newness in poetry, for freshness, for that vital originality so lacking in modern verse. Finally she made the discovery of Miss Lowell's excellent interpretations of modern French poets, and then of her poetry and polyphonic prose: "I stumbled into a freshness of vision denied so long that it had become a myth."

"To believe loveliness to be a point of death and find she was but sleeping—to falter upon her in the stir of her early wakefulness and touch the fluttering petals as they slip from her unused arms, is to be admitted to a share of her rediscovery of morning, to become tinged

one's self with the dropping eagerness of dawn. Yet it was no mere craving for novelty which acclaimed this poetry. Often had I been reproached for clinging too passionately to the past, but actual dwelling for so long with the ardent Elizabethans had rendered insupportable the insincere and faltering artificialities of the contemporary literature I had explored. Nor was it beauty of form, nor the fresh delight of this new perception of the power of the exact word, but recognition of vigor and unrestricted thought, a welded root of strength and richness, absent from literature too long a space, uniting the expression of moods hitherto deemed incapable of translation into speech, I wanted a new world, and in the Imagist writers—particularly in Miss Lowell—all I needed lay before the eyes."

The English critic goes into a detailed appreciation of Miss Lowell's various achievements, calling attention to what she terms her wonderful sense of life. "Is it," she asks, "that in her mind tenderness is as swift as anger, her extraordinary capacity to see both sides? This is it and more; . . . one is tempted to demand if there is any limit to the range and wideness of Miss Lowell's mind."

"It is inevitable Miss Lowell should be ahead of her age. All who discover are that, but I should like to point out that wideness of knowledge and hatred of aridity are the signs of all Imagist writers, and that those who scoff at them are usually minds who will whisper privately, 'Don't you think Shakespeare is a very overrated writer?' and despise the treasures of literature to the extent of being equally as ignorant of all the Elizabethans as they are of 'vers libre.' If to give respite from depressing reality be any test of greatness, Miss Lowell is sure of immortality. She belongs to the very few whose poems are almost pain to read, so acute are they with beauty."

"So charged with meaning it is a poem in itself, 'Guns as Keys'; and the Great Gate Swings' crashes across the ears with the salt vigor of waves smiting the crisp gold of sand. Sound flinging words ahead, racing with color to regather them, history in pursuit of poetry to tangle it with blossom, the epic of modernity concentrated into thirty pages,

in this poem Miss Lowell has fashioned the pressure of development, the falling of outworn barriers to be replaced by a new restriction, the unending story of the movement of the world."

England's attitude toward American literature, this critic confesses in conclusion, is one of intolerant indifference. "To mention Miss Lowell's name is to meet apathy and indifference. Is an English lack of interest in contemporary writers other than her own responsible for this?" In answer to this question, W. Bryher writes:

"Yet American books possess no bar of language to deter explorers, and it is bitter to think that, for the few in whom the spirit of discovery is alive, this want of general initiative makes knowledge of other countries increasingly difficult to obtain. I have no doubt the future will rank Miss Lowell among the great poets of all ages, but meantime I grieve the present should deny itself the acclamation of this poetry as it slips, fresh and vital, from her growing thought."

"But Miss Lowell defies appreciation. There is such a unity about her work, quotation, especially of her 'polyphonic prose,' must render her injustice. To know her at all the poems must be dwelt with, persuaded to intimacy, for, under their apparent simplicity of phrase, they are rich with realization of mature emotions and passionate with enthusiasms rare in this unexploring age."

"Crushed experiences spilling in drops of light, the curves of her cadences are sharp with truth, with sensitiveness to the irony of existence which yet believes in adventure and in resistance. Dreams, and a core of ever-recurring loneliness, perhaps the soul of their intense life. Most individual of writers, she possesses a vision seldom encountered even in poetry, a power of giving perfect expression to another's emotion in a concise and trenchant line. But I am not sure that the truest criticism was not in the unsought words of a boy of eight who, listening to 'A Roxbury Garden,' said, 'I should like to hear that poem again, please; it makes you see things.'"

"That is it. The offering of her own vision to unobservant eyes, the breaking of innumerable barriers; for, among all poets, Miss Lowell is essentially an explorer."

WHIMSICAL QUESTIONS FROM A HUMORIST OF SOUTH AMERICA

ONE of the first attempts to overcome the barrier of language which has prevented us from reading and understanding the ideas and literature of Latin America has been the recent establishment, at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of the magazine *Inter-*

America (New York). It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of articles translated from our own periodical literature for the benefit of the South Americans, and the next month in English, made up of articles from the South American press, translated for our own edification.

A recent number of the magazine

Antonio Canamaque's Questionnaire is Distinctly of the New World

contains some clever nonsense from the whimsical pen of Antonio Canamaque, indicating that the wit of the South American has a great deal in common with that north of the equator. Antonio Canamaque's humorous questionnaire appeared originally in the new and beautifully-illustrated periodical *Plus Ultra* of Buenos Aires. His

interrogations were elicited by the assertion of Armado Nervo that "every human query would yield to solution if we but knew one dimension more, the fourth." "I venture that some would not yield even to the fourth," replies Canamaque:

"The day that this measure—or whatever it is—comes to be a public possession, like the municipal bathing resort, will be the moment for clearing up all the phenomena that I set down below, and the invariable repetition of which causes us to suspect the existence of an intelligent and unknown law that might well be the fourth dimension; a true, very modern and consoling discovery, for it would be the depository of all the unknowns. And just as the physicians attribute to the nervous system whatever they do not understand, so the rest of us mortals will find at length the means of resolving every doubt with this simple formula: Betake yourself to the fourth dimension!"

Undoubtedly quizzical North Americans have often found themselves puzzling over some of these questions that the humorist of the southern hemisphere asks the exponents of the fourth dimension to answer. "If anyone succeeds in finding somewhere the fourth dimension, and wishes to lend it to me for a moment," he explains, "I promise to return it to him in perfect condition immediately after solving these little problems":

Why table-knives never cut?

Why dogs have such a deep hatred of coalmen?

If one eats in bed—whatever precaution he takes—why must crumbs always remain behind in the sheets?

Why is it that street-car inspectors never laugh?

When any one steps on another, why does the one who does the stepping always get angry?

Why are the children of our friends so badly reared?

What concern has all the world in publishing articles if no one reads them?

Why is it that the man who has not a cent talks a great deal about thousands of dollars?

Why are almost all literary women ugly?

Why does no one return borrowed books?

Why does a tooth stop aching at the dentist's?

Why is it that you always stub the sore toe?

Why is it that shoes do not hurt your feet at the shoemaker's, and that they do when you can not return them?

Why is it that those who make much of their quickness are usually out of funds?

Why were "The Three Musketeers" four?

Why is it that all the world speaks well of Wagner and nobody likes him?

A NEW MUSEUM OF ART WHICH IS ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. AMERICAN

At last we may boast of an American art museum that is completely American—American in its origin and American in its aims. This is the new Santa Fé Museum in New Mexico, recently finished and opened under the direction of the School of American Research. An entire number of *Art*

and *Archæology* is devoted to this splendid achievement and the tributes paid to it by distinguished artists and architects. It is based upon the architectural "folklore" of New Mexico. Six of the ancient Franciscan mission churches, three hundred years old, are reproduced in its façades, without destroying the unity of its appearance.

The Museum in Santa Fé, New Mexico, is a Treasure of Original and Aboriginal Americanism

The outlines of the new museum, we are informed, are terraced, plastic, flowing. There are no hard and stiff plumb lines or levels, no exact repetitions or parallelisms, such as mark the California mission style. The symmetry is that of mass, not of exact form. In whatever direction one looks, there is a different architectural composition, a varying pattern or design. In these the dazzling sunlight and massive shadows of New Mexico have a determining part. As interpreted in *Art and Archæology* by Carlos Viera:

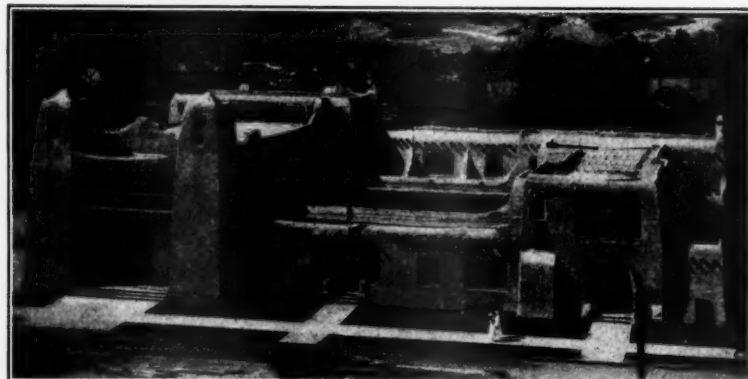
"It is in reality a free-hand architecture, with the living quality of a sculptor's work; and that pliant, unaffected and unconfined beauty—characteristic of natural growth—is nature's contribution to the final product. Through this contribution, too, the architecture is unique in bearing the closest relation to the surrounding landscape. In this sense it is complete, having attained perfection through the absence of that precision upon which all other architecture seems to depend. Its character is as dependent on the absence of precision as is the beauty of natural architectural forms abundant in this vicinity. In the surrounding mesas and valleys these architectural forms of nature, produced by erosion on time-hardened clay and sandstone, often bear a startling resemblance to great cathedrals. Those who have never recognized that quality produced by the same forces of nature on similar material in the New-Mexico missions can hardly escape its significance when brought face to face with the original, and the architect who does not recognize this relation should never attempt an expression of this architecture, since its most vital quality is beyond his reach."

We are only at the beginning, Mr. Viera thinks, of the development of this all-American architecture, both of



FREE-HAND ARCHITECTURE

Rigidity has been avoided, but artifice and artificiality are likewise unnecessary as the north view indicates.



ST. FRANCIS AUDITORIUM AND ART GALLERIES

Variety and absolute lack of repetition are to be noted in this telling façade.

the mission and pueblo type. It is rich in combinations and fascinating in the possibilities it offers, but it is of the greatest importance that its purity should be protected. Its dignity and beauty depend on this purity and simplicity. Since its influence has already been great in the new architecture of the Southwest, it is well to remember that alien features should be avoided.

"Character, in this architecture, is not skin-deep; it must be modeled into the bulk as it is built. An uneven coat of plaster, as is often suggested, over rigidly-constructed surfaces and outlines, will not give it. A timidly formal imitation of a few interesting features of the original will not express character. The builder who will use viga tips and sawn capitals in rigid formality under a slant shingle or tin roof is expressing in new building the tragedy that has overtaken some of the old mission and native architecture.

"It seems that a frank expression of the original, a practical reproduction of the best that it has to offer, requires more courage than some builders possess. That training which concentrates on the machine-like precision of factory quality in architecture is most fatal to either courage or appreciation. The architect who is to be successful with it need not ignore mathematics, but he must not allow mathematical precision to interfere where it has no place and where its absence is essential. He should have in his make-up something of the sculptor, for he is dealing with a freedom of sculptural form which no other type includes, and upon which the greatest charm of this type depends. Its adaptation to domestic, ecclesiastic and civic purposes need not bring about confusion. Its success along these lines depends upon the careful avoidance of Spanish Colonial and other alien features. That it is adequate as well as adaptable in its own characteristic simplicity has been demonstrated in building.

"That it is not likely to be extensively adopted elsewhere adds to its value as a sectional development in its native environment. Besides representing the only architecture in America having its foundation in the prehistoric time of its locality, it is an expression of our earliest history and it still bears the closest possible relation to its surroundings in modern times, even to the extent of being adaptable to modern uses. There is no other architecture within the limits of the United States in which all this holds true."

The new museum has been the result of a cooperative community spirit, a revival, as Dr. Edgar L. Hewett has pointed out, of that time when architecture and art were a communal thing. Not the least part of its significance lies in the great past the building includes:

"It is one of the most significant that has been built anywhere. Its architecture is that of the Franciscan missions of New Mexico, inaugurated three hundred years ago. We must go back over the ages six centuries of time, seven thousand



THE PATIO

This is one of the most charming and beautiful features of pueblo architecture, beautifully reincarnated in the museum at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

miles of distance, by way of Mexico and Spain to Assisi in Italy, the home of St. Francis, if we would follow that historic thread to its origin. That trail is marked by superhuman devotion. We might call it 'The Way of the Martyrs,' and this a monument to their memory.

"Again, the New-Mexico missions were built by the hands of Indian workmen. Into them was wrought the character of that remarkable race. Their buildings came from the soil. You see their architectural motives in the mesas and cliffs on which and of which their towns were built. The long history of that race is in this building. It is a tribute to their life in nature.

"Again, it embodies the finest elements of the churches in which our native people have worshipped for three hundred years; where their generations have received the sacrament of baptism and marriage and which are consecrated as the resting places of their ancestors. Such a building must be to them a sanctuary."

The cultural influence of the Santa Fé Museum, in the few months it has been opened, has been great. Since its dedication six months ago, it has become an ideal community center. The Red Cross, councils of defense and other war activities of New Mexico have made it their home and meeting place, writes Paul A. F. Walter, secretary of the museum. There have been twelve special art exhibitions held in it, forty-one lectures given, and no less than 15,000 visitors from the outside world. Since the new building has been erected, it has served as an architectural model for State and public buildings, churches, business blocks, schools and homes, all giving New Mexico and especially Santa Fé a distinctive and appropriate architecture.

The Santa Fé and Taos art centers are nearby and include artists of na-

tional and international repute. Their work is exhibited in the new museum. Santa Fé is thus coming to look upon herself as the center of "a new art movement, as thoroly American as the architecture of the building itself—the first truly American school of art."

One of this enthusiastic group is Robert Henri. His appreciation of Santa Fé's Museum is quoted in *Art and Archaeology*:

"The new Museum is a wonder. . . . Santa Fé can become a rare spot in all the world. Nearly all—one might say all—cities and towns strive to be like each other and not to be like themselves. Under this surprising present influence, Santa Fé is striving to be its own beautiful self. Of course there are negative influences which combat, but the beautiful thing has taken root, and the Museum has grown in its beauty and it is likely that it will spread its healthy kind.

"Most museums are glum and morose temples looking homesick for the skies and associations of their native land—Greece, most likely. The Museum here looks as tho it were a precious child of the Santa Fé sky and the Santa Fé mountains. It has its parents' complexion. It seems warmly at home as if it had always been here. Without any need of the treasures of art which are to go into it, it is a treasure of art in itself; art of this time and this place, of these people and related to all the past. My hope is that it will shame away the bungalows with which a few mistaken tastes have tried to make Los Angeles of Santa Fé, and the false fronts which other mistaken tastes have tried to make New York of Santa Fé. Santa Fé may do the rare thing and become *Itself*.

"The painters are all happy. The climate seems to suit well both temperaments—to work or not to work. And here painters are treated with that welcome and appreciation that is supposed to exist only in certain places in Europe."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

WHO says Art is not looking up in this country? Consider the action of the Home Industry League of California. It is a body of factory-owners and it has issued a plea to the people of that State to "purchase poetry-books written and printed in California." The reasons are edifying. "If a poet lives in California," we are told, "he or she spends his or her living-money right at home, which keeps just so much more money in circulation in the State." And if the "poetry-books" are printed in the State as well as written there, just so many more wage-earners are kept at work and enabled to buy "food, clothing, houses, automobiles," etc.

There are difficulties that are recognized by this remarkable League. It costs "much more cash" to publish a work of poetry locally than it would cost to publish it in the East. This is admitted, but the poet is expected to make the necessary sacrifices in the interests of the State. Also it is admitted that now "by far the greatest sales of books of California poetry are to people who live east of the Rockies." Suppose these people began a course of reprisals by patronizing their own poets only. But these are side-issues. The main thing is that poetry is at last recognized as an important industry and the poet as a magnate whose wealth must be conserved and the fruits of whose labor must be kept in the confines of the State. The poets should rise to the new dignity and adopt approved industrial methods. They should form the Vers Libre Corporation, Limited, and the Imagist Consolidated and the Sonnet Syndicate and list the stocks on the Exchange. There might be an Edwin Markham Company and a Sara Teasdale Company in each State organized on the plan of the reorganized Standard Oil Company. We would no longer be in doubt, then, as to the relative merits of the poets. The market quotations of the Amy Lowell stock or the Bliss Carman stock or the Ella Wheeler Wilcox stock would decide all critical questions for us and settle the ratings of the different schools. The Home Industry League of California may not know it, but it has inaugurated a new era in the history of Art.

One of the vital things in the literature of the war is the French marching song, "Madelon." It has established itself in the French army as a popular favorite. We find in the San

Francisco *Argonaut* a translation of the text:

MADELON.

TRANSLATED BY HEYWOOD BROWN.

FOR all the soldiers, on their holidays,
There is a place, just tucked in by the woods,
A house with ivy growing on the walls—
A cabaret—"Aux Toulourous"—the goods!
The girl who serves is young and sweet as love,
She's light as any butterfly in Spring,
Her eyes have got a sparkle like her wine.
We call her Madelon—it's got a swing;
The soldiers' girl! She leads us all a dance!
She's only Madelon, but she's Romance!

When Madelon comes out to serve us drinks,
We always know she's coming by her song!
And every man, he tells his little tale,
And Madelon she listens all day long.
Our Madelon is never too severe—
A kiss or two is nothing much to her—
She laughs us up to love and life and God—
Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!

We all have girls for keeps that wait at home
Who'll marry us when fighting time is done;
But they are far away—too far to tell
What happens in these days of cut-and-run.
We sigh away such days as best we can,
And pray for time to bring us nearer home,
But tales like ours won't wait till then to tell—
We have to run and boast to Madelon.
We steal a kiss—she takes it all in play;
We dream she is that other—far away.

A corporal with a feather in his cap
Went courting Madelon one summer's day,
And, mad with love, he swore she was superb,
And he would wed her any day she'd say.
But Madelon was not for any such—
She danced away and laughed: "My stars above!
Why, how could I consent to marry you,
When I have my whole regiment to love?
I could not choose just one and leave the rest,
I am the soldier's girl—I like that best!"

When Madelon comes out to serve us drinks,
We always know she's coming by her song!
And every man he tells his little tale,
And Madelon she listens all day long.
Our Madelon is never too severe—
A kiss or two is nothing much to her—

She laughs us up to love and life and God—
Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!

Badger Clark is fast winning an enviable place as a writer of virile poetry of action. He appeals to men more than to women and some of his poems have been taken up by the cowboys, put to music and sung by them. Here (from *Scribner's*) is a war-poem from his pen. It has a fine swing to it and it opens up long vistas:

THE FIGHTING SWING.

BY BADGER CLARK.

ONCE again the regiments marching
down the street,
Shoulders, legs and rifle barrels
swinging all in time—
Let the slack civilian plod; ours the
gayer feet,
Dancing to the music of the oldest
earthly rhyme.

Left, right, trim and tight! Hear the cadence fall.
So the legion Caesar loved shook the plains of Gaul.
Fighting bloods of all the earth in our pulses ring.
Step! lads, true to the dads. Back to the fighting swing!

We have kissed good-by to doubt, left the fret and stew;
Now the crows may steal the corn, now the milk may spill.
All the problems in the world simmer down to two:
One is how to dodge the shells, one is how to kill.

Left, right, glints of light! Down the ranks they run.
So the Janizary spears caught the desert sun.
Once again the ancient steel has its lordly fling.
Flash, sway, battle array! Back to the fighting swing!

Set and silent every mouth, steady every eye—
Groping, wrangling days are done; let the leaders lead.
Regulations how to live, orders when to die—
Life and death in primer print any man can read.

Left, right, eat and fight! Dreams are blown to bits.
Here's the Old Guard back to life, bound for Austerlitz.
Shake the soft and quit the sweet; loose the arms that cling.
Blood, dust, grapple and thrust! Back to the fighting swing!

Kipling's poem on the Irish Guards is the best thing he has given us since

the war began. It was written for a matinee organized by Lady Paget for the benefit of the Irish Guards War Fund, which was attended by Queen Alexandra.

THE IRISH GUARDS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

WE'RE not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,

For we had the honor at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards' Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

Old Days! The wild geese are fighting
Head to the storm as they faced it before!

For where there are Irish there's bound
To be fighting,
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland
no more!
Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went,
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth—
The English—left at Ghent.

They're fighting on our side to-day,
But before they changed their clothes
The half of Europe knew our fame
As all of Ireland knows!

Old days! The wild geese are flying
Heads to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's memory undying,
And when we forget, it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water runs
As red as yesterday,
And the Irish move to the sound of the guns
Like salmon to the sea!

Old days! The wild geese are ranging
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish their hearts
are unchanging,
And when they are changed, it is Ireland
no more!
Ireland no more!

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so new in the ring.
For we carried our packs with Marshal Saxe
When Louis was our King.
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now,
And we're King George's men,
And after one hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

Ah, France! And did we stand by you,
When life was made splendid with gifts and rewards?
Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?

Old days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's loving
and fighting,
And when we stop either, it's Ireland
no more!
Ireland no more!

The *Outlook* publishes an impressive poem by Mr. Towne, in which he is feeling after compensations.

RUINS.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

THEY sat at supper in a shadowy room,
"But you," she said, "you are an artist! You
Deplore this tearing down of all our dreams!
You know that War is shattering the world,
And Beauty falls in ashes at our feet."

He looked at her, full-blown and glorious
With flaming eyes and tossed, abundant hair.

"How I abhor this hour?" he softly said.
"I never thought the world could come to this.
Yet always through the years, the flame of War,
Like a long crimson serpent, has crept and crept,
And poisoned all the beauty that we built.
The Parthenon was stricken by the blast
Of cruel cannon in disastrous days;
Yet in the moonlight it is wonderful
In a strange way the mind can never name.

And strong barbarian hordes tore down that dream,
The Colosseum; and manly Romans wept.
Yet it is lovelier on soft Summer nights
Than ever it must have been in the young years.
And Rheims—it shall be doubly beautiful
With a new meaning through the centuries,
Hushed with its memories of this dark hour."

Her face grew grave. "You dare to tell me this—
You say a ruin is more wonderful
Than the pure dream the architect once dreamed?"

"I cannot answer. But one thing I know;
Men rush across the seas to catch one glimpse
Of fallen fanes and tottering columns.
Yes,
They fare through desolate places that their eyes,
May rest at last on crumbling marble . . .
See!

Those men and women rise—and we must rise
To pay our tribute to that noble man
Who has come back, a ruin from the War."

She turned. There was a soldier at the door;
And one sleeve of his uniform hung limp,
And there were many scars upon his cheeks.
"A ruin!" the artist whispered. "Yet he seems
The only whole and perfect man I know!"

Mr. Guiterman's sonnet in *Harper's* was voted one of the two best poems read at a meeting of the Poetry Society of America last winter. It is not in Mr. Guiterman's usual ballad style, and is in a more serious vein than he usually exhibits:

THE IDOL-MAKER PRAYS:

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

GREAT god whom I shall carve
from this gray stone
Wherein thou liest, hid to all but me,
Grant thou that when my art hath made thee known
And others bow, I shall not worship thee.
But, as I pray thee now, then let me pray
Some greater god—like thee to be conceived
Within my soul—for strength to turn away
From his new altar, when, that task achieved,
He, too, stands manifest. Yea, let me yearn
From dream to grander dream! Let me not rest
Content at any goal! Still bid me spurn
Each transient triumph on the Eternal Quest,
Abjuring godlings, whom my hand hath made,
For Deity, revealed but unportrayed!

Here is a whimsical and wholly delightful little thing from *Poetry*:

THE PENITENT.

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

I HAD a little Sorrow,
Born of a little Sin,
I found a room all damp with gloom
And shut us all within;
And, "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,
"And, Little Sin, pray God to die,
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been!"

Alas for pious planning—
It mattered not a whit!
As far as gloom went in that room,
The lamp might have been lit!
My little Sorrow would not weep,
My little Sin would go to sleep—
To save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it!

So up I got in anger,
And took a book I had,
And put a ribbon on my hair
To please a passing lad.
And, "One thing there's no getting by—
I've been a wicked girl," said I;
"But if I can't be sorry, why,
I might as well be glad!"

This from *Harper's* is make-believe,
but it has charm and significance:

THE DANCERS.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

OURS was a quiet town, a still town,
a sober town,
Softly curled the yellow roads
that slept in the sun,
Staid came the day up and staid came the
night down
And staidly went we sleepwise when
the day's work was done!

Oh, they came dancing down, the gay
ones, the bonny ones,
We had never seen the like, sweet and
wild and glad,
Down the long roads they came, fluting
and dancing,
Flowers in each lass's hair and plumes
on each lad!

Sweet were their clinging hands, kind
were their voices,
"Dance with us, laugh with us, good
grave folk," said they,
"Swift we must go from you, time's long
for toiling,
Come and make joy with us the brief
while we stay!"

Oh, then was a gay time, a wild time, a
glad time,
Hand in hand we danced with them
beneath sun and moon,
Flowers were for garlanding and greens
were for dancing—
This was the wisdom we learned of
them too soon!

Swift went the day past, a glad day, a
wild day,
Swift went the night past, a night wild
and glad,
Down fell their arms from us, loosening,
fleeing,
Far down the roads they danced, wild
lass and wild lad!

Far fled their dancing feet, far rang their
laughter,
Far gleamed their mocking eyes be-
neath the garlands gay,
All too late we knew them then, the
wild eyes, the elf eyes,
Wood folk and faun folk that danced
our hearts away!

Ours is a still town, a sad town, a sober
town,
Still lie the dun roads all empty in the
sun,
Sad comes the day up and sad falls the
night down,
And sadly go we sleepwise when the
day's watch is done!

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal
be proud?" Sara Teasdale (in *Har-*

per's) seems to put the question to us
anew:

"THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS."

BY SARA TEASDALE.

THERE will come soft rains and the
smell of the ground,
And swallows calling with their
shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild-plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-
wire;

And not one will know of the war, not
one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor
tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at
dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Loafing, in these days of storm and
stress, is very reprehensible; but when
Mr. Le Gallienne (in *Harper's*) throws
over it the glamour of his music it be-
comes a thing that is not reprehensible:

SACRED IDLENESS.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

WORK? Not to-day! Ah! no—
that were to do
The gracious face of heaven a
surly wrong,

Bright day so manifestly made for song
And sweep of freedom's wings into the
blue.

Divinely idle, rather let us lie,
And watch the lordly unindustrious sky,
Nor trail the smoke of little busy cares
Across its calm— Work? Not to-day!
Not I!

Work? Why, another year—one never
knows
But this the flowering last of all our
years;
Which of us can be sure of next year's
rose?

And I, that have so loved them all my
days,
Not yet have learned the names of half
the flowers,
Nor half enough have listened to the
birds.

Nay! while the marvel of the May is
ours,
Earth's book of lovely hieroglyphic words
Let's read together, each green letter
spell,
And each illuminated miracle,
Decking the mystic text with blue and
gold—
That Book of Beauty where all truth is
told.

Let's watch the dogwood, holding silver
trays

Of blossom out across the woodland
ways,
Whiter than breast of any mortal girl's;
And hark you bird flinging its song like
pearls,
Sad as all lovely things foredoomed to
die—
Work? Not to-day! Ah! no—not you,
not I.

Another poet who had the spring-
fever and wanted to chuck work is
Burgess Johnson. This also is from
Harper's:

PLAY.

BY BURGESS JOHNSON.

SLIM woodland faun who stands upon
the brink
Of that cool, unforgotten swim-
ming-hole,

While spying, leaf-checked sunbeams
seem to wink

A sly condonement of the hours you
stole

From cramping seat and unrelenting
book

In yon slave-laden galley known as
school;—

I note one backward, gay, defiant look
And then your shout ends gurgling in
the pool.

I see you, boy, and standing closely by
I see a figure that you did not see—

A sprite with wind-blown hair and danc-
ing eye,

Who leaped with you and laughed to
find you free.

And while your gay companions, Wind
and Sun,

Tousled your hair or peppered all your
face

With tell-tale freckles when the game
was done,

The sprite was near you in that grassy
place.

Tho you may leave me, lad I cherish so,
I bear no grudge because you draw
away,

Save that you lure her with you as you
go,

That mate you never saw, whose name
was Play.

I know her now. Sometimes her laughing
eyes

Shine kindly at me as she dances past.

No painted jade may trick me in her
guise,

My heart so holds her image true and
fast.

Departing boy, who trod that grassy place
Beside your well-remembered Lethe's
pool

Which splashed so gaily when its glad
Drowned every glooming thought of
books and school,

I'll let you go ungrudging. Years unfold
Full compensations; dear lad, go your
way,

If you'll but leave me some small rightful
hold

On that gay sprite of yours whose name
is Play.

THE SKELETON—A STORY BY TAGORE

It is gruesome and has a touch of cynicism, this story by Rabindranath Tagore. It is one of fourteen short stories in a new book—"Mashi and Other Stories"—published by Macmillan.

IN the room next to the one in which we boys used to sleep, there hung a human skeleton. In the night it would rattle in the breeze which played about its bones. In the day these bones were rattled by us. We were taking lessons in osteology from a student in the Campbell Medical School, for our guardians were determined to make us masters of all the sciences. How far they succeeded we need not tell those who know us; and it is better hidden from those who do not.

Many years have passed since then. In the meantime the skeleton has vanished from the room, and the science of osteology from our brains, leaving no trace behind.

The other day, our house was crowded with guests, and I had to pass the night in the same old room. In these now unfamiliar surroundings, sleep refused to come, and, as I tossed from side to side, I heard all the hours of the night chimed, one after another, by the church clock near by. At length the lamp in the corner of the room, after some minutes of choking and spluttering, went out altogether. One or two bereavements had recently happened in the family, so the going out of the lamp naturally led me to thoughts of death. In the great arena of nature, I thought, the light of a lamp losing itself in eternal darkness, and the going out of the light of our little human lives, by day or by night, were much the same thing.

MY train of thought recalled to my mind the skeleton. While I was trying to imagine what the body which had clothed it could have been like, it suddenly seemed to me that something was walking round and round my bed, groping along the walls of the room. I could hear its rapid breathing. It seemed as if it was searching for something which it could not find, and pacing round the room with ever-hastier steps. I felt quite sure that this was a mere fancy of my sleepless, excited brain; and that the throbbing of the veins in my temples was really the sound which seemed like running footsteps. Nevertheless, a cold shiver ran all over me. To help to get rid of this hallucination, I called out aloud: "Who is there?" The footsteps seemed to stop at my bedside, and the reply came: "It is I. I have come to look for that skeleton of mine."

It seemed absurd to show any fear before the creature of my own imagination; so, clutching my pillow a little more tightly, I said in a casual sort of way: "A nice business for this time of night! Of what use will that skeleton be to you now?"

The reply seemed to come almost from my mosquito-curtain itself. "What a question! In that skeleton were the bones that encircled my heart; the youthful charm of my six-and-twenty years bloomed about it. Should I not desire to see it once more?"

"Of course," said I, "a perfectly reasonable desire. Well, go on with your search, while I try to get a little sleep." Said the voice: "But I fancy you are lonely. All right; I'll sit down a while, and we will have a little chat. Years ago I used to sit by men and talk to them. But during the last thirty-five

years I have only moaned in the wind in the burning-places of the dead. I would talk once more with a man as in the old times."

I felt that some one sat down just near my curtain. Resigning myself to the situation, I replied with as much cordiality as I could summon: "That will be very nice indeed. Let us talk of something cheerful."

"The funniest thing I can think of is my own life-story. Let me tell you that."

The church clock chimed the hour of two.

"WHEN I was in the land of the living, and young, I feared one thing like death itself, and that was my husband. My feelings can be likened only to those of a fish caught with a hook. For it was as if a stranger had snatched me away with the sharpest of hooks from the peaceful calm of my childhood's home—and from him I had no means of escape. My husband died two months after my marriage, and my friends and relations moaned pathetically on my behalf. My husband's father, after scrutinizing my face with great care, said to my mother-in-law: 'Do you not see, she has the evil eye?'—Well, are you listening? I hope you are enjoying the story?"

"Very much indeed!" said I. "The beginning is extremely humorous."

"Let me proceed then. I came back to my father's house in great glee. People tried to conceal it from me, but I knew well that I was endowed with a rare and radiant beauty. What is your opinion?"

"Very likely," I murmured. "But you must remember that I never saw you."

"What! Not seen me? What about that skeleton of mine? Ha! ha! ha! Never mind. I was only joking. How can I ever make you believe that those two cavernous hollows contained the brightest of dark, languishing eyes? And that the smile which was revealed by those ruby lips had no resemblance whatever to the grinning teeth which you used to see? The mere attempt to convey to you some idea of the grace, the charm, the soft, firm, dimpled curves, which in the fulness of youth were growing and blossoming over those dry old bones makes me smile; it also makes me angry. The most eminent doctors of my time could not have dreamed of the bones of that body of mine as materials for teaching osteology. Do you know, one young doctor that I knew of actually compared me to a golden *champak* blossom. It meant that to him the rest of humankind was fit only to illustrate the science of physiology, that I was a flower of beauty. Does any one think of the skeleton of a *champak* flower?"

"WHEN I walked, I felt that, like a diamond scattering splendor, my every movement set waves of beauty radiating on every side. I used to spend hours gazing on my hands—hands which could gracefully have reined the liveliest of male creatures."

"But that stark and staring old skeleton of mine has borne false witness to you against me, while I was unable to refute the shameless libel. That is why of all men I hate you most! I feel I would like once for all to banish sleep from your eyes with a vision of that warm, rosy loveliness of mine, to sweep out with it all the wretched osteological stuff of which your brain is full."

"I could have sworn by your body,"

cried I, "if you had it still, that no vestige of osteology has remained in my head, and that the only thing that it is now full of is a radiant vision of perfect loveliness, glowing against the black background of night. I cannot say more than that."

"I had no girl-companions," went on the voice. "My only brother had made up his mind not to marry. In the zenana I was alone. Alone I used to sit in the garden under the shade of the trees, and dream that the whole world was in love with me; that the stars with sleepless gaze were drinking in my beauty; that the wind was languishing in sighs as on some pretext or other it brushed past me; and that the lawn on which my feet rested, had it been conscious, would have lost consciousness again at their touch. It seemed to me that all the young men in the world were as blades of grass at my feet; and my heart, I know not why, used to grow sad."

"When my brother's friend, Shekhar, had passed out of the Medical College, he became our family doctor. I had already often seen him from behind a curtain. My brother was a strange man, and did not care to look on the world with open eyes. It was not empty enough for his taste; so he gradually moved away from it, until he was quite lost in an obscure corner. Shekhar was his one friend, so he was the only young man I could ever get to see. And when I held my evening court in my garden, then the host of imaginary young men whom I had at my feet were each one a Shekhar.—Are you listening? What are you thinking of?"

I sighed as I replied. "I was wishing I was Shekhar!"

"WAIT a bit. Hear the whole story first. One day, in the rains, I was feverish. The doctor came to see me. That was our first meeting. I was reclining opposite the window, so that the blush of the evening sky might temper the pallor of my complexion. When the doctor, coming in, looked up into my face, I put myself into his place, and gazed at myself in imagination. I saw in the glorious evening light that delicate wan face laid like a drooping flower against the soft white pillow, with the unrestrained curls playing over the forehead, and the bashfully-lowered eyelids casting a pathetic shade over the whole countenance."

"The doctor, in a tone bashfully low, asked my brother: 'Might I feel her pulse?'"

"I put out a tired, well-rounded wrist from beneath the coverlet. 'Ah!' thought I, as I looked on it, 'if only there had been a sapphire bracelet.* I have never before seen a doctor so awkward about feeling a patient's pulse. His fingers trembled as they felt my wrist. He measured the heat of my fever, I gauged the pulse of his heart.—Don't you believe me?'"

"Very easily," said I; "the human heart-beat tells its tale."

"After I had been taken ill and restored to health several times, I found that the number of the courtiers who attended my imaginary evening reception began to dwindle till they were reduced to only one! And at last in my little world there remained only one doctor and one patient."

* Widows are supposed to dress in white only, without ornaments or jewelry.

"IN these evenings I used to dress myself secretly in a canary-colored sari; twine about the braided knot into which I did my hair a garland of white jasmine blossoms; and with a little mirror in my hand betake myself to my usual seat under the trees.

"Well! Are you perhaps thinking that the sight of one's own beauty would soon grow wearisome? Ah no! for I did not see myself with my own eyes. I was then one and also two. I used to see myself as tho I were the doctor; I gazed, I was charmed, I fell madly in love. But, in spite of all the caresses I lavished on myself, a sigh would wander about my heart, moaning like the evening breeze.

"Anyhow, from that time I was never alone. When I walked I watched with downcast eyes the play of my dainty little toes on the earth, and wondered what the doctor would have felt had he been there to see. At mid-day the sky

would be filled with the glare of the sun, without a sound, save now and then the distant cry of a passing kite. Outside our garden-walls the hawker would pass with his musical cry of 'Bangles for sale, crystal bangles.' And I, spreading a snow-white sheet on the lawn, would lie on it with my head on my arm. With studied carelessness the other arm would rest lightly on the soft sheet, and I would imagine to myself that some one had caught sight of the wonderful pose of my hand, that some one had clasped it in both of his and imprinted a kiss on its rosy palm, and was slowly walking away. —What if I ended the story here? How would it do?"

"Not half a bad ending," I replied thoughtfully. "It would no doubt remain a little incomplete, but I could easily spend the rest of the night putting in the finishing touches."

"But that would make the story too

serious. Where would the laugh come in? Where would be the skeleton with its grinning teeth?"

"So let me go on.

"AS soon as the doctor had got a little practice, he took a room on the ground-floor of our house for a consulting-chamber. I used then sometimes to ask him jokingly about medicines and poisons, and how much of this drug or that would kill a man. The subject was congenial and he would wax eloquent. These talks familiarized me with the idea of death; and so love and death were the only two things that filled my little world. My story is now nearly ended—there is not much left."

"Not much of the night is left either," I muttered.

"After a time I noticed that the doctor had grown strangely absent-minded, and

(Continued on page 133)

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HOPE TRUEBLOOD. By Patience Worth. Ed. by Casper S. Yost. Communicated over a "ouija-board" to Mrs. John H. Curran. "A mid-Victorian novel by a pre-Victorian writer." \$1.50. Holt.

THE EARTHQUAKE. By Arthur Train. Story of America at war. \$1.50. Scribner.

THE INFERNO. By Henri Barbusse, author of "Under Fire." Tr. from the hundredth edition, with int. by Edward J. O'Brien. Story of Parisian life written before the war. \$1.50. Boni & Liveright.

THE ROUGH ROAD. By William J. Locke. Tells how a dilettante became a soldier. \$1.50. Lane.

YOU NO LONGER COUNT. By René Boylesse. Tr. by Louise Seymour Houghton. Revelation of war's effect on France through the experiences of a young widow. Author is a member of the French Academy. \$1.50. Scribner.

WARTIME NEEDS OF THE NATION

SECRETARY LANE WANTS FARMS FOR THE HOME-COMING SOLDIERS

DECLARING it is high time to begin the vast work of providing an opportunity for our soldiers to make a livelihood for themselves and families after the war, Secretary Lane, in a timely appeal, urges that Congress should at once appropriate \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 for the use of the Interior Department in surveying and analyzing the millions of acres of unappropriated land that, he says, can be made suitable for farm homes if properly handled. It is officially estimated that more than fifteen million acres of irrigable land still await reclamation from the Government. In addition, it is estimated that the total area of swamp and overflowed lands in the United States is between seventy and eighty million acres, of which "sixty million acres can be reclaimed and made profitable for agriculture." A rough estimate of the cut-over lands suitable for agricultural development is about two hundred million acres. Substantially all this land is in private ownership, however, and, asserts the Secretary of the Interior in a letter to President Wilson on the home-coming soldier problem, "unless a new policy of development is worked out in cooperation between the Federal Government, the States and the individual owners, a greater part of it will remain unsettled and uncultivated." We read:

"There are certain tendencies which we ought to face frankly in our considera-

tion of a policy for land to the home-coming soldier. First, the drift to farm tenancy. The experience of the world shows without question that the happiest people, the best farms and the soundest political conditions are found where the farmer owns the home and the farm lands. The growth of tenancy in America shows an increase of 32 per cent. for the twenty years between 1890 and 1910. Second, the drift to urban life. In 1880, of the total population of the United States 29.5 per cent. of our people resided in cities and 70.5 per cent. in the country. At the census of 1910, 46.3 per cent. resided in cities and 53.7 per cent. remained in the country. It is evident that since the war in Europe there has been a decided increase in the trend toward the city because of industrial conditions. The adoption by the United States of new policies in its land development plans for returning veterans will also contribute to the amelioration of these two dangers to American life."

As pointed out by Secretary Lane, the arid lands suitable for reclamation in the West require water; the cut-over lands in the Northwest, Lake States and in the South require clearing, and the swamp lands of the Middle West and South must be drained. All of which offers a great national opportunity. For:

"It will be too late to plan for these things when the war is over. Our thought now should be given to the problem. And I therefore desire to bring to your (the President's) mind the wisdom of immediately supplying the Interior Department with a sufficient fund with

Millions of Acres Are Available and Should Be Got in Readiness Without Delay

which to make the necessary surveys and studies. We should know by the time the war ends not merely how much arid land can be irrigated, nor how much swamp land reclaimed, nor where the grazing land is and how many cattle it will support, nor how much cut-over land can be cleared, but we should know with definiteness where it is practicable to begin new irrigation projects, what the character of the land is, what the nature of the improvements needed will be, and what the cost will be. We should know also, not in a general way but with particularity, what definite areas of swamp land may be reclaimed, how they can be drained, what the cost of the drainage will be, what crops they will raise. We should have in mind specific areas of grazing lands, with a knowledge of the cattle which are best adapted to them, and the practicability of supporting a family upon them. So too with our cut-over lands. We should know what it would cost to pull or blow out stumps and to put the lands into condition for a farm home. We should know what it will cost to buy these lands if they are in private hands. In short, at the conclusion of the war the United States should be able to say to its returned soldiers: 'If you wish to go upon a farm, here is a variety of farms of which you may take your pick, which the Government has prepared against the time of your returning.' . . . This plan does not contemplate anything like charity to the soldier. He is not to be given a bounty. He is not to be made to feel that he is a dependent. On the contrary, he is to continue in a sense in the service of the Government. Instead of destroying our enemies he is to develop our resources."

IN TIN CANS MAY BE THE SECRET OF WINNING THE WAR

THAT the way to victory in this war lies through the tin can is one of the many astonishing pieces of information that day by day are finding their way into print. As a matter of fact, however, the canners of the United States are called upon to fill some seven billion tin cans this year to feed our army and navy, in addition to enormous quantities of canned food that must be supplied to our allies. Not long ago the Supply Committee of the Council of National Defense requested twenty-five hundred canners in eighteen states to reserve for the army and navy twelve per cent. of the total pack of peas and corn, eighteen per cent. of tomatoes and

six per cent. of salmon, among other items. To comprehend the quantities of canned food needed for the fighting forces, look at the requirements of the navy for one year, based on a total of two hundred thousand men:

Sardines	1,966,200 lbs.
Bacon	6,220,800 "
Beef (corned)	8,611,200 "
Beef (chipped)	1,296,000 "
Codfish	1,411,200 "
Salmon	4,003,200 "
Sausage	2,700,000 "
Lard	4,416,000 "
Corn	4,929,000 "
Peas	5,083,000 "
Lima beans	2,053,200 "
String-beans	3,528,800 "
Tomatoes	688,800 "

Seven Billions of Them Must Be Filled With Wholesome Military Rations This Year

Spinach	1,200,000 lbs.
Sauerkraut	1,656,000 "
Pumpkins	820,800 "
Apples (dried)	720,000 "
Apricots	2,143,200 "
Jams	1,800,000 "
Prunes	2,006,400 "
Peaches	2,700,000 "
Peaches (dried)	360,000 "
Pears	2,208,000 "
Asparagus	1,500,000 "
Pineapples	1,500,000 "

This aggregates forty-six thousand tons; yet it comprises only thirty items in the menu for the navy. For the army of a million two hundred thousand the requisite daily ration includes eight hundred and sixteen thousand cans of tomatoes, jam and milk.

Early in the war Great Britain requested bids in this country on one hundred and seventy-six million two-pound cans of pork and beans to help feed her soldiers. Besides fish, beef, mutton and veal in separate cans, there are mixed rations. The Englishman requires one combination, the Frenchman another, the Russian and Italian something different from either. Here is a sample specification which leads a writer in *Everybody's* to the conclusion that the European soldier has been better fed out of American tin cans than he is used to in times of peace and plenty:

30 lbs. mutton	9 oz. salt
1 lb. onions	1 oz. parsley
3½ oz. garlic	1-28 oz. bay leaves
1-28 oz. cayenne	2 lbs. wheat flour
¾ oz. white pepper	2 1-10 lbs. beans
3 oz. sugar	6 3-10 lbs. carrots
	8 2-5 lbs. potatoes

Yet, we read, it was not until 1895 that the canning of food was perfected along the lines that have led to its becoming so enormously important as a

war-time industry. It was in that year that H. L. Russell, in Wisconsin, applied laboratory methods to the problem of spoilage in cans and found that "swells" were caused by bacteria. Almost simultaneously Professors Underwood and Prescott, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, revealed the great secret to a convention of packers at Buffalo. Scarcely one of these packers had ever heard of bacteria and they were filled with "incredulity, wonder and final conviction" when they saw the pure cultures of the organisms that for years had caused them such discouraging losses. At one bound, the industry of preserving food in tin cans arose from an uncertain business to one based on scientific principles and a knowledge that is constantly growing more exact.

"The problem of the packer is to get his product off the vine, off the hoof or out of the water and into the can in the shortest possible time and with the least amount of handling. With the latest machinery, a plant employing only ten

men and a few boys is able to turn out sixty-five thousand cans in a day of ten hours, and all but a hundred and thirty of them guaranteed to be perfect. That small force multiplied many times in a big plant easily supplies the cans to a packer who takes fifty thousand bushel-baskets of tomatoes from the vine and puts them up, all labeled and ready to ship, between breakfast and supper. In a plant with modern equipment peas are taken from the vine, hulled, graded, cooked, sealed, and labeled by machinery; while only those that are defective are touched with the hands. It will take from two to over three quarts of them in the pod, dependent upon the variety, to make one can of ordinary peas; two bushels of them to yield one No. 2 can of *petit pois*, which, by the way, are not so well flavored, much less nutritious, and three times as costly as the larger ones. . . . With his microscopes for hunting the ubiquitous bacillus, his thermometers, automatic temperature regulators, gages and recorders, little is left to the judgment of the individual workman; so that, paradoxical as it may seem, the quality of canned food is becoming standardized by reason of its quantity."

Y. M. C. A. NEEDS 4,000 NEW SECRETARIES FOR OVERSEAS WORK

PLANS have been formed by the War-Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. to enlist the services of four thousand additional men of over draft age to act as Red Triangle secretaries in France. The extension of the Y. M. C. A. work which thus requires the trebling of the present overseas staff has been undertaken at the request of General Pershing and of General Foch, and the need of experienced business men is emphasized in a statement issued by Herbert L. Pratt, who recently returned from France where he had spent several weeks in the interests of the Y. M. C. A. overseas work. He says, in this connection:

"There is a pressing demand for men who are natural leaders, men who are real men, good mixers and capable of exerting the proper influence. These leaders are generally assigned as hut secretaries, positions which call for the greatest versatility. They must be above fighting age, but must be able to undergo as searching a physical examination as do the men admitted to the combat trenches of the service. Ambassador Sharp, in a recent appeal for more workers, emphasized the fact that many were breaking under the terrific strain.

"That is the answer to those who regard the Y. M. C. A. as a paradise for pacifists, a refuge for slackers. We can use none of them in our service. At least one in eight or ten of our workers in

All Must Be Above Draft Age, With Experienced Business Men Preferred

France is in the shell-zone. Recent dispatches have told of the gassing of our workers, of their death or serious injury by bursting shrapnel. The uniform of the Red Triangle is not for the man who does not want to go to war. It is the uniform that every middle-aged man should aspire to wear. Altho it gives him no military rank, it gives him the opportunity for patriotic service, and within three days two 'Y' workers in France have been cited for bravery."

It is expected that a thousand men in the needed quota will be recruited in New York, leaving three thousand to be enlisted in the rest of the country during the next few weeks.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN IN THE ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING

REALIZING that there are many thousands of women in this country who, stimulated by patriotic motives, are earnestly desirous of an opportunity to serve in this emergency, Surgeon-General Gorgas points out that one of the highest types of service is in assisting in the care of the sick and the wounded. The way is now open for such service. An Army School of Nursing, under the direction of the Army Medical Department, has been created, and branch training-schools will be established in many of the military hospitals in the United

States. It is proposed to admit young women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years who have advantage of a high-school education or its equivalent. The training will be similar to that given in the best hospital training-schools. While caring for the sick and wounded soldiers, women who enter this school will be enrolled in classes which will lead to a diploma in nursing should the military hospitals continue in operation for the full period of the three-year course. Should the cessation of hostilities occur before the completion of this period, a cer-

Surgeon-General Gorgas Enlists the Woman Power of the Nation

tificate will be issued entitling the holder to credit in a civil hospital for the branches in nursing successfully completed and the terms of service in the Army School of Nursing. This not only offers an excellent training, but also the opportunity of service which is so earnestly sought by the women of the country. No type of service is of more importance at this time, Surgeon-General Gorgas emphasizes.

This appeal for Army nurses is immediate and urgent. It should meet with prompt response.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

THE VAST MAGNITUDE OF WAR AS AN INDUSTRY

IN the battle of Verdun, during six months the French fired sixty million shells containing 1,800,000 tons of steel. To produce these shells and transport them to the battle-front required the consumption of 9,000,000 tons of coal—more fuel than was mined last year in Utah, Oklahoma and Michigan combined. This barely indicates what war means to-day when measured in terms of industrial effort. Prior to the war the total business of the United States amounted to \$31,000,000,000 annually. For war work during the present fiscal year Congress has appropriated \$19,000,000,000, or three times all the money in the United States and four-fifths of what the Government has spent for all purposes, including pensions, Panama Canal, public buildings and so on since the nation was born. Our scrimmage with Spain cost us \$200,000,000, and Floyd W. Parsons reminds us, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that we are now spending for war purposes more than that sum every five days. Furthermore:

"To maintain one man in France we must have two tons of shipping—that is, the standard 8,000-ton cargo boat that the United States Fleet Corporation is building will supply four thousand men, making five round trips each year. Our first army in France will need three hundred and thirty-seven such ships, having a total tonnage of 2,696,000 tons. We are hoping to build 3,000,000 tons of shipping in 1918. It is evident there will be work for all of it. Our soldiers are carried in troop transports, which vessels are larger and faster than the cargo boats. A 12,000-ton troop-ship will carry about three thousand men and make nine round trips each year. To carry an average of 125,000 men per month to France requires fifty-six such steamers; and this does not allow for losses of ships or serious repairs. It can be seen, therefore, that nearly four hundred vessels are required right now to transport troops and supply one complete American army in France.

"Authentic figures show that a soldier consumes in supplies and food the equivalent of his own weight every three days. In the matter of clothes his consumption is four times that of the out-door civilian in ordinary employment at home. His uniforms become saturated with mud and are so often placed in containers for cleaning that they soon disintegrate. When it comes to shoes our warriors have the best in the world. They cost the Government five dollars per pair in million lots, and a soldier at the front wears out one pair per month. In the matter of food it has been determined that the soldier eats twenty-five per cent. more than the ordinary laborer at home."

Reverting to the enormous amount of steel consumed at Verdun, we read that the consumption on the Flanders front, by way of contrast, is as a mountain compared to a mole-hill. At times of intense bombardment it is not now unusual for one side or the other to land ten big shells a second on a single crest or point of attack. Such artillery activity uses up about eighteen hundred tons of steel or seventy-two hundred tons of coal an hour. Over many miles of front the consumption is almost inconceivable.

"The greatest expenditure of ammunition is undoubtedly in the small shells—those of the three-inch variety. One of these small shells contains twenty pounds of steel and has consumed eighty pounds of coal in its manufacture; it is true, therefore, that twenty-five such shells represent an expenditure of one ton of coal. And it isn't only in the consumption of shells that war demands so much—it is in guns as well. To equip fully one complete army of five corps requires eight thousand field-guns, varying in size from the small three-inch guns to the nine and ten-inch howitzers. To maintain this necessary equipment we must keep feeding that same army three thousand new guns annually. It is evident, therefore, that when an army loses one hundred field-guns great damage is done it. When one thousand guns are lost the

What it Means in Terms of Coal and Steel to Battle With the Boches

happening borders on disaster, for gun plants don't exist that can replace such a loss in a hurry. . . .

"Since 1914, the total loss in ships has been 11,817,572 tons. Of this amount the British loss has been 7,079,492 tons; and it is to be hoped that on the coming of peace and the rearrangement of ocean commerce America will not forget that Great Britain bore uncomplainingly the ravages of German piracy to keep her pledged word and to preserve the same ideals for which we are now fighting. The launching of 3,000,000 tons by America this year will be but a beginning, for we have one hundred and fifty-seven shipyards, which will eventually be able to turn out more than 13,000,000 tons annually, provided we realize our expectations. As our ocean-transportation equipment expands, the demands for plenty of high-grade fuel rapidly increase. An 8,000-ton cargo carrier requires about twelve hundred tons of coal to cross the ocean. It will carry from six thousand to ten thousand tons of freight and will travel from nine to twelve knots an hour. A 15,000-ton troop-ship will consume about three thousand tons of coal in crossing and will steam from fourteen to eighteen knots an hour. At the latter speed the vessel will burn thirty-three per cent. more coal than when traveling at the slower pace. A large vessel, such as the former German ship *Vaterland*, consumes ten thousand tons of coal to make the trip across and back."

All of which helps to an understanding of what it means in coal tonnage to ferry a million to two million men and such enormous supplies to France. More than 4,000,000 tons of coal are consumed in transporting the supplies necessary to maintain one army (1,350,000 men) abroad, while an additional 3,000,000 tons are needed annually to transport an average of 125,000 men per month to the other side.

American soldiers receive higher pay than the fighting men of any other nation in the world.

SHALL ENGLAND FINANCE GERMANY AFTER THE WAR?

"WHAT is your opinion of the success of German plans for the economic exploitation of Russia?" an eminent English statesman recently asked a Russian financier, who made the surprising re-

ply: "That depends wholly on whether Great Britain decides to finance Germany in accomplishing her objectives in Russia." It is scarcely conceivable that such a thing could happen, and yet, we read in the *London Quarterly*

She Will, We are Warned, Unless Her Banking System is Revolutionized—Where America Stands

Review, ninety per cent. of German industry before the war was done on money borrowed in London and "after the war Germany will return to London with her portfolio full of bills drawn and accepted to tickle the nice-

ties of the English banking palate." For:

"Germany to-day is economically as bare as the palm of one's hand. Everything exportable has been eaten up, shot away, worn out. Germany's exports are and must be manufactured products; and she has neither cotton nor wool nor copper. Nor has she, as any financier will admit, the possibility of payment in gold. She must have great credits even to begin to supply her own internal needs; without external aid, it would be quite hopeless to think of giving long credits to Russia, impoverished as Russia is. Germany will get little if any credit from America, firstly, because America has little machinery for granting large international credits; secondly, because she will need the money herself, and has never been in the habit of lending anything she can use herself; thirdly, because she will never lend money to any one who will use it against her, and it is her habit to examine into the ultimate effect of a grant of credit. Germany, therefore, must come to London, which was before the war, and probably will again be after it, the international money center of the world. A country like the United States, which is very fully engaged in internal development, will necessarily think first of that development and care little about what profit might be made in some country across the sea. Thus the banking system of the States has been carefully adjusted to fulfil its natural function of supporting and expanding American manufacturing and commercial interests, while in England

the banking system has gradually built up an impersonal and cosmopolitan machinery which supplies money to an applicant of any nationality who brings himself within its operations."

Describing the methods adopted in Russia by German commercial men, assisted by their banks, we read that Russian credits are very long, ranging from nine to twelve or eighteen months, and that the German merchant, by arranging with the Russian bankers to guarantee the ultimate credit, has customarily been able to obtain a discount from his German bank as against his sales. Then the German bank, through the medium of accepted bills, has promptly obtained the necessary money in London, renewing so long as has been necessary. Thus the English banker has loaned to Germany the money to enable the Teuton trader to destroy the English business which it has refused to finance in like manner. The handling of credits in South America has been similar; and in China, we read, the German merchants, assisted by their banks, were rapidly overhauling the older established English houses when the war came on. After the war and equipped as she is with all save ready money to exploit Russia, Germany can, in the international money-market, pay the highest price for credit.

"Once obtained, she will use it most profitably; and the security will be ade-

quate and certain. No other nation in the world will have such thoroly digested information available respecting trading opportunities and pitfalls; none will have a body of workmen so ready to work long hours and to produce so much and so cheaply. In the chaotic and disorganized condition of international trade, Germany will be best prepared to choose aright the path to safety and profit. If British international finance after the war continues to regard banking credit as a huge reservoir, the flow of which may be properly directed to whatever quarter will pay highest, then Germany, whose system is unique in the world, will get most of the money. There will be little left for British trade, which has to-day no organized banking aid whatever, and will not be able to pay, under the conditions of the future, a competitive price. Germany will therefore absorb, first for her own needs, secondly to enable her to finance Russian trade, and thirdly to control the commerce of China and South America, the greater part of the available capital of England."

Unless, of course, the British banking system is revolutionized, which the writer in the *Quarterly Review* questions, in debating whether the "British manufacturer or the German is to go to the wall, whether Russia is to be the economic satellite of Germany or the field for British commercial energy—whether, in short, it is to be Germany or Britain which shall during the next fifty years enjoy commercial supremacy in Europe."

WONDERS THAT UNCLE SAM HAS ACCOMPLISHED INDUSTRIALLY IN 12 MONTHS

IT is an inspiring survey that Mark Sullivan takes in *Collier's* of what the United States has accomplished in industrial as well as military expansion during the past year. In addition to mobilizing and training a first army of 1,400,000 men, including 50,000 line officers, raising a budget of \$20,000,000,000 and the actual production of 1,500,000 tons of merchant shipping, the war-ship-building program and the all-round jacking-up of the navy has resulted in an expansion of about four hundred per cent. In this latter fact lies one of the reasons that our building of merchant ships "is in such extremely bad shape." Secretary Daniels, being first on the job, "was able to grab all our ship-building capacity," and as a consequence many of our ship-building plants will be busy for months ahead with navy department work."

In three illuminating paragraphs, Sullivan, writing from Washington, reviews what has been and is being done in battle-ship and battle-plane building and in the matter of food regulation and price fixing. The first

real "big navy" appropriation came through in August, 1916. We read:

"That bill laid down a program for battle-cruisers, for twenty destroyers instead of the usual six, for double the former number of battle-ships. Other emergency and regular appropriations came through in February, in March, and in April. They aggregated about three billion dollars, as much as the navy spent from its foundation in 1794 to the time the war began. Daniels got very busy. There was an American fleet in the war zone within a month after our declaration of war. Our merchant ships were armed. Destroyers were built, and are still building in very large quantities. The greatest destroyer-plant in the world is now at Squantum, Mass.; the navy has cut the time-schedule of destroyer-building from twenty-four months to eight months; it is building more destroyers than England and the United States together had before the war started. As the special necessities of submarine-chasing developed, new types of vessels were devised to meet them, and they are being made in huge quantities. All in all, nobody seems to find much fault with what the navy has done."

When one expresses the expansion

Expansion Has Been from 400% to 10,000% and Profiteers Are Being Routed

which we have had to attempt during the year in terms of percentages the figures are huge. In flying, for example, it has not been less than 10,000 per cent. We read:

"When war began there was no real airplane industry in this country. We were not producing engines or planes on a par with those which had been developed in Europe. Speaking by and large, we knew nothing about air-fighting. We didn't know what sort of equipment was required. We didn't have the factories for making the equipment. The Aircraft Production Board went to work to produce an engine—an American engine. In the past year it has had designed, built, tested, and redesigned a twelve-cylinder airplane engine which, while weighing only 800 pounds, develops from 400 to 450 horse-power. (The nearest rival of this engine, the English Rolls-Royce, weighs 930 pounds and develops 380 horse-power.) The Signal Corps insists that this engine is the best engine for the purpose in the world. Granted that it is the best—and in Washington there is general agreement about this—there is no question that it can be produced in quantities hitherto unknown in the industry. For military reasons, the exact figures are not per-

mitted to be printed; but it can be said that we are now making ten Liberty motors a day and that within a year we shall be making fifty a day. Our production of training-planes has gone so far that we are now storing them against breakage of those in active use; we are producing, all told, nearly 500 airplanes a month, and it is going higher every month. We are actually producing a battle-plane of a type for use on the western front—not merely a machine for the training-field—a fighting machine. . . . Actually, there have never been more than 2,500 planes active in the whole Allied army on all fronts. Our original hope was to build from 20,000 to 22,000 planes all told by this summer. We shan't do that. Nevertheless, our achievements in this branch of the service have been fair. What we are liable to realize very soon is that we should revise all our views about the airplane, that we should enlarge this branch of our activity enormously."

In the matter of price-fixing, Director Gifford, of the Council of National Defense, has on record with the Senate Investigating Committee an itemized statement showing that the amount saved to the Government by the price-fixing of supplies is approximately \$3,112,000,000. At the moment we entered the war, prices in this country were rising very fast, due to the urgent buying of the Allies. Copper was about thirty cents a pound; price-fixing made it 23½ cents. Lead was ten cents a pound; price-fixing made it eight cents. Pig iron was \$55 a ton; price-fixing made it \$33. As to food:

"The net result so far as prices are concerned of the Food Administration's efforts is a reduction of fourteen per cent. from the figures of May 17, 1917. The net result so far as the conservation of food is concerned is more difficult to

compute. One specific task Hoover set out to accomplish was to reduce our consumption of wheat in favor of corn. We produce approximately 600,000,000 bushels of wheat a year and consume nearly that much. Our per capita consumption in the form of wheat flour alone is four and a half bushels. But we must, Hoover says, eat no more than three and a half bushels of wheat per capita this year, using corn instead, and releasing 100,000,000 bushels of wheat for our allies. The Food Administration is accomplishing this purpose almost wholly by persuasion. Within a year after our declaration of war we, a nation devoted to white bread, to eating wheat and only sixty per cent. of the grain, are eating war-bread."

The War Department now permits women to qualify as inspectors of small arms, according to announcement made by the United States Civil Service Commission. The examination for which the Commission is receiving applications is the first of its kind opened to women.

RAISING THIS VESSEL WAS A QUICK WAY OF MAKING \$800,000

AFTER lying five years on the bed of the Mississippi a half mile below Baton Rouge, a German vessel, the *Gut Heil*, of six thousand tons displacement, was refloated the other day and has been restored to service at a clear profit of between \$700,000 and \$800,000 to the men who financed the undertaking. As a salvage achievement, the raising of the steamer is noteworthy not only in itself but in so far as it applies to the refloating of such vessels as may be torpedoed and beached in American waters. The *Gut Heil* had just taken aboard a large export cargo of oil in 1912 and was getting well under way from the dock when she fouled her screw with a chain cable, became unmanagable and was swept afoul of two other vessels, each of which cut through her hull plating. One wound was abreast the engine-room and the other in the compartment just forward, and both on the port side. She filled and sank in a few minutes. An unsuccessful effort to refloat her a few months later, due to the fact that her buoyancy was not wisely controlled, cost the Standard Oil Company—her underwriters—\$125,000. For years, writes Robert G. Skerrett in *Marine Engineering*, the big steamer lay undisturbed, abandoned by her insurers, and treasure-trove for anyone that might seek to effect her raising. But her position marked her an unpromising gamble and no one was disposed to risk more money on the venture until recently when Frederick D. Underwood, of the Erie Railroad, and several friends provided the funds and set salvors to work, with this interesting result:

"During her long submergence the cargo of oil had escaped, and in its stead



RAISING A GERMAN VESSEL FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MISSISSIPPI
The same method used in salvaging the *Gut Heil* can be employed in refloating such vessels as may be torpedoed and beached in American waters.

her various compartments became loaded with a round measure of 4,000 tons of silt. The first problem was to get rid of this mud in order to dispose of that troublesome deadweight and to facilitate a thorough examination of her internal structural condition. Three thousand tons of the mud was discharged by means of special apparatus built for the job. This was in the form of compressed-air siphons—the compressed air serving the double purpose of stirring up the mud and of producing a 'lift' to bring the silt to the surface. The arrangement was an ingenious and effective one.

"The secret of success, however, lay in keeping the *Gut Heil's* bow down as a sort of pivotal point while her buoyancy was increased from the stern forward and from her under side. In this way the boat was to be brought to the surface and heeled over until upright—the bow contact with the river-bed serving to stabilize the operations by giving the wreckers, as it were, a footing on the ground. The tanker was first given sufficient buoyancy

to just get her clear of the bottom and to make it possible to swing her into shallower water, where, when settling again upon her side, she raised her upper bulwark several feet above water and at a more favorable angle. With everything in readiness for the final effort, buoyancy was again given the submerged side, and the boat steadily righted until the top of her smokestack was showing above the tide; but then further movement was arrested by the readjustment of 1,000 tons of mud that had not been removed. This dropped away from upper surfaces, where it had, been clinging, and thus changed materially the center of gravity of the craft. As added buoyancy was brought to bear, she gradually righted herself. The mud really served a useful purpose, because it acted as a counterweight and tended to play the part of a brake upon the vessel's angular movement."

After getting the tanker entirely afloat, the wreckers found her machinery in exceptionally good condi-

tion, so that nothing but a good cleaning was needed to carry the vessel under her own power to New Orleans. The job had taken only two months. Five years ago, we read, it would have cost approximately \$300,000 to replace such a steamer. To-day the craft is

worth more than \$1,000,000, which means that her present owners have netted about \$800,000 on their venture.

The direct cost of the first four years of the war is estimated for all nations at 155 billion dollars, which means nothing until translated. Its magnitude can be imagined

from the fact that it crowds the cost of our great Civil War into fifty days. For the first five months after we entered the war the average cost was \$27,600,000 per day, that is, \$1,150,000 per hour or \$19,166 per minute. The penalty which Germany would exact of her enemies, should she win, can be imagined from the fact that she has already spent, with her allies, \$49,200,000,000.

MOTOR-TRUCK FREIGHT-TRAINS AS FIRST AIDS TO THE RAILROADS

A PHILADELPHIA chemical manufacturing company received an order for six tons of antitoxin the other day to be shipped abroad. Prompt delivery in Europe was essential; otherwise the contract was void. The company made the toxin on time. It was almost ready to ship. The telephone rang. "You'll have to reach South Brooklyn to-morrow. The sailing date has been advanced one day," said the shipping agent. More telephoning—this time on the part of the chemical company. Unless that medicine was in South Brooklyn the next day, the contract would be worthless and perhaps thousands of soldiers in some base hospital would die. First the railroad department was called up. Reach South Brooklyn in twenty-four hours? The man in charge laughed at the idea. The express companies were more obliging. But how could they guarantee delivery on time? Someone had an inspiration. Why not use a motor-truck? More telephoning—this time to the local branch of a truck-maker. Yes, they had a six-ton truck that might do. Before seven o'clock on the following morning the consignment of antitoxin was on the wharf in South Brooklyn, writes Waldemar Kaempffert, in *McClure's*, and the charge had been \$4.86 a ton, as compared with the \$6.80 freight rate and the \$18 express rate.

Anything that can turn a wheel or carry a load is earning money now. The motor-truck manufacturer never had a better opportunity for driving home the utility of the motor-truck. The war is teaching what the motor-truck manufacturer has long been trying to explain—that for short hauls the motor-truck can nearly always compete successfully with the railway. Another typical case:

"Not far from Seattle is Lake Washington. Because of the lake, the railroad must make a detour of nearly one hundred miles in order to place a few towns, among them Kent and Auburn, in communication with Seattle. By ferry it is only eighteen miles across the lake. Two days were required to ship goods by freight from Seattle to Kent and Auburn on the roundabout railroad. A man with an inquiring head on his shoulders began to figure. Could motor-trucks make the short cut of eighteen miles across the lake by ferry and perhaps compete with the railway in its detour of one hundred miles? They could. He started a company to haul freight by motor-truck from Seattle. Eighteen trucks were bought. A motor-truck transportation system was worked out—a system comparable with that of any first-class railroad. . . .

"They had been accustomed to deliveries by rail from Seattle in two days, before war-business clogged the railroad, and to anything after that. Now they received their goods in twelve hours. But that was not all. The railroad unloaded

How the War is Giving the Big Cars a Chance to Relieve the Shipping Congestion and Reduce the Cost of Living

its shipments at the station-freight-shed Kent and Auburn had to haul their boxes and barrels home. The motor-trucks delivered the loads where they were wanted. When the treaty of peace is signed and we shall all resume our habitual ways of manufacturing and selling, that motor-truck company will continue hauling freight by gasoline. The railway can never recover its lost ground."

At the terminals of many large cities, we read, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred cars of farm produce are held at a time on back tracks for five and six days beyond the free time of two days. That is one reason why it costs more to live in these war times than it should. It is confessed that the actual cost of hauling goods by freight is very low; it is the waiting at terminals and sidings that is expensive. The motor-truck waits for nothing. It receives its load at the factory or the farm; it deposits that load at the very door of the consignee. There are no terminal charges. It is obvious, maintains this writer, that in short hauls the motor-truck can easily compete with the railway, "as manufacturers and wholesale dealers are rapidly finding out during this nightmare of slow deliveries and all too buoyant prices."

It is interesting to know that the number of shipyard employees has passed the 300,000 mark.

WHY NOT IMPORT CHINESE LABOR AS FRANCE IS DOING?

CHINESE labor in great quantity must be imported for farming and household service in order to insure the earlier defeat of Germany and to prevent the possibility of an acute food shortage throughout this country within the next two or three years. This is the opinion of Hudson Maxim, whose note of alarm is being echoed by many Boards of Trade and Transportation. A million Chinamen, he goes on to say in *Leslie's Weekly*, should be imported with all possible speed and the Alien Exclusion laws suspended at the discretion of the President. Maxim urges, further, that this measure should not be opposed by labor unions, because Chinese imported

as agricultural and household servants would not compete with union labor in any way. On the contrary, "a million such laborers, restricted to American farms and family service, would so increase the food supply and so lower the cost of the necessities of life that the laborer who now earns \$3 a day would then be able to buy for \$3 more food than he can now get for \$5. The artisan would be able to buy twice as much for his weekly wage to feed his family as he is now able to buy." The French Government, we are reminded, has hit upon the happy expedient of bringing in Chinese agricultural laborers.

"Already more than a quarter of a million Chinese have been imported into

Restrict It to Farm and Family Service to Avoid Competition With Union Labor

France to cultivate the farms. The French farmers are delighted with them and they are amazed to see their little farms produce twice and even many times as much as they have ever produced before. The average Chinaman never hesitates upon a question of loyalty and honesty, faithfulness and integrity. To his mind any breach of them is inconceivable. His character has for twenty-five hundred years been shaped to the Confucian model. The French have found that the Chinese laborer is, for all practical purposes, an automatic machine. There is socially between him and his employers a distinction well-nigh as great as tho he were no other than a piece of human automatic machinery, or, if the simile be better, he fills his niche on the French farm as socially distinct from his employers as tho

he were merely a valuable domestic animal. The cost of his hire is a negligible quantity. Two hundred and fifty thousand Chinamen in France to-day are doing the work of five hundred thousand French farmers to feed the French people. Is there any lesson for us in what the French have done with the Chinese?"

The writer argues, with an eye on the labor unions, that the Chinese would not compete with American farm and household labor, because there is no great amount of labor to be had in those two fields to-day and "every Chinaman whom we should import and employ would permit of the release of one American to serve the Government in some other capacity to help win the war." It is pointed out that Germany has to-day at least five million prisoners of war and other forced labor at work, and in the conduct of this war we must compete with these millions who are rendering Germany free service.

(Continued from page 126)

it seemed as if he were ashamed of something which he was trying to keep from me. One day he came in, somewhat smartly dressed, and borrowed my brother's carriage for the evening.

"My curiosity became too much for me, and I went up to my brother for information. After some talk beside the point, I at last asked him: 'By the way, Dada, where is the doctor going this evening in your carriage?'"

"My brother briefly replied: 'To his death.'"

"'Oh, do tell me,' I importuned. 'Where is he really going?'"

"'To be married,' he said, a little more explicitly."

"'Oh, indeed!' said I, as I laughed long and loudly."

"I gradually learnt that the bride was an heiress, who would bring the doctor a large sum of money. But why did he insult me by hiding all this from me? Had I ever begged and prayed him not to marry, because it would break my heart? Men are not to be trusted. I have known only one man in all my life, and in a moment I made this discovery."

"When the doctor came in after his work and was ready to start, I said to him, rippling with laughter the while: 'Well, doctor, so you are to be married to-night?'"

"My gaiety not only made the doctor lose countenance; it thoroly irritated him."

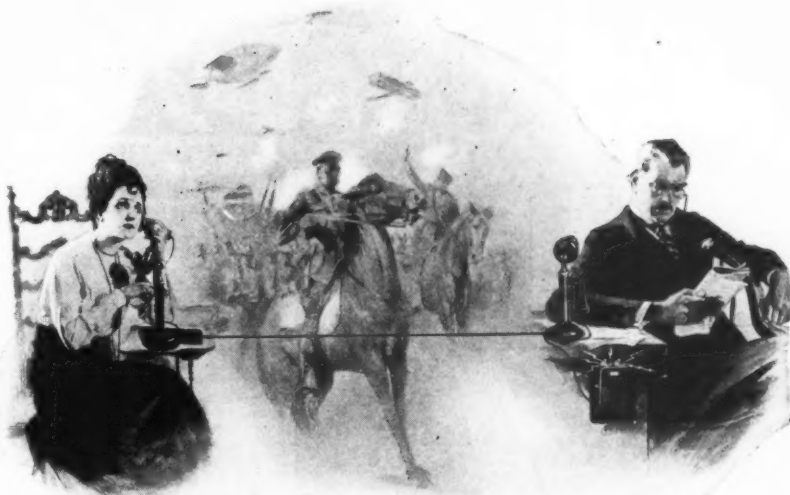
"'How is it,' I went on, 'that there is no illumination, no band of music?'"

"With a sigh he replied: 'Is marriage then such a joyful occasion?'"

"I burst out into renewed laughter. 'No, no,' said I, 'this will never do. Who ever heard of a wedding without lights and music?'"

"I BOTHERED my brother about it so much that he at once ordered all the trappings of a gay wedding."

"All the time I kept on gaily talking of the bride, of what would happen, of what I would do when the bride came home. 'And, doctor,' I asked, 'will you still go on feeling pulses?' Ha! ha! ha! Tho the inner workings of people's, especially men's, minds are not visible, still I can take my oath that these words were



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Telephone traffic must be kept moving. Speak distinctly—answer promptly—and release the line as quickly as possible. Don't continue reading when the bell rings.

These seem little things to ask the individual telephone subscriber, but when the individual is multiplied by millions all over this country, it is easy to see how important it is that *all* should co-operate.



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WINTER SEASON:

HOTELS INDIAN RIVER AND ROCKLEDGE, ROCKLEDGE, FLORIDA

piercing the doctor's bosom like deadly darts.

"The marriage was to be celebrated late at night. Before starting, the doctor and my brother were having a glass of wine together on the terrace, as was their daily habit. The moon had just risen.

"I went up smiling, and said: 'Have you forgotten your wedding, doctor? It is time to start.'

"I must here tell you one little thing. I had meanwhile gone down to the dispensary and got a little powder, which at a convenient opportunity I had dropped unobserved into the doctor's glass.

"The doctor, draining his glass at a gulp, in a voice thick with emotion, and with a look that pierced me to the heart, said: 'Then I must go.'

"The music struck up. I went into my room and dressed myself in my bridal robes of silk and gold. I took out my jewelry and ornaments from the safe and put them all on; I put the red man of wifehood on the paring in my hair. And then under the tree in the garden I prepared my bed.

"It was a beautiful night. The gentle south wind was kissing away the weariness of the world. The scent of jasmine and *bela* filled the garden with rejoicing.

"**W**HEN the sound of the music began to grow fainter and fainter; the light of the moon to get dimmer and dimmer; the world with its lifelong associations of home and kin to fade away from my perceptions like some illusion;—then I closed my eyes, and smiled.

"I fancied that when people came and found me they would see that smile of mine lingering on my lips like a trace of rose-colored wine, that when I thus slowly entered my eternal bridal chamber, I should carry with me this smile, illuminating my face. But alas for the bridal chamber! Alas for the bridal robes of silk and gold! When I woke at the sound of a rattling within me, I found three urchins learning osteology from my skeleton. Where in my bosom my joys and griefs used to throb, and the petals of youth to open one by one, there the master with his pointer was busy naming my bones. And as to that last smile, which I had so carefully rehearsed, did you see any sign of that?

"Well, well, how did you like the story?"

"It has been delightful," said I.

At this point the first crow began to caw. "Are you there?" I asked. There was no reply.

The morning light entered the room.

THE FEVER OF EQUALITY

There is plenty of excitement in Petrograd under the Bolsheviks, writes Madeleine Doty in the *Atlantic*.

Every day, on nearly every street-corner, a fur-coated gentleman and a soldier would be in hot argument. In the end it always got down to the same practical basis:

Soldier: You are a capitalist.

Gentleman: You are a rascal.

Soldier: Capitalists are enemies of the people. All must be poor, all must be alike. Where did you get that fur coat?

Gentleman: None of your business.

Soldier: Yes, it is. It is our turn to have the fur coats, and we are going to have them.

Sometimes, on dark nights, the fur coat changed hands; but usually the soldier and gentleman merely parted in hot anger.

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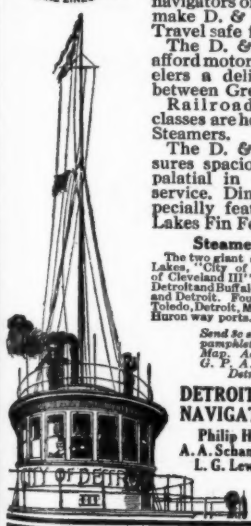
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Passing It Up.

Mr. Colfax (viewing the Niagara cataract)—"What a tremendous volume of water! Can you tell me the number of tons which go over the brink each second?"

The Last Hackman—"Me eyes ain't what they used to be, sir, but you can count 'em for yourself!"—*Buffalo Express*.

The Best Policy.

"Well, Henry," said the judge, "I see you are in trouble again!"

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De las' time, Jedge, you reclect, you was mah law-yuh."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I ain't got no law-yuh dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."

Thrice Blessed

Mr. Bennett, according to *Harper's*, had recently become the father of triplets. The minister stopped him in the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Bennett," said he, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Bennett. "He laughed out loud."

Letting Her Glide.

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.

"I want every man to lie on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence."

After a short effort, one of the men stopped.

"Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer.

"If ye plaze, sir," was the answer, "Oi'm coasting."

The Secret of Success.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Never loose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

Thrift.

She was comely and a widow, and, moreover, she was Scotch. She mourned MacIntosh, her late husband, for eighteen months, and then from a crowd of suitors chose honest, homely MacIntire for her second.

"I'm no guid enough for ye, dear!" he whispered. "What for did ye choose me oot o' sae mony?"

"Ah, weel, ye see, your name's MacIntire."

"Yes, but—" began the bewildered suitor.

"An' ye ken," finished the widow, "all my linen's marked 'Macl.'—that's why, Donald."

—*The Youth's Companion*.

Lapsus Linguae.

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

For some time Paddy stood thinking, then, "About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer.

"You mean 'as the flow cries!'" corrected the man of law.

The judge leaned forward. "No," he remarked suavely, "he means 'as the fly crows.'"

And they all looked at one another feeling that something was wrong somewhere.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The Wrong Line.

Even the telephone girls, says *Tit-Bits*, have other interests besides answering calls; and one afternoon two of them, in different exchanges, had a chat over the wires. "Twas on that all-important subject—dress."

Both were going to a birthday-party on the following Saturday afternoon, and the discussion on what they should wear on that occasion waxed interesting.

Ten minutes passed, and the topic was still far from exhausted. But an insistent masculine voice at last compelled one of them to turn her thoughts to other things.

"Are you there?" the voice yelled. "Are you there? Halloa! Ah, at last! Who is that speaking? Who are—"

"What line do you think you are on?" demanded the annoyed "halloa" girl, indignantly.

"I don't know," came the weak and weary reply; "but, judging from all I've just heard, I think I must have got on the clothes-line."

The Negroes and the Balloon

A southern man of whom we read in *Everybody's* tells of a balloon ascension made from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunder-storm came up. The ballooning, amid buckets of rain, the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning, was blown about like a thistle-down. On toward midnight he found himself over a plantation and threw out his anchor—a grapnel at the end of a long rope.

It happened that a negro had died in one of the huts of this plantation. The funeral was to take place in the morning. A dozen friends of the deceased sat in the soft summer night before the hut, telling ghost-stories.

Suddenly in the darkness above them they heard strange noises—a flapping, as of great wings, menacing cries. And they saw dimly a formless black shape.

All but one man ran. This one man, as he cowered on his stool, had the ill luck to be seized by the grapnel.

The grapnel going at a great pace, whirled him up for four or five feet in the air, and jerked him along at the rate of fifteen miles or so an hour.

"Oh, Massa," he yelled, squirming and kicking in that strange flight. "It's not de one! It's not de cawpse! Henry's in de house dah! In de house dah!"



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